

GRAPH BY RALPH ROYLE, W.C.S.

Collier's

TEN CENTS

JULY 22, 1944

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Voyage to Victory by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

EVERYBODY'S DANCING—See page 54

July, 22, 1944



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FIRST YOU'VE
GOT TO HAVE
SOMETHING TO
CROW ABOUT!

and here it is - The Sunny-Morning Taste of Schenley Reserve

YOU'LL pardon us for our pardonable pride in SCHENLEY Reserve when you yourself first sample its bright-as-the-sun, smooth-as-a-breeze flavor. That light, clean freshness will call to mind the sunny friendliness of a perfect morning. And with your second sip you'll join the

thousands of Americans whose first-choice whiskey is SCHENLEY Reserve. If you want to see how much extra enjoyment true genius in blending can add to a whiskey, you'll want to know SCHENLEY Reserve... the whiskey that's like sunny morning in your glass.

The basic whiskeys in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from pre-war stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.



MELLOW AND LIGHT AS
A PERFECT MORNING

SCHENLEY

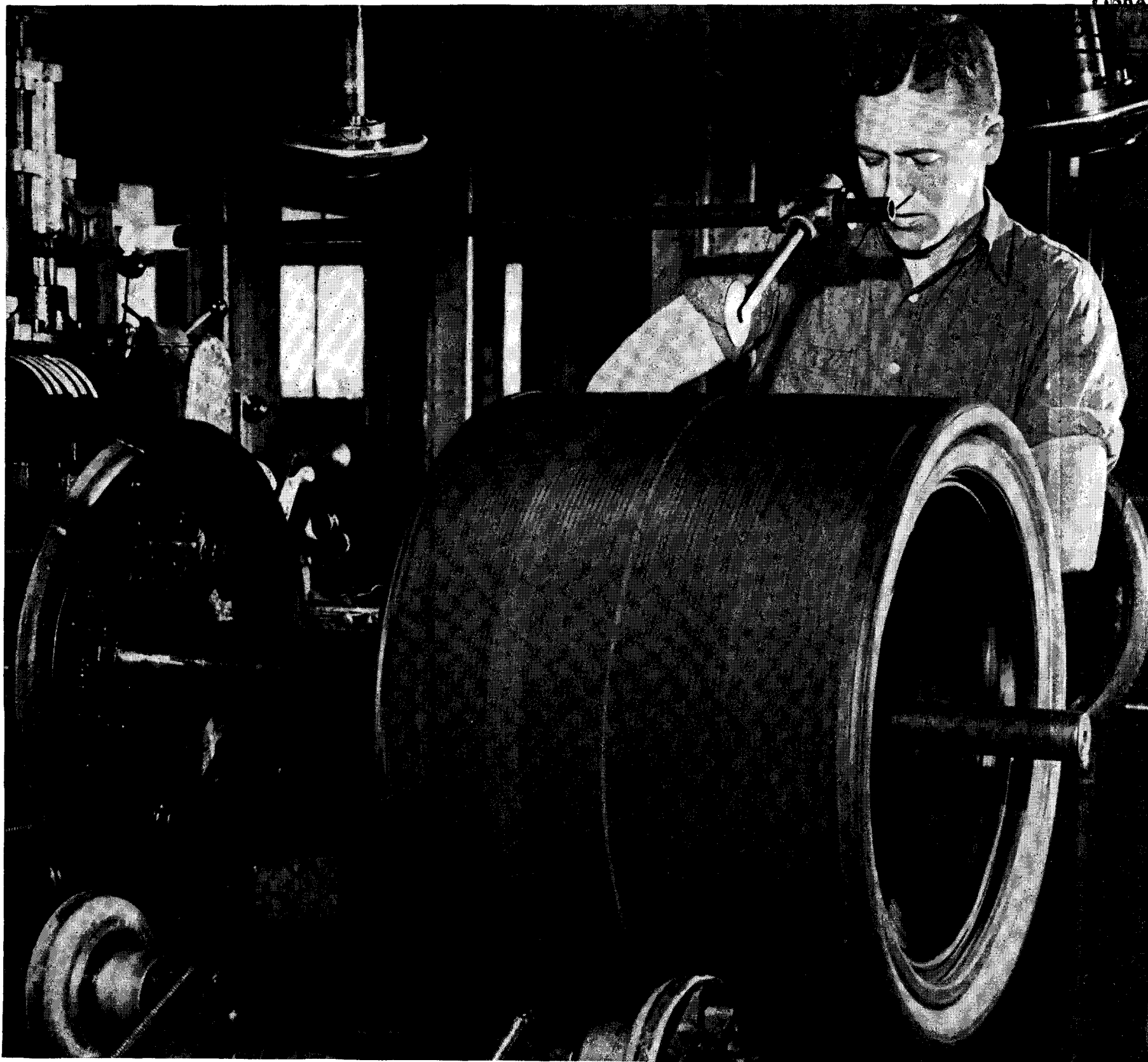
Reserve

BLENDED WHISKEY

They also serve,
who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!



Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains.



The tack we put in every tire

A TIRE IS BUILT like a layer cake. First, one layer of rubber-coated cord, then another on top of it. The picture above shows a man building up the layers. That's an actual tire he's working on, *before* it's shaped and molded.

If the layers didn't stick together tight, the tire-builder would have a bad time of it. Production would slow down. Tire failures would increase.

Natural rubber has plenty of adhesiveness, or "tack." Synthetic rubber hasn't. So B. F. Goodrich engineers began to search for something that would give synthetic rubber more "tack."

The answer was found in a cement

Synthetic rubber used to rub itself the wrong way, until the chemists found the answer

made from natural rubber. It is applied to both sides of each layer and the underside of the tread.

But this *natural* rubber (2% or less) in new synthetic Silvertown insures against lagging production, many failures.

By making and selling thousands of tires made with more than 50% synthetic long before the war, B. F. Goodrich engineers were able to get a three-year head start in compounding synthetic rubber—knowledge that today is in-

valuable to American car owners.

These tires totaled more than 80,000,000 miles. They were the first containing any synthetic rubber ever sold to American car owners. Many are still in use. Today's B. F. Goodrich tires for passenger cars are all-synthetic (98%) and are almost as good as pre-war tires. Truck tires aren't yet as good, especially in intercity service with overloads, but are being improved day by day.

Few can buy right now, but if you're

one of those who *can* buy tires today, go to a B. F. Goodrich dealer or Silvertown store. You'll get tires backed by years of experience with synthetic rubber in all kinds of products—tires backed by this 80,000,000-mile road test. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.*

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

JULY 22, 1944

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Any Week

DOUBTLESS we shall be getting a few G.I. gripes from France in the near future. But the best we can do this week is one that emanates from Pfc. Nick Angelo Lombrosi in Italy. "Tanks my eye," says Pfc. Lombrosi, or words to that effect. "They either get lost, busted or stuck in the mud and draw fire. Me, if only I had back my old taxi I used to drive in Brooklyn, we would've been home by now. Boy, did we mow them down!"

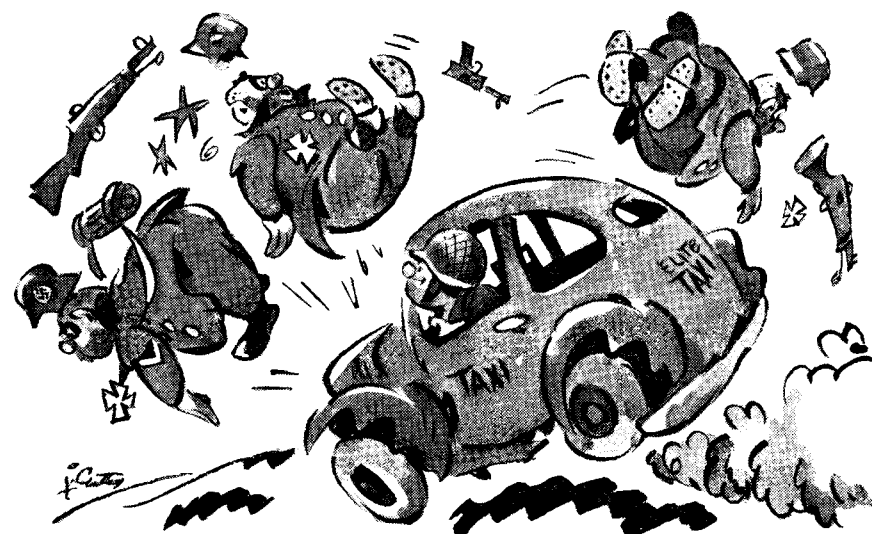
ON ROBERT E. LEE'S birthday, Mrs. James S. Moffatt of Frederick, Maryland, hung out her Confederate flag. This, according to Mr. E. V. Smith of Boston, Massachusetts, would have been regarded as no more than a fitting tribute to a great man and soldier, had not a group of Special Service Army officers happened to pass Mrs. Moffatt's house at the moment. One of the lads looked at the Stars and Bars sternly and said, "I must say that this is a heck of a time for the South to secede again."

IN WASHINGTON, Mr. Norwood Blynn of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, told us that he passed an office in which a half dozen elderly generals were conferring, with a total lack of enthusiasm. A young sergeant standing near by told him, he says, that it was the regular weekly meeting of old officers who have never forgiven the Wright Brothers for inventing the airplane.

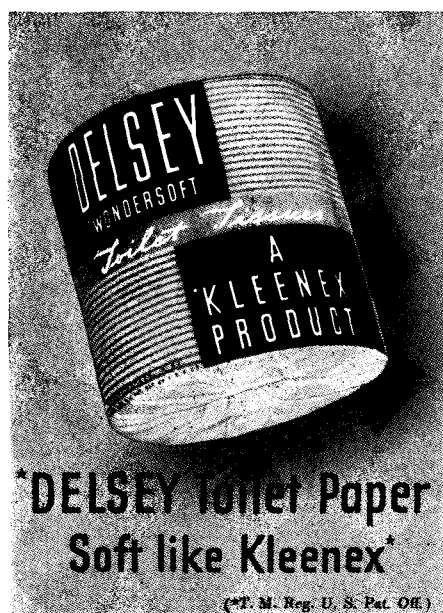
ON THE morning after the invasion started, the home office of Reuter's, the British news agency, wired from London to its Washington office: "Send nothing from America today unless transcendental." From Washington, London received, in due time, the following reply: "Complete lack of transcendentalism in America today. Anything going on over there?"

THE biggest strike reported in some time from Michigan was in Marquette, when excavators dug up a coffepot containing \$34,000 in gold certificates. This startling bit of intelligence comes from Mr. Raymond Gowlish of Reed City, Michigan. He reports also that three boys found \$2,104 on a deserted farm near his town, adding that that is about the only kind of farm there would be so much cash on. This is a very low grade of humor.

BUT Mr. Brian Boru Dunne of Santa Fe, New Mexico, notifies us that some attention has been taken away from the war by Mr. Henry Chee Dodge, who is not only 83 years old but chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council. Mr. Dodge is crusading for the right of Indians to drink at public bars, as other people do. Mr. Dunne doesn't agree and has sent us an Indian war drum to beat for his side. However, we're remaining neutral. Also, when did they begin calling Indians "chairman." Chairman Henry, indeed! All in favor of buying Chief Henry a (Continued on page 65)



GEORGE LICHTY



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Her Future... Her Vision... His Science



She stands on the threshold of useful life. Through her eyes and into her mind must come, in the next few years, the essence of accumulated wisdom of the ages. And she will accept without wonder much that is unthought of now. The mysterious and amazing things that today are vague dreams in research laboratories will be hers, to know and use. She has so much ahead of her, so much to see and learn!

The windows to her mind—through which

must come most of what she learns—are her eyes. Faulty vision must not be allowed to handicap her learning ability, to retard her development. Fortunate indeed it is that skilled professional and technical men—ophthalmologists, optometrists and opticians—stand ready to give her vision the benefits of the exact techniques of modern optical science.

Skillful analysis of visual abilities, and correction, where necessary, of visual defects, are services of first-line importance to alert Ameri-

cans, six or sixty. Only by consulting a qualified optometrist or ophthalmologist can you determine whether or not your vision is all that it can be—and should be.

BAUSCH & LOMB

OPTICAL CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



ESTABLISHED
1853

Makers of Optical Glass and a Complete Line of Optical Instruments for Military Use, Education, Research, Industry and Eyesight Correction and Conservation

How smart sailors fight the Dry Scalp blight!



Pity the poor sailor!
His hair's sun-beaten,
wind-lashed, doused with
salt spray...

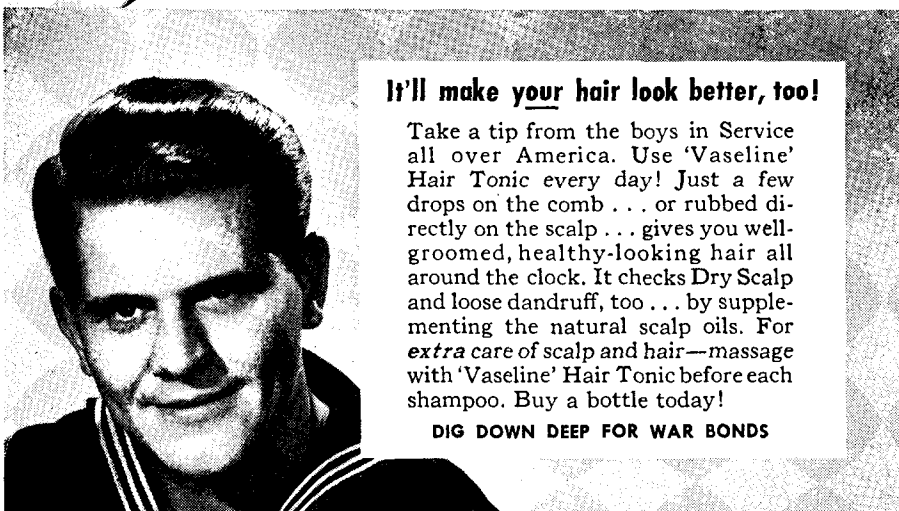


... It's enough to dry out
anybody's scalp...
"shipwreck" any hair.

but... 5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away



... MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST
WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!



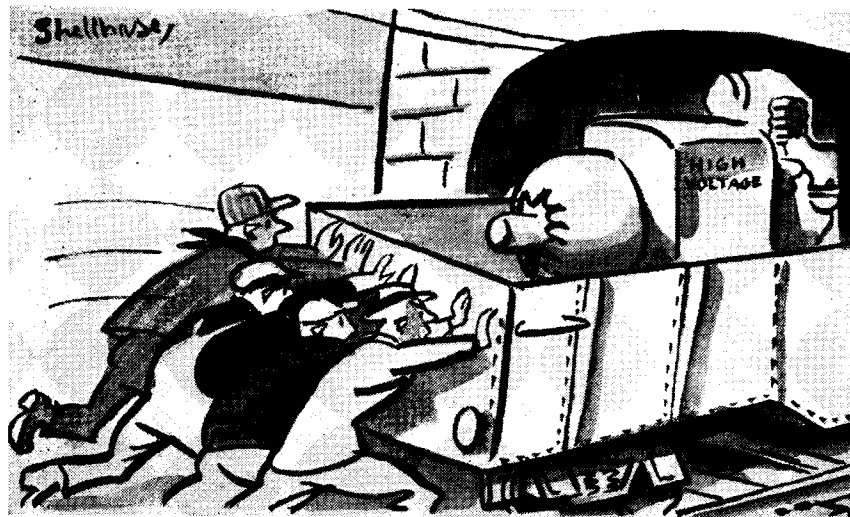
It'll make your hair look better, too!

Take a tip from the boys in Service all over America. Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day! Just a few drops on the comb... or rubbed directly on the scalp... gives you well-groomed, healthy-looking hair all around the clock. It checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff, too... by supplementing the natural scalp oils. For extra care of scalp and hair—massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before each shampoo. Buy a bottle today!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



GEORGE SHELLHASE

Keep up with the world by Freling Foster

When a large piece of equipment is transported over an electrified section of an American railroad, a nine-inch overhead clearance must be maintained so the high-voltage current will not jump from the trolley wire to the shipment and cause a short circuit. In cases where this clearance is decreased by the lower wires in tunnels and under bridges, the power is shut off as a safety measure and the train has to coast or be pushed or pulled by a steam engine through and under them.

About 13,000,000 persons have been X-rayed since 1941 in the national crusade against tuberculosis made possible by the small portable machines that take pictures costing as little as one cent. Besides the Armed Forces, many civilian groups have had this film examination, including all workers in several war plants. But the only cities that have yet undertaken the X-raying of their entire population are Ely, Minnesota (6,000), and Regina, Saskatchewan (59,000).

Of the thirty-one men who have served as President of the United States, twenty-one had previously been Congressmen and two were re-elected to Congress after leaving the White House—John Quincy Adams to the House of Representatives in 1830 and Andrew Johnson to the Senate in 1875.—By Celia S. Gordon, New York City.

France is the only country in which the birth of an infant cannot be registered unless its given name has been selected from the official list of permissible names, which includes such classics as Abal-desque, Theoprepides and Thessalonice.—By Albert Scowcroft, Ogden, Utah.

Because the food crops of India are destroyed by the failure of either of the two annual monsoon rains, a disaster which has occurred at frequent intervals throughout history, the people of India have suffered from famine far more than those of any other country. In fact, they constitute more than half of the 200,000,000 persons who have died of starvation in the entire world during the past 1,000 years.

In the general elections of 1944, some states will use four of five different paper ballots, and Vermont will even use seven. all of which are supposed to be marked completely by each voter during the five minutes he is allowed to spend in the voting booth.—By W. J. Larsen, Omaha, Nebraska.

The International Exchange in Granville, Illinois, is a monument to the unparalleled swapping ability of one man—"Trader" Redshaw. In the past 24 years, he has run a dozen twenty-five cent fountain pens into a warehouse full of such articles as furs, gems, paintings, statuary and Oriental rugs. In one "sight unseen" deal, Redshaw traded a houseboat in India for a banana plantation in Central America which, in turn, he swapped for a block of real estate in Detroit.

Tattooists may use outlining machines with four needles, shading machines with 12 needles, and as many as 17 shades of pigment.

Since July 1, 1940, the Radio Intelligence Division of the Federal Communications Commission has discovered and shut down 375 illegal radio stations. Incidentally, the RID's listening post in Portland, Oregon, was the first in the organization to pick up the secret Nazi station being operated in the German Embassy in Washington, D. C.

Left-handed girls are rarely employed as telephone operators because switchboards are made for right-handed persons.

Unique among magazines is American Engineering and Industry, a 100-page monthly in the Russian language which is published by the Soviet Union in New York City for circulation in Russia to keep its technicians informed of industrial developments in the United States.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST



CATALYTIC CRACKING DEVELOPMENT

Super Power for U. S. Planes - Coming in Mobilgas **AFTER VICTORY!**

"Flying Horsepower"

Same Super Fuel Ingredients
that boost power output
of U. S. Airplane Engines will
be ready for America's cars!

ALL "Flying Horsepower" goes into war fuels now. But after war, look for a sensational new automotive gasoline at the Sign of the Flying Red Horse!

The same power ingredients that enable Avengers, Fortresses, Mustangs—all U. S. warplanes—to take off and climb faster, carry far heavier loads, will go into Mobilgas for cars... will yield quick response and power-pull that will give a new thrill to driving!

"Flying Horsepower" is the result of 11 years of Socony-Vacuum work—of the greatest Catalytic Cracking Program in the World. After Victory, the industry's largest capacity for producing catalytically cracked gasoline will produce "Flying Horsepower"—in Mobilgas—for your car!

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AFTER VICTORY—

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with "Flying Horsepower"

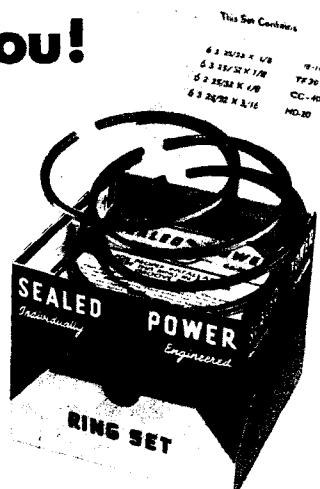


You're right!
**She shouldn't waste gas!
 Nor should you!**

Of course, you wouldn't pour gasoline and oil on the street but you waste them quite as needlessly when you drive a car or truck with worn out piston rings.

If your repairman says you need new rings ask him to install a genuine Sealed Power set, selected from 26 basic designs and individually engineered for your particular make of engine. Leading automotive engineers have specified Sealed Power rings as original equipment in new cars and trucks for over 30 years. They save gas, control oil, lengthen engine life.

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 Piston Rings, Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves,
 Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

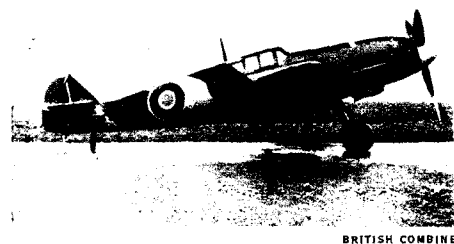
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**SEALED POWER
 PISTON RINGS**

Wing Talk



BRITISH COMBINE
 The older model of the Mustang P-51 fighter closely resembled the ME-109G in silhouette . . .



BRITISH COMBINE
 . . . creating confusion among our own and enemy gunners who can't always tell them apart



GEORGE ABBATE
 Likewise, the P-47 Thunderbolt is similar in appearance to the FW-190 (right). The German . . .



BRITISH COMBINE
 . . . fighters shown above bear British markings, having been captured and tested by the R.A.F.

If a wish could make it so, General Arnold would have but two types of fighters to finish out the war, instead of seven now in action. If only two types could do the multiplicity of jobs now required, from tree-top to 40,000 feet and from fast home-base interceptor work day and night to long-range bomber escort and patrol, his task as head of the greatest air force ever assembled would be easier in that spot. He wouldn't have to worry so much about pilot training, mechanic training, manufacturing spare parts and delivery of the right spares to the right types at the right place. Or if the war could be centralized in one spot for him instead of being scattered all over the world, he could probably pick the two he hopes for, and carry on.

His seven types now in action are Lockheed P-38 Lightning, Bell P-39 Airacobra, Curtiss P-40 Warhawk, Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, North American P-51 Mustang, Northrop P-61 Black Widow, and Douglas P-70 Midnight Mauler. The last two are essentially night fighters, have two engines, and because of their size and nocturnal activities they carry one or two additional men.

Right now the P-38, P-47 and P-51 American fighters are bearing the brunt in Europe. Against them, the Germans have but two fighters, the Messerschmitt 109G and the Focke-Wulf 190, though a further improvement on the latter is coming into action. In the South and Southwest Pacific, the Japs continue to use the Zero, though the Tony, a Jap version of the Messerschmitt 109, is being seen more frequently. The British stand by their beloved Spitfire as number one defender, but the Typhoon and the Hurricane are still prominent in battle reports.

Our Mustangs and Thunderbolts resemble, respectively, the Messerschmitt and the Focke-Wulf 190 in silhouette, an advantage over the enemy though a slight disadvantage to our pilots when our gunners in the raiding bombers get to shooting at anything in the sky with one engine. In this regard, there is no difficulty spotting the P-38 as a friendly plane, so the pilots of the twin-tail, twin-engine Lightning never are victims of mistaken identity. Yet they are spectacular targets for the Germans on the ground and in the air, and they are shot at without hesitation, but the Nazi ground gunners and fighter pilots adopt a more cautious attitude toward the P-47s and P-51s because of the close resemblance to their own.

Admiral Aubrey Fitch, head of naval avia-

tion, always will be limited to a small number of types by carrier construction. He has only the Grumman Hellcat and its predecessor, the Wildcat, on board now. Though the Vought Corsairs can operate equally satisfactorily from the flat-tops, they are specializing now as land-based Navy fighters.

WESTERN AIR LINES, with a long record of pioneering in air transport practices, comes up now with the first "glass-lined" plane on the airlines of this country. It is a reconverted DC-3 and is in use on WAL's new Los Angeles-San Francisco run.

They are very happy about it out there because the glass fabric (which gives Publicity Manager Midge Winters a license to call the ship "glass-lined" and leads you to think for a moment that it's like the inside of a high-class saloon) has a valuable economic advantage over the material previously used. It saves 71 pounds in installation and, being moistureproof, it also prevents added weight from accumulating in the inner lining of the ship.

While interior decorators were attacking the weight problem from the glass-fabric angle, the furniture experts went after the chairs and came out with a new 26-pound streamlined job weighing 7½ pounds less than the old ones. These and several minor weight-saving measures have resulted in eliminating 313 pounds, which is now available for revenue pay load.

Because the Civil Aeronautics Board will not permit the gross load of a DC-3 to exceed 25,200 pounds for take-off, the airlines of the nation are stripping their DC-3s of all nonessential weight. Typical of the stripping is Chicago & Southern Air Lines which has removed 416 pounds per plane by eliminating the jump seat in the pilot's compartment, the metal footrests for passengers, the commissary equipment (box lunches for the duration), magazine racks, and substituting plastic for the heavy window glass, installing lighter-weight floor boards, and removing a number of attachments and fittings about the plane that have no bearing on safety.

The airlines of the United States, which surrendered to the government 340 transport planes in being or on order since September 1, 1939, and which have been struggling along ever since from a low of 165 to the present 230, expect to have 300 in operation by the end of the year. These they will get back from the Army and Navy, now using them. . . .

F.R.N.

"OUR HEADS WERE FILLED WITH DREAMS"

Along about this time of year . . .

We used to go fishing, Jim and I, in a creek back home where the pools lay deep and cool under the willows. And sometimes we'd stretch out on the bank, with the sun warm and friendly on our backs, and let our lines float . . . and just talk.

And our future would spread itself out before us . . . and our heads would be filled with dreams . . .

Dreams about us, our folks, our town . . . about a world where every man would have a chance to work and grow and go somewhere . . . and there would be no Shanty Row across the tracks.

Out here, we still dreamed. And out here we saw our dreams were right . . . that dreams are what men fight for.

Out here we saw that when the chips are down, free men won't quit, and won't be licked . . . that anything they want to do, they can.

Out here we saw the power of America at war . . . men and women, as individuals,

united, working together . . . crushing the enemy under the sheer weight of ships and tanks and planes and bombs.

And we saw how this vast power to produce could . . . after Victory . . . create the better homes . . . the better jobs . . . the better future . . . the better town . . . the better America . . . the better world we dreamed about.

Jim and I are coming back.

And we'll take our dreams back with us. Back to our town . . . to our America . . . where there must always be an opportunity for men like Jim and me to dream, and make our dreams come true . . . to plan . . . to build . . . to grow . . . to live in dignity and peace.

That's how it can be . . .

That's how it will be . . .

That's how it's got to be.

After Victory we must convert the full force of America's vast productive capacity . . .

now doubled by the demands of war . . . to production for peace. For only in this way can Victory be made real for those who are fighting for it . . . only in this way can America continue to grow . . . only in this way can the hopes of all of us be realized.

The progress of Nash-Kelvinator before and during the war will not stop when war ends.

Today, we're building 2,000 h. p. Pratt & Whitney supercharged aircraft engines for the Navy's Vought Corsair and Grumman Hellcat fighters . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces.

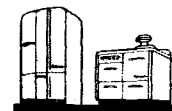
And when the last war product rolls off Nash-Kelvinator's production lines . . . every new skill, new method, all our new knowledge will be applied to the building of automobiles, refrigerators and electrical appliances. They will be better automobiles, better refrigerators, better electrical appliances than have ever been built before.

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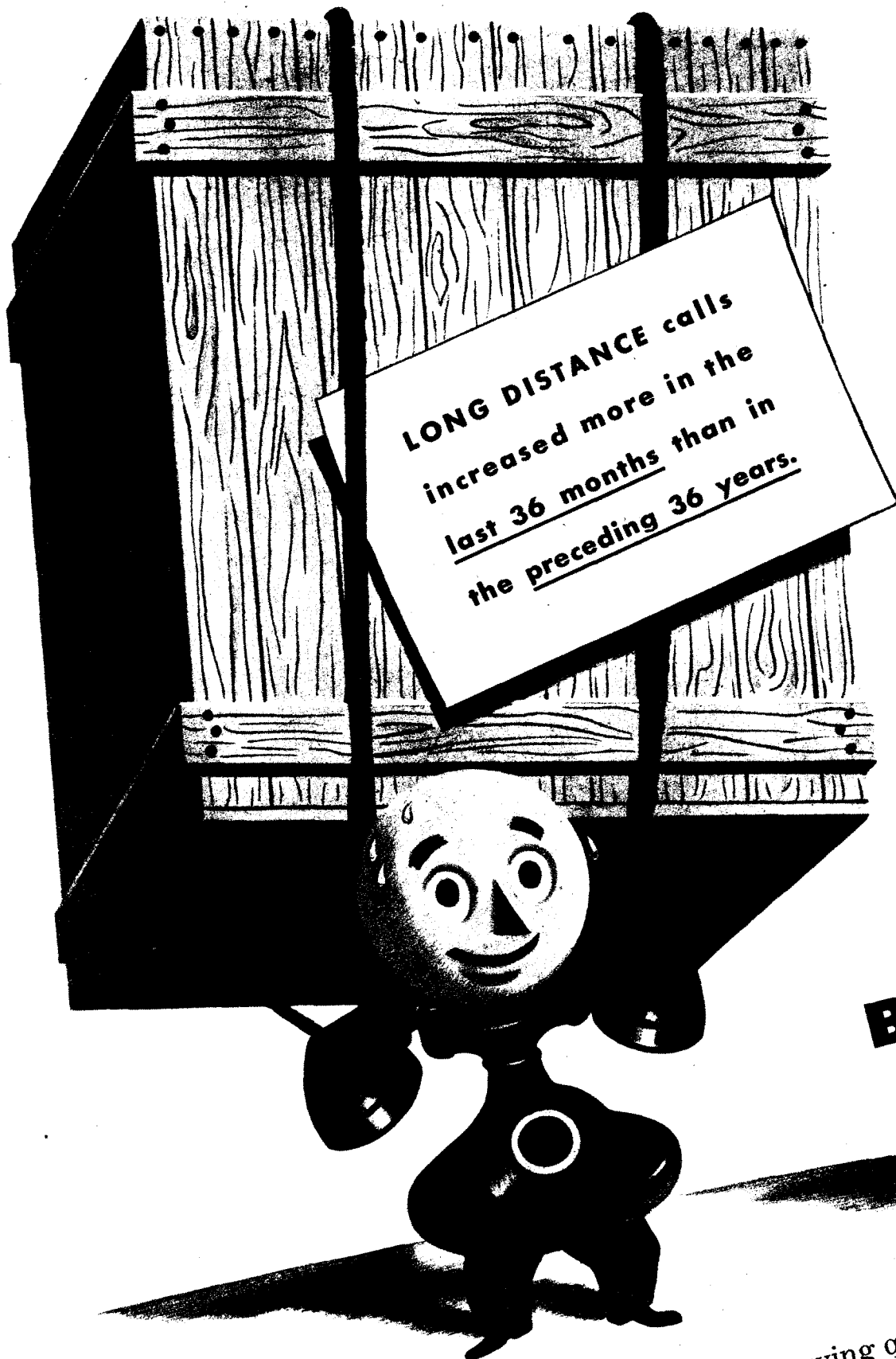


The Army-Navy
'E' awarded to
Nash-Kelvinator
Corp., Propeller
Division.

NASH N-K KELVINATOR



Frederick L. Schuler

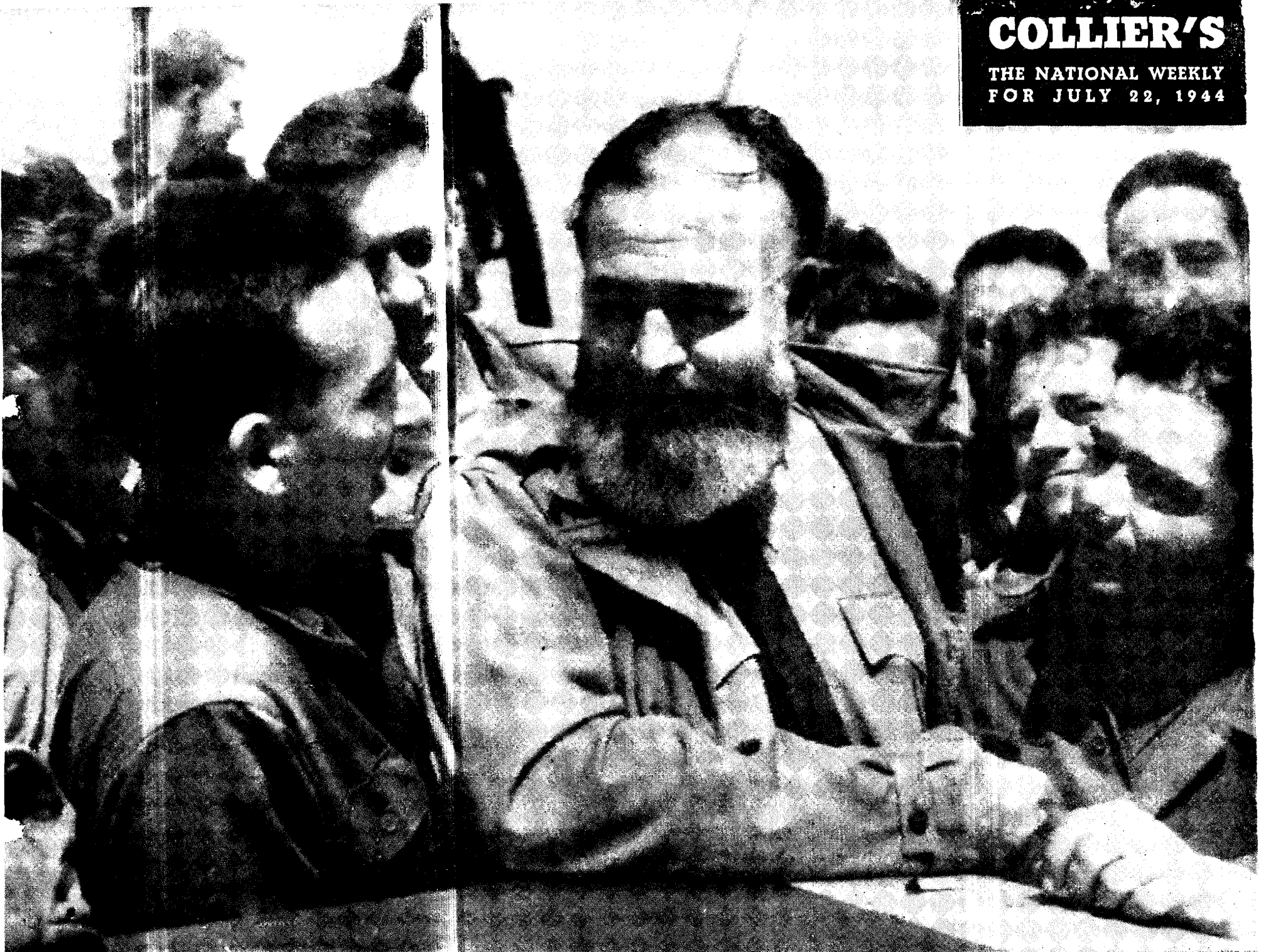


Bearing up well

He's carrying quite a load but he's doing all right. And he's mighty grateful for your help — especially when Long Distance circuits are crowded. Then the Long Distance operator may say — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes." Saving telephone time is important in wartime.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Ernest Hemingway, who gained his first fame as a war reporter in 1918, chats with G.I.'s before leaving to cover biggest action yet

Voyage to Victory

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

RADIOED FROM LONDON

Collier's famed war correspondent watches, as our fighting men battle across the beaches into Normandy

NO ONE remembers the date of the Battle of Shiloh. But the day we took Fox Green beach was the sixth of June, and the wind was blowing hard out of the northwest. As we moved in toward land in the gray early light, the 36-foot coffin-shaped steel boats took solid green sheets of water that fell on the helmeted heads of the troops packed shoulder to shoulder in the stiff, awkward, uncomfortable, lonely companionship of men going to a battle. There were cases of TNT, with rubber-tube life preservers wrapped around them to float them in the surf, stacked forward in the steel

well of the LCV(P), and there were piles of bazookas and boxes of bazooka rockets encased in waterproof coverings that reminded you of the transparent raincoats college girls wear.

All this equipment, too, had the rubber-tube life preservers strapped and tied on, and the men wore these same gray rubber tubes strapped under their armpits.

As the boat rose to a sea, the green water turned white and came slamming in over the men, the guns and the cases of explosives. Ahead you could see the coast of France. The gray booms and derrick-forested bulks of the attack transports were behind now, and, over all the sea, boats were crawling forward toward France.

As the LCV(P) rose to the crest of a wave, you saw the line of low, silhouetted cruisers and the two big battlewagons lying broadside to the shore. You saw the heat-bright flashes of their guns and the brown smoke

that pushed out against the wind and then blew away.

"What's your course, coxswain?" Lieutenant (jg) Robert Anderson of Roanoke, Virginia, shouted from the stern.

"Two-twenty, sir," the coxswain, Frank Currier of Saugus, Massachusetts, answered. He was a thin-faced, freckled boy with his eyes fixed on the compass.

"Then steer two-twenty, damn it!" Anderson said. "Don't steer all over the whole damn' ocean!"

"I'm steering two-twenty, sir," the coxswain said patiently.

"Well, steer it, then," Andy said. He was nervous, but the boat crew, who were making their first landing under fire, knew this officer had taken LCV(P)s in to the African landing, Sicily and Salerno, and they had confidence in him.

"Don't steer into that LCT," Andy shouted, as we roared by the ugly steel hull

of a tank landing craft, her vehicles sea-lashed, her troops huddling out of the spray.

"I'm steering two-twenty," the coxswain said.

"That doesn't mean you have to run into everything on the ocean," Andy said. He was a handsome, hollow-cheeked boy with a lot of style and a sort of easy petulance. "Mr. Hemingway, will you please see if you can see what that flag is over there, with your glasses?"

I got my old miniature Zeiss glasses out of an inside pocket, where they were wrapped in a woolen sock with some tissue to clean them, and focused them on the flag. I made the flag out just before a wave drenched the glasses.

"It's green."

"Then we are in the mine-swept channel," Andy said. "That's all right. Coxswain, what's the matter with you? Can't you steer two-twenty?"

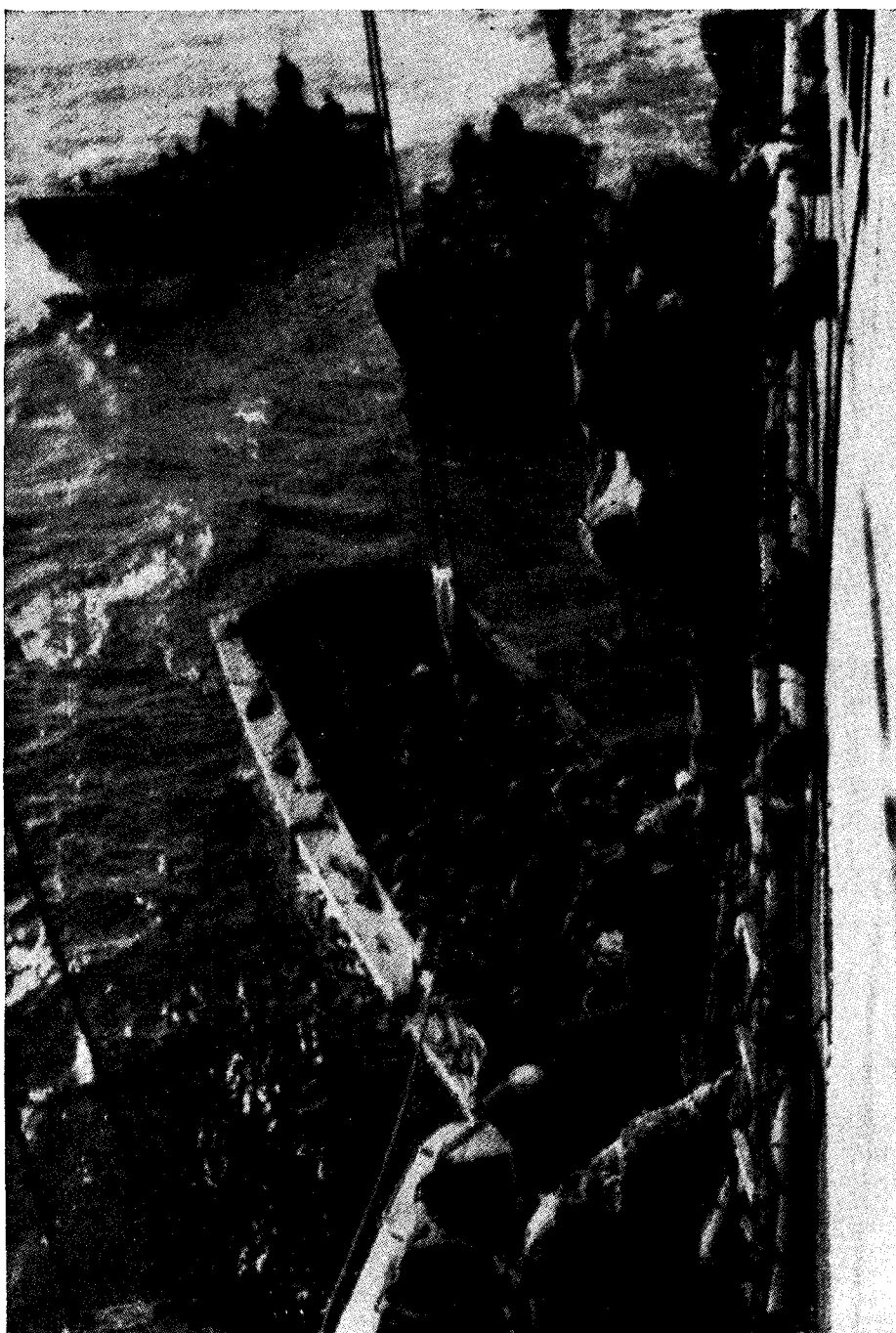


Medical Corps men talk to a wounded Nazi who said he was fifteen years old. Asked about Hitler, he merely shook his head



"We had studied the charts, the silhouettes, the data on the obstacles in the water and the defenses all one morning. Ahead was every landmark"

"... The boats are lowered into the roaring, churning assembly circle from which they break off into the attack wave"



I was trying to dry my glasses, but it was hopeless the way the spray was coming in, so I wrapped them up for a try later on and watched the battleship Texas shelling the shore. She was just off on our right now and firing over us as we moved in toward the French coast, which was showing clearer all the time on what was, or was not, a course of 220 degrees, depending on whether you believed Andy or Currier the coxswain.

The low cliffs were broken by valleys. There was a town with a church spire in one of them. There was a wood that came down to the sea. There was a house on the right of one of the beaches. On all the headlands, the gorse was burning, but the northwest wind held the smoke close to the ground.

Those of our troops who were not wax-gray with seasickness, fighting it off, trying to hold onto themselves before they had to grab for the steel side of the boat, were watching the Texas with looks of surprise and happiness. Under the steel helmets they looked like pikemen of the Middle Ages to whose aid in battle had suddenly come some strange and unbelievable monster.

There would be a flash like a blast furnace from the 14-inch guns of the Texas, that would lick far out from the ship. Then the yellow-brown smoke would cloud out and, with the smoke still rolling, the concussion and the report would hit us, jarring the men's helmets. It struck your near ear like a punch with a heavy, dry glove.

Then up on the green rise of a hill that now showed clearly as we moved in would spout two tall black fountains of earth and smoke.

"Look what they're doing to those Germans," I leaned forward to hear a G.I. say above the roar of the motor. "I guess there won't be a man alive there," he said happily.

That is the only thing I remember hearing a G.I. say all that morning. They spoke to one another sometimes, but you could not hear them with the roar the 225-horsepower high-speed gray Diesel made. Mostly, though, they stood silent without speaking. I never saw anyone smile after we left the line of firing ships. They had seen the mysterious monster that was helping them, but now he was gone and they were alone again.

I found if I kept my mouth open from the time I saw the guns flash until after the concussion, it took the shock away.

I was glad when we were inside and out of the line of fire of the Texas and the Arkansas. Other ships were firing over us all day and you were never away from the sud-

den, slapping thud of naval gunfire. But the big guns of the Texas and Arkansas that sounded as though they were throwing whole railway trains across the sky were far away as we moved on in. They were no part of our world as we moved steadily over the gray, whitecapped sea toward where, ahead of us, death was being issued in small, intimate, accurately administered packages. They were like the thunder of a storm that is passing in another county whose rain will never reach you. But they were knocking out the shore batteries, so that later the destroyers could move in almost to the shore when they had to come in to save the landing.

Invasion Coast Dead Ahead

Now ahead of us we could see the coast in complete detail. Andy opened the silhouette map with all the beaches and their distinguishing features reproduced on it, and I got my glasses out and commenced drying and wiping them under the shelter of the skirts of my burberry. As far as you could see, there were landing craft moving in over the gray sea. The sun was under at this time, and smoke was blowing all along the coast.

The map that Andy spread on his knees was in ten folded sheets, held together with staples, and marked Appendix One to Annex A. Five different sheets were stapled together and, as I watched Andy open his map, which spread, open, twice as long as a man could reach with outstretched arms, the wind caught it, and the section of the map showing Dog White, Fox Red, Fox Green, Dog Green, Easy Red and part of Sector Charlie snapped twice gaily in the wind and blew overboard.

I had studied this map and memorized most of it, but it is one thing to have it in your memory and another thing to see it actually on paper and be able to check and be sure.

"Have you got a small chart, Andy?" I shouted. "One of those one-sheet ones with just Fox Green and Easy Red?"

"Never had one," said Andy. All this time we were approaching the coast of France, which looked increasingly hostile.

"That the only chart?" I said, close to his ear.

"Only one," said Andy, "and it disintegrated on me. A wave hit it, and it disintegrated. What beach do you think we are opposite?"

"There's the church tower that looks like Colleville," I said. "That ought to be on



"We ran into a good spot on the beach and put our troops and their TNT and their bazookas and their lieutenant ashore, and that was that"



"The beach had been defended as stubbornly and intelligently, as any troops could defend it. And we had taken the beach"

Fox Green. Then there is a house like the one marked on Fox Green and the timber that runs down to the water in a straight line, like on Easy Red."

"That's right," said Andy. "But I think we're too far to the left."

"Those are the features, all right," I said. "I've got them in my head but there shouldn't be any cliffs. The cliffs start to the left of Fox Green where Fox Red beach starts. If that's true, then Fox Green has to be on our right."

"There's a control boat here somewhere," Andy said. "We'll find out what beach we're opposite."

"She can't be Fox Green if there are cliffs," I said.

"That's right," Andy said. "We'll find out from a control boat. Steer for that PC, coxswain. No, not there! Don't you see him? Get ahead of him. You'll never catch him that way."

We never did catch him, either. We slammed into the seas instead of topping them, and the boat pulled away from us. The LCV(P) was bow-heavy with the load of TNT and the weight of the three-eighth-inch steel armor, and where she should have lifted easily over the seas she banged into them and the water came in solidly.

"The hell with him!" Andy said. "We'll ask this LCI."

Landing Craft Infantry are the only amphibious operations craft that look as though they were made to go to sea. They very nearly have the lines of a ship, while the LCV(P)s look like iron bathtubs, and the LCTs like floating freight gondolas. Everywhere you could see, the ocean was covered with these craft but very few of them were headed toward shore. They would start toward the beach, then sheer off and circle back. On the beach itself, in from where we were, there were lines of what looked like tanks, but my glasses were still too wet to function.

"Where's Fox Green beach?" Andy cupped his hands and shouted up at the LCI that was surging past us, loaded with troops.

"Can't hear," someone shouted. We had no megaphone.

"What beach are we opposite?" Andy yelled.

The officer on the LCI shook his head. The other officers did not even look toward us. They were looking over their shoulders at the beach.

"Get her close alongside, coxswain," Andy said. "Come on, get in there close."

We roared up alongside the LCI, then

cut down the motor as she slipped past us.

"Where's Fox Green beach?" Andy yelled, as the wind blew the words away.

"Straight in to your right," an officer shouted.

"Thanks," Andy looked astern at the other two boats and told Ed Banker, up and down. "They're closing up, sir," he said. "Get them up."

Ed Banker turned around and jerked his forearm, with index finger raised, up and down. "They're closing up, sir," he said. Looking back you could see the other heavily loaded boats climbing the waves that were green now the sun was out, and pounding down into the troughs.

"You wet all through, sir?" Ed asked me. "All the way."

"Me, too," Ed said. "Only thing wasn't wet was my belly button. Now it's wet, too."

"This has got to be Fox Green," I said to Andy. "I recognize where the cliff stops. That's all Fox Green to the right. There is the Colleville church. There's the house on the beach. There's the Ruquet Valley on Easy Red to the right. This is Fox Green absolutely."

"We'll check when we get in closer," Andy said. "You really think it's Fox Green?"

"It has to be."

Ahead of us, the various landing craft were all acting in the same confusing manner—heading in, coming out and circling.

The Tanks Were Stymied

"There's something wrong as hell," I said to Andy. "See the tanks? They're all along the edge of the beach. They haven't gone in at all."

Just then one of the tanks flared up and started to burn with thick black smoke and yellow flame. Farther down the beach, another tank started burning. Along the line of the beach, they were crouched like big yellow toads along the high water line. As I stood up, watching, two more started to burn. The first ones were pouring out gray smoke now, and the wind was blowing it flat along the beach. As I stood up, trying to see if there was anyone in beyond the high water line of tanks, one of the burning tanks blew up with a flash in the streaming gray smoke.

"There's a boat we can check with," Andy said. "Coxswain, steer for that LC over there. Yes, that one. Put her hard over. Come on. Get over there!"

This was a black boat, fast-looking, mounting two machine guns and wallowing slowly out away from the beach, her engine almost idling.

"Can you tell us what beach this is?" Andy shouted.

"Dog White," came the answer.

"Are you sure?"

"Dog White beach," they called from the black boat.

"You checked it?" Andy called.

"It's Dog White beach," they called back from the boat, and their screw churned the water white as they slipped into speed and pulled away from us.

I was discouraged now, because ahead of us, inshore, was every landmark I had memorized on Fox Green and Easy Red beaches. The line of the cliffs that marked the left end of Fox Green beach showed clearly. Every house was where it should be. The steeple of the Colleville church showed exactly as it had in the silhouette. I had studied the charts, the silhouettes, the data on the obstacles in the water and the defenses all one morning, and I remember having asked our captain, Commander W. I. Leahy of the attack transport Dorothea M. Dix, if our attack was to be a diversion in force.

"No," he had said. "Absolutely not. What makes you ask that question?"

"Because these beaches are so highly defensible."

"The Army is going to clear the obstacles and the mines out in the first thirty minutes," Captain Leahy had told me. "They're going to cut lanes in through them for the landing craft."

I wish I could write the full story of what it means to take a transport across through a mine-swept channel; the mathematical precision of maneuver; the infinite detail and chronometrical accuracy and split-second timing of everything from the time the anchor comes up until the boats are lowered and away into the roaring, sea-churning assembly circle from which they break off into the attack wave.

The story of all the teamwork behind that has to be written, but to get all that in would take a book, and this is simply the account of how it was in a LCV(P) on the day we stormed Fox Green beach.

Right at this moment, no one seemed to know where Fox Green beach was. I was sure we were opposite it, but the patrol boat had said this was Dog White beach which should be 4,295 yards to our right, if we were where I knew we were.

"It can't be Dog White, Andy," I said. "Those are the cliffs where Fox Red starts on our left."

"The man says it's Dog White," Andy said.

In the solid-packed troops in the boat, a man with a vertical white bar painted on his helmet was looking at us and shaking his head. He had high cheekbones and a rather flat, puzzled face.

"The lieutenant says he knows it, and we're on Fox Green," Ed Banker shouted back at us. He spoke again to the lieutenant but we could not hear what they said.

Andy shouted at the lieutenant, and he nodded his helmeted head up and down.

"He says it's Fox Green," Andy said. "Ask him where he wants to go in," I said.

Leading in the Seventh Wave

Just then another small black patrol boat with several officers in it came toward us from the beach, and an officer stood up in it and megaphoned, "Are there any boats here for the seventh wave on Fox Green beach?"

There was one boat for that wave with us, and the officer shouted to them to follow their boat.

"Is this Fox Green?" Andy called to them.

"Yes. Do you see that ruined house? Fox Green beach runs for eleven hundred and thirty-five yards to the right of that ruined house."

"Can you get into the beach?"

"I can't tell you that. You will have to ask a beach control boat."

"Can't we just run in?"

"I have no authority on that. You must ask the beach control boat."

"Where is it?"

"Way out there somewhere."

"We can go in where an LCV(P) has been in or an LCI," I said. "It's bound to be clear where they run in, and we can go in under the lee of one."

"We'll look for the control boat," Andy said, and we went banging out to sea through the swarming traffic of landing craft and lighters.

"I can't find her," Andy said. "She isn't here. She ought to be in closer. We have to get the hell in. We're late now. Let's go in."

"Ask him where he is supposed to land," I said.

Andy went down and talked to the lieutenant. I could see the lieutenant's lips moving as he spoke, but could hear nothing above the engine noise.

(Continued on page 56)

HOW TO SWALLOW A SWORD

BY
THE GREAT ZADMA
AS TOLD TO JULE
JUNKER MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER—PIX

The author of this informative treatise who once held the American sword-swallowing record—a 26-inch blade—says dagger gulping makes a fine parlor trick. For our part, he can have it. However, if you want to try, here's how

Louise Long (right) swallows a Civil War bayonet with a 24-inch blade. Below, Patricia Smith has gulped down a neon tube. Note the glow through her throat. Both girls are with Ringling Brothers' Circus



I WILL never forget the first time I swallowed a lighted, two-foot neon tube. The tube was a bootlegged one, like all neons used by sword swallowers at that time, because the electrical companies wouldn't allow anyone to buy a tube if they knew he intended to swallow it.

Several sword swallowers had been killed by the tubes breaking inside of them, and the companies felt it was bad publicity. In fact, the general manager of a neon company even ran a little notice in *The Billboard* saying: "Our tubes are not designed to be swallowed, and the company discourages having them put to this use." But the companies couldn't discourage the sword swallowers.

Neon-tube swallowing was the most significant innovation to the art since 1667 when Richardson, the English artist, swallowed an umbrella, and made sword-swallowing history. Later, he tried to open the umbrella as an additional flourish, but the results were unhappy. Neon swallowing is really a lovely effect. All the lights are turned off and, in the darkness, the lighted tubes glow like precious stones. Then the artist, stripped to the waist, takes a tube and swallows it to the hilt, thus extinguishing the light. But almost instantly the light is seen again, this time glowing out through the body of the artist. The effort is indescribably weird. Usually several people faint, and this makes the trick very popular. A good neon swallower can command a price of ten to fifteen dollars a week anywhere, until the tube finally bursts inside of him and he is killed.

As a young man, I was working with a carnival as a sword swallower and was, like most boys, very ambitious. I wanted desperately to be a neon swallower and at last I got my break.

At the time, I was living in the side show's truck with Flamo, the fire eater. One night while we were playing Trenton, N. J., he located a little shop where the electrician said he would make me up a couple of tubes for my act. With neons, you must make an electrical connection at both ends of the tube before the gas inside will light. If you have just swallowed two thirds of the tube, this is naturally hard to do, and so for swallowing, the tubes are made U-shaped so the ends can stick out of your mouth. This means swallowing a double tube which is naturally much harder than swallowing a thin sword blade, and so the tube has to be made as thin as possible. The thin tubes are naturally brittle and therefore very likely to break inside of you.

Flamo and I picked up the tubes one evening after our last show. We packed the precious things up very carefully in a suitcase full of crinkled newspaper, so they wouldn't break. Neons can't be run off an ordinary power line unless you have a step-up transformer, so when he got back to the truck, Flamo sneaked out and hooked us on to the main city power line. I waited for him in the truck, and it was a frightening feeling to see those two tubes beside me suddenly glow out red and yellow with their uncanny witch light.

"Flamo, I'm getting scared," I told him when he came back.

Making a Living—the Hard Way

We had just been reading in *The Billboard* of the death of Prince Neon, the first man to be a neon swallower. The tube had broken inside of him and he died in the hospital a week later. The Human Electric Light Bulb, who had followed him, had got a short circuit somehow and died before he could be carried off his platform. Sometimes, the game hardly seemed worth while.

"Well, if you're scared, kid, I wouldn't swallow 'em," Flamo urged me. "Your throat'll tighten up and snap the tube."

I knew if I were going to swallow them, I'd have to do it at once, before they got too hot. If you swallow a hot tube, it will stick to your insides and you can't withdraw it. This is pretty bad when it happens. So I picked up the nearest tube and, with Flamo watching me doubtfully, I wiped it the way I wipe a sword before swallowing it. A sword swallower always wipes a sword because the smallest bit of dirt or dust on the blade may make him gag or even tear the delicate lining of the stomach.

Fortunately, the roof of the truck was high enough so I could stand with my head thrown back and the tube held straight up from my lips. I held it by the electrical connections with my right hand, and with my cupped left I guided it down my throat. The basic principle of sword swallowing is to establish a straight line from the throat to the stomach. As the tube slid down, it was pleasantly warm, un- the chill of steel, but terribly wide. I had to force it a little as it began its descent.

I felt it strike my breastbone. This is always a creepy feeling, as it sends a shudder all through you, and very often even a slight blow will bruise the bone so it aches afterward. I can only describe the feeling as similar to a sharp blow on the solar plexus in boxing, but you will have to experience the sensation yourself to understand it. The tip of the tube slipped off the bone and glided down smoothly until my right hand holding the electrical connections of the tube touched my lips.

I withdrew the tube and turned to Flamo. "Did it shine through my chest?" I asked eagerly.

"Son, you shone like a jack-o'-lantern," he assured me respectfully. "It's a wonderful act. I was darned near taken sick myself."

The next night I performed with (Continued on page 49)

Don't You Cry for Me

BY JEAN KINKEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL WILSON

She thought she knew what he wanted and was prepared to let him go with a smile, but when the time came, a smile wasn't enough

A STRAY sunbeam seeped through the Venetian blinds and dug into Peg's eyes. She stirred in her cocoon of sleep, then frowned a little and tried to push back reality for another little while. It was no use. The anesthesia of night was gone, and the pain was there again. The sharp ache in the pit of her stomach, the breathless tightness in her throat. She'd had that feeling before—the day she went away to camp for the first time, and the morning of her French College Board. But never quite like this. This was D-Day for her, the last day of Jeff's embarkation leave.

All week she'd managed to be terribly casual about it, saying the right thing when people sympathized with her. "We've been two of the lucky ones," she'd said a dozen times. And, "Well, the war's practically over now that Ryan's in it." She hadn't made an issue of it to anyone, because, after all, husbands had been going to war for three years now, and the grieving wife was a bit old hat. So her anguish had become a secret that she couldn't share with anyone. Not even with Jeff. Especially not with Jeff.

She reached out her hand for his, and he took it and held it without waking up. She turned on her side and looked at him; his hard, brown face relaxed and boyish. The tiny, unburned squint lines around his eyes, the short, thick lashes that were so impressively shiny. She touched his face lightly, and suddenly tears were hot against her eyelids and there was such a crying inside of her, she was afraid. She hadn't planned to cry; Jeff hated tears so much.

Even as a little boy, he'd hated them. He'd told her once how he used to go to Schwarz's toy store with his mother when he was about eight, and how some of the kids would cry for a rocking horse or a bike. He'd been so embarrassed watching them he'd wanted to go home. Crying was vulgar, he'd thought then, and he still thought so. It was like turning the pockets of your soul inside out for other people to see.

A long time ago, when he'd first got in the Navy, he had taken her by the shoulders and said, "When we say goodbye, my darling, think of this: It's the first step on the way home. Every day we're apart is bringing us a day nearer the end. Got it, Butch?"

"I've got it, Jeff," she'd said.

And he had added, "There'll be no tears for us, baby." She had smiled and shaken her head. It was a promise.

She lay quietly for a minute, not looking at Jeff, thinking about the day that was ahead, and after a while the sudden awful sobbing that had risen in her went away. She had planned it so long, their last day together. Every shining hour of it. It was to be her going-away present for Jeff. One beautiful memory at which he could warm his heart in all the long months to come.

Mrs. Larsen was coming to take care of the children, she and Jeff were going to have a picnic down at the brook. A wonderful picnic with fried chicken and hot biscuits and green salad and champagne. She would wear the pinafore that reminded Jeff of strawberry ice cream, and she'd brush her hair out long and put a bow in it. They would be foolish and tender, and never once would they talk about tomorrow and all the other tomorrows. It would be a lovely day. A day to remember with a fast-beating heart.

The tiny musical alarm clock said ten after seven. Time to get up. High time. She took her hand away from Jeff's gently and slipped out of bed. She showered and dressed and went in to look at her boys. (Continued on page 64)

"Jeff—" Peg started to speak. "Yes. I know," Jeff said. "Time to go." He was out in the hall before she could say anything else, tugging on his hat



Over and Back

BY MARTHA GELLHORN
RADIOED FROM LONDON

Already, the invasion has become a commuters' war, as fighters shuttle between England's ports and Normandy's beaches

THE invasion is still fairly new, but it seems to have been going on for months. Time has stopped and day and night flow together steadily. You meet people in bars who have been over and back—Army cameramen, officers, journalists, pilots—and the common greeting is, "Where've you been?" And the answer is, "France."

Someone said, "It's a commuters' war now."

Truly, from the southern ports, every form of transport pours across the Channel, and it is easier to get a place on an LST than on a London bus. In a French basement restaurant near St. James' Park, a tiny bottle hangs over the bar; inside the bottle is some sand from the beaches of France that a soldier brought back for Mado, the proprietor, to remind her of home. A man tried to buy a drink with a stub of a French railway ticket marked: Third Class Bernières-Caen.

The beginning of this invasion is already history; so let us preserve some of the history here. On the morning of June 6th in a great guarded room in the Ministry of Information, a good percentage of the world's press sat and waited, watching the clock.

An English officer rose and said, "In five seconds the first communiqué will be given to the world. You may leave. Go!"

The press rushed out as if fleeing a fire, to get the story on the air and on the cables. But there is always a small quiet and humble side to everything.

When I rushed out with the others and told the driver of my hired car that the invasion had started, he said firmly, "You're kidding! I'm a volunteer. I'm on twenty-four-hour duty when the invasion starts. They'd have told me if it was starting. They wouldn't start it without calling me."

He refused to change his mind until his friend the doorman at the Dorchester said that he, for one, believed the invasion really had started, and he, for one, planned to drink a bottle of champagne in France next week.

It was very quiet and very funny in London during the first hours of the invasion, when it was neither quiet nor funny on the beaches of Normandy. In Westminster Abbey on that historic morning, a man was cleaning the carpet of the altar with a vacuum cleaner, and there were three groups of American soldiers on a sightseeing tour of the church. They had heard of the invasion, it developed, at the Red Cross where they met to go on this tour, but, as one of them said, "When you've given up your wife and your children and your house, anything else that happens is just so much dust. We'll start cheering when we get home."

June 6th was a gray, cold day. People moved quickly through the streets, and you would never have known that this day was different from any other, though it had been awaited for four and a half years. Only at noon, the regular editions of the noonday papers were quickly sold out.

Then, driving through the bright clear green of England, it did not seem possible that the invasion was on, and that in France—which is a green country, too, but it is a different green—men were fighting most desperately to clear Europe. There were English schoolgirls in the villages, wearing straw

hats banded with school colors, and gray blazers and short gray dresses, and there were women pushing perambulators, and then suddenly, under the rich curve of the trees, tanks rumbled down a lane. But once you got to a port, the invasion became true.

This was on D-plus-one, and already D-plus-one seems lost in the mists of history, though we have scarcely slept since and, in a way, time has stood still.

The landing ramps at the port were the place to be if you couldn't be on the other side where it was already happening. But the landing ramps were amazing. Imagine a sloping cobbled surface leading down to the soiled sea of a harbor, and imagine all the strange, new, ugly invasion craft moving in and out, as if these landing ramps were taxi stands.

There were four LCIs anchored alongside one landing ramp and Air Force troops stood in a long line leading back from a sort of resort pier, waiting to board these LCIs. The pier had a domed pavilion and a great sign reading "Refreshments," and along this pier stood the American soldiers with very quiet faces, all looking older than they actually were, and thoughtful. Near the LCIs, British Merchant Marine sailors were piling up endless boxes labeled "Kidney Soup," which the Americans looked at with disgust, wondering if this was all they would have to eat from now on. The troops filed across the decks of these little ships, filling the outer vessels first.

Suddenly one American sailor from an LST called out, "Any of you from Chicago?"

"Yes, I am," someone answered.

"South Side?" asked the sailor.

"No, North Side."

"Well, shake, anyhow," said the sailor.

Then they all began calling out, and men from Georgia and Oklahoma and Texas and California found one another and spoke a word, as the line of Air Force troops filed past the knots of waiting sailors. They really had nothing to say except "Hello" and "Goodbye," but the knowledge that there were other men from their own piece of home seemed to comfort them in the midst of all this strangeness and uncertainty.

These soldiers were setting out for the pebbled, mined beaches and the snipers in the hills and the German 88s and for all that lay ahead, and there were two great optimists among them who carried along to the battle a banjo and a trumpet. The banjo and the trumpet, hung against bedrolls, were part of the strangeness of this great departure.

There were other loading ramps where the medium American tanks were going out, turning to roll backward into the LSTs. The noise was enormous, and it seemed as if the cobblestones must crumble to powder beneath their weight.

Round Trip to the Invasion Front

Tank officers sat on large oil containers at the side of the ramp and checked the operation, while on the other side of the ramp the wounded were already being disembarked.

The wounded were carried off any kind of ship that brought them in. They were carried fast and carefully and loaded into waiting ambulances. Colored troops were the litter bearers and ambulance drivers, and colored officers controlled the movement of the wounded from ship to shore. It was a fast, beautiful job.

The men who were going into battle watched the men who now came back, hurt, from the battle, and there was no comment and no turning away from this final truth of war. Then one LST came in with eight bodies on board, and the loading ramp seemed suddenly still and very empty, and the brown-canvas-covered bodies appeared light in the hands of the litter-bearers. No one watched them, but everyone knew what everyone else was thinking.

There were German prisoners also, plenty of them, and finally no one was even curious enough to look; they just cluttered up the loading ramp and were a bleeding nuisance. What was coming in was our own wounded, who were taken care of with wonderful speed and competence, and little else seemed to matter.

Once the colored stretcher-bearers carried ashore some colored wounded, and there was a man with a deadly sick face—the skin gray, not black—and this one was carried as by his own brothers.

Meanwhile, outside the banned areas of the port, children played in the bomb ruins, women stood in line at a grocery store, and life went on as it does despite war.

There is a great feeling of gratitude for all that has gone well; there is a tendency to thank God and cross one's fingers; and people are so tired that they cannot slow down; and day merges into night; and the invasion, which is brand-new, is something we have always had, so that no other condition or life seems imaginable. American soldiers are already shooting craps for invasion money, and in the little basement French restaurant near St. James', uniformed men, who have been over and back, are practicing the few words of French they picked up in shelled villages behind the beaches of Normandy. ★★★

Back from the hell of Normandy beaches, this American paratroop officer is helped ashore by members of a Medical Corps unit, en route to hospital—and home



Hi, Cousin

By Georges Carouso

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

When a kid is adopted nephew to a whole town, he gets to know about people, particularly about people in love

SOMETIMES I wonder if having seventy-odd uncles and as many aunts and three times that many cousins is worth it. It's sort of nice to have a whole town adopt you and become your guardian, but it just gives you that many more people to be beholden to. I'll tell you how come I got so many relatives, and how come I sometimes wonder if it's worth it.

I don't remember my ma, but my pa was Doc Jones, the only doc in Squaw Lake, and I'm Bunyan Jones. I got a Christian name, too, but that's a secret that will die with me, and everybody calls me just Bunyan. My pa was a great man. I don't remember him

so well, being as he was killed eight years ago when I was six. He got killed out on the lake one winter night trying to short-cut from Jake Able's ax-cut foot to Mrs. Perdy's third baby that was a-comin'. The roads were heaped high with drifts that night so he couldn't drive his horse through them, and even though he knew that the lake was full of spring holes, he tried to make it to Mrs. Perdy's in the dark. He didn't make it.

After that, the town got together to see what they would do with me. Some were for me going to a home, and a lot more were for taking me in legal, and then old Weldon Ferris got up in meeting and made a speech. He must have made it good because it ended up with the whole town adopting me, drawing lots to see where I'd stay each month, then, later, leaving it up to me to decide who I wanted to live with. I guess in the past eight years I've lived with pretty near everybody in town except Molly Sears, who's a bit teched.

That's how come I'm beholden to so many

"Hi, Uncle Er," I said. "Hi, Jan. I guided you a tourist." The fellow walked over. "I'm Brad Jordan," he said softlike. You could have knocked us all over with a feather

people. And it ain't always easy. I'm telling you.

I was sitting on the post office steps one afternoon with Ted Bullard teaching me how to tie a trout fly without using a vise. This long yellow and black roadster purred up to us, and the fellow behind the wheel leaned out and asked very polite:

"I wonder if you could direct me to Mr. Eremiah Horton's place?"

"Could," said Ted Bullard, never one for wasting words.

The young fellow kind of waited, but Ted was all wrapped up in the fly, and, anyway, he had answered the question.

"I'll be goin' down that way," I said. "If you want to give me a lift, I'll show you the place."

"All right," he said.

The sun was on his face and I noticed that there were deep squint lines at the sides of his eyes. His skin was burned a dark tan, but it didn't look like a tan should. It looked like it was painted on the surface, but under it he was pale. Ted Bullard finished the fly and laid it down on my palm.

"Ought to catch a big one," he said. "If the hook'll hold."

I got in the car with the strange fellow and we started off. He looked down at the fly I was holding and came near to smiling.

"Nice job," he said. "But a number sixteen hook is too small for the size fish I hear you catch around here."

"You aimin' to fish?"

"Maybe."

"Ain't no place on the whole lake better than Horton's. Good bass and pike in the lake off the rock cliffs, and only a short step to the trout in Squaw Brook. Mighty good accommodations, too." Then I remembered and stopped. "I ain't quite sure they'll be takin' any tourists," I said. "My cousin Bill got killed over to Sicily a while back. Flew a P-38. The Hortons are right cut up about it."

He didn't say nothing. His hands were gripping the wheel tight and he was bending over a bit, squinting at the road. I guessed he wasn't one for talk. Only once, all the way to Horton's, he opened his mouth and asked, "Which is Bald Face Mountain?" I pointed it out to him, with the rock cliffs cutting a gray scar through the yellow of the autumn beeches and the red of the maples and the dark green of the hemlock.

"That's the lookout on top," I showed him. "Bill used to be fire ranger until he got in the Army. Now Jan—that's his sister—is doin' the watchin' on account there ain't many men left in the town."

UNCLE ER HORTON was splitting kindling in the yard when we pulled up in the car. Jan was just coming out of the back door and she went and stood by her pa. Jan had on a pair of dungarees, and her black Indian hair was braided. She looked more like fifteen than twenty. I sure wish she was fifteen!

"Hi, Uncle Er," I said. "Hi, Jan. I guided you a tourist."

The fellow in the car walked slow and stiff, and when he started over toward Uncle Er, I noticed that he had a limp.

"I'm Brad Jordan," he said softlike.

I guess you could have knocked us all over with a feather. Uncle Er stiffened up like he was snake-bit. Jan staggered back a step and lifted a hand to her throat. Brad Jordan! Bill Horton's flying pal! Bill had written so much about him, I should have recognized him. Brad Jordan! Jingo Nannies!

Uncle Er was the first to catch his breath. He stuck out his hand and tried to say something, but his throat was all choked up, so he put his arm around Brad's shoulder and led him toward the house, with the rest of us following open-mouthed.

We all went into the parlor and sat down, and not a soul said a word for the dangedest long time. Then, Uncle Er cleared his throat like it helped to steady him.

"Was you—with Bill?" he asked Brad.

"Yes, sir. The Jerry had put up a good umbrella over that evacuation at Messina. Our squadron had to bust it up to let our bombers through. We—" He stopped suddenly.

"Go ahead, son," Uncle Er nodded. "I'd

(Continued on page 66)

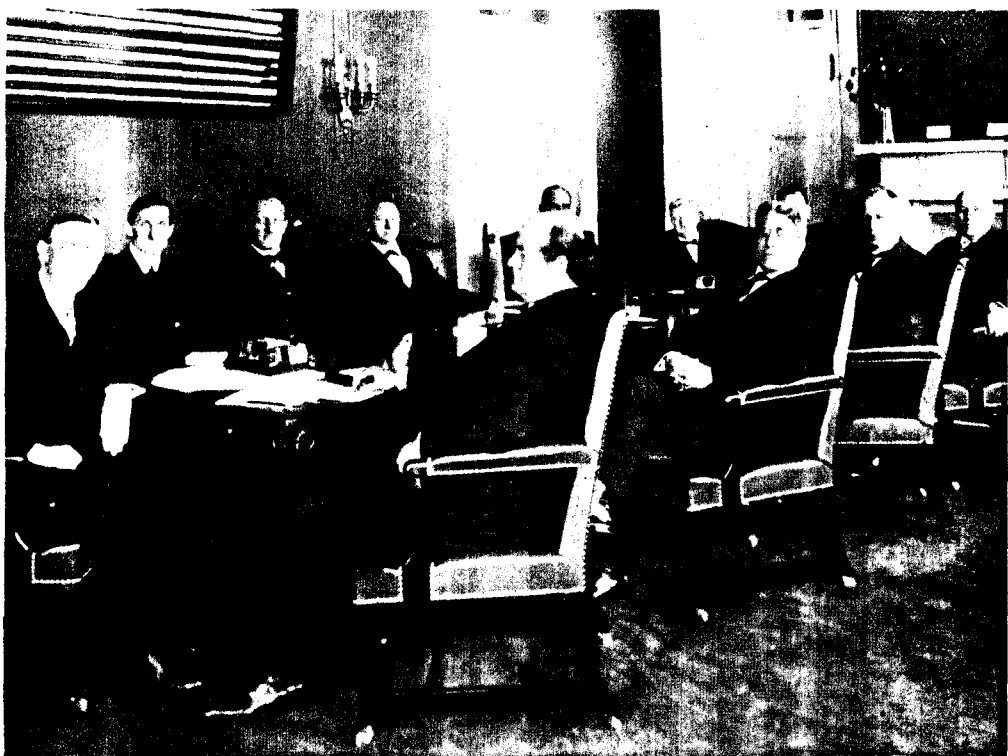




1. PRINCETON. Wilson attracts national attention through liberal policies as university president. Old news photograph shows first wife, Ellen, and daughters, Margaret, Jessie, and Eleanor



1. PRINCETON. In the film, Wilson (Alexander Knox) breaks news that he'll run for governor of New Jersey to his joyous wife (Ruth Nelson) and daughters (Mary Anderson, Ruth Ford, Madeline Forbes)



2. WAR SEEMED FAR AWAY to the country when this photograph of Wilson's Cabinet was taken in 1913. Chief advisers were Bryan, Secretary of State; Josephus Daniels, Navy; William G. McAdoo, Treasury



2. "I WILL NOT BE RUSHED INTO WAR," Wilson tells 1915 Cabinet, says he will send another warning note to Germany. He wants America to stay out of war and remain world's great influence for peace

MR. ZANUCK BETS FIVE MILLION

BY KYLE CRICHTON

The tragic story of Woodrow Wilson from college days to defeat of his League of Nations plans may start a new trend in Hollywood spectacles

THE one certain way of getting a row started in Hollywood is to mention Darryl Zanuck. By some chemical process, his name has come to have a flavor considered synonymous with horror in the minds of all Hollywood haters. In addition, he is production boss at Twentieth Century-Fox, and the amount of love squandered on any studio head could be put in your eye.

As if this weren't enough, he sits in his swivel chair toying with a polo mallet, while interviewing writers and directors. This has not endeared him to anybody, including polo players. He came back from war in 1943 with the idea of a picture he wanted to make based on the life of Woodrow Wilson. In brief, battle experiences had upset the mallet swinger to the point where he wanted no more wars for himself or anybody else.

Zanuck has never been afraid of ideas. His greatest successes have been based on themes extracted hot from the papers. But when he began to develop the Wilson idea, he found he had got himself into something that would either make him a great cinema figure or get him smacked smartly about the temples by the stockholders. The picture will cost approximately \$5,200,000.

"It cost more than we ever grossed on any picture in our history," says Zanuck grimly.

The idea of doing a film on Woodrow Wilson first came to him when he was in the Army, and he trifled with the notion of making it a documentary short. Knowing, however, from experience that documentary shorts are often recommended by astute physicians as sedatives, he dis-

carded the theory abruptly. He next considered making an ordinary black-and-white film of Wilson's personal life, leaving out the controversy about the League of Nations, which is the crux of the present picture.

"That could have been done for eight or nine hundred thousand, and it would have been a cinch to get the money back. It would have meant just exactly as much as Pin-Up Girl or Coney Island. Nothing more."

So now it is done in Technicolor, runs two hours and forty-five minutes, and has everything in it from Wilson's second marriage to a convention scene using 1,735 extras. It uses 179 different costumes for the women (including record-breaking forty-seven for Geraldine Fitzgerald playing Edith Bolling Wilson) and has eighty-eight sets—fifty interior and thirty-eight exterior.

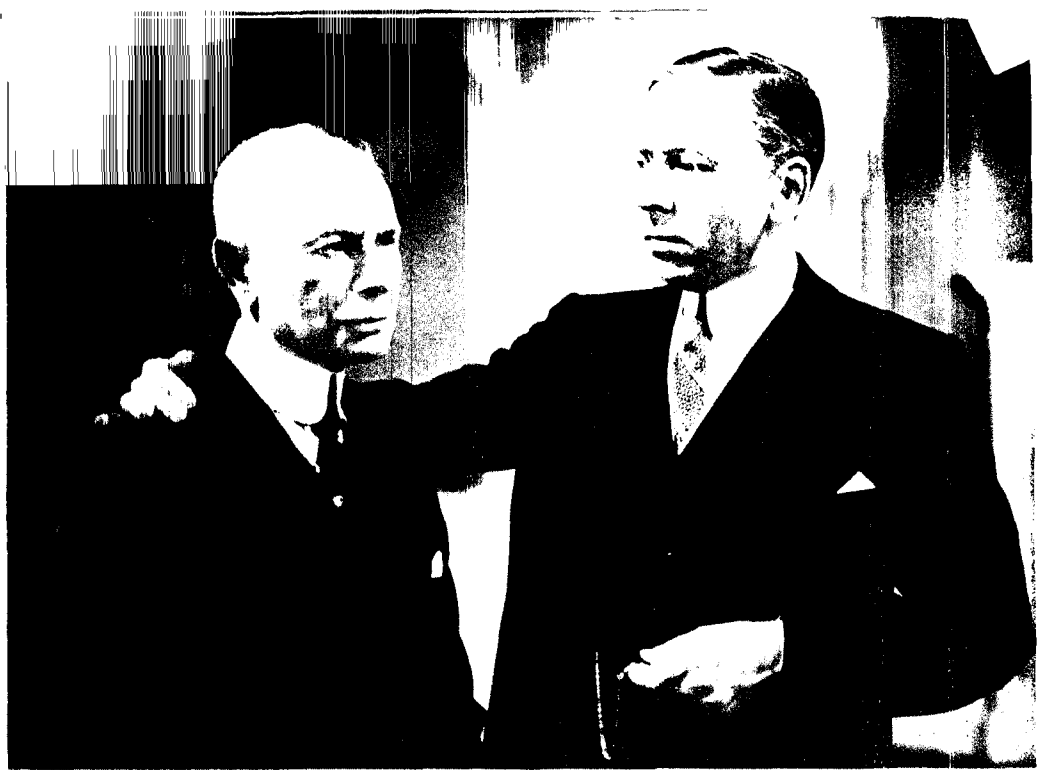
These include the House of Representatives (never duplicated before on the screen), the Baltimore Civic Auditorium (site of the Democratic Convention of 1912), the President's room in the Capitol, the Executive offices, and the various White House rooms, such as the impressive entrance foyer, the famous double staircase, the East Room, the Blue Room and the Oval Room. It has a replica of the famous nine-foot Lincoln bed, the long cherrywood table around which the Wilson Cabinet met, the desk that Wilson used, the carved gold piano in the East Room—and 203 other pieces of historic furniture. Hector Sebaroli has even duplicated four huge paintings in the East Room.

Before the picture was started, twenty-seven months were spent in research. The greatest job (Continued on page 47)

PHOTOGRAPHS TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX, KEYSTONE AND BROWN BROS.



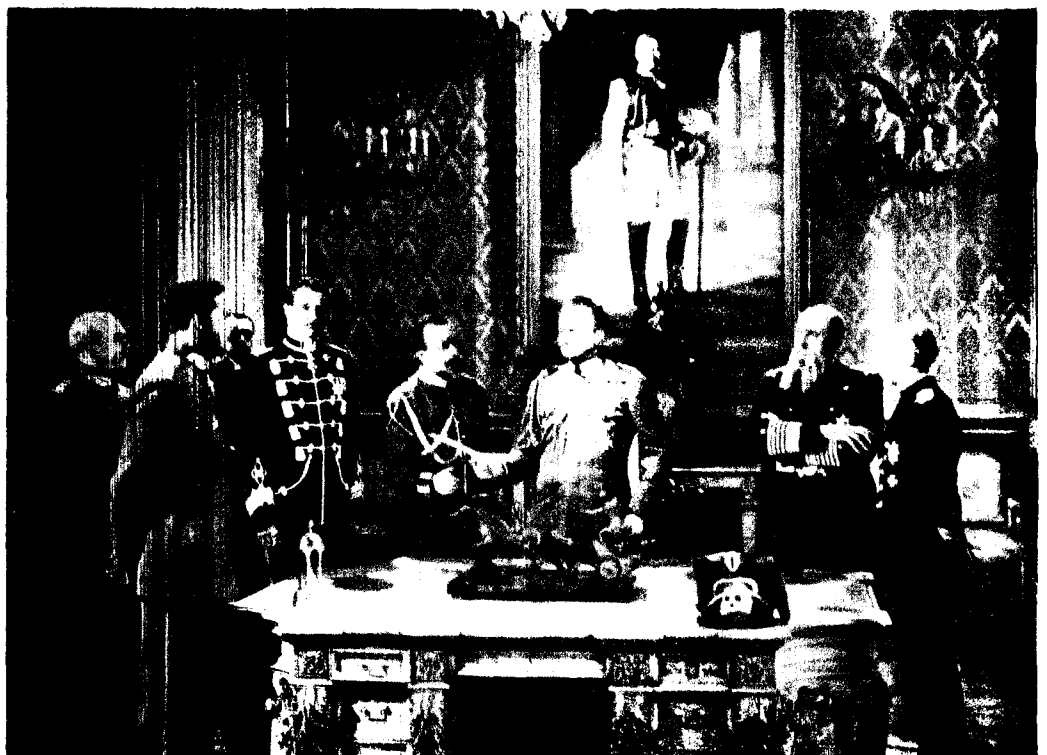
3. WAR DRAWS CLOSER, and the President confers with Colonel Edward M. House, his closest personal friend, and Robert Lansing, new Secretary of State. Wilson vainly strove for "peace and honor"



3. "HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR"—with this re-election slogan echoing through the country, Colonel House (Charles Halton) brings ominous tidings of developments in Europe. Wilson still resists war



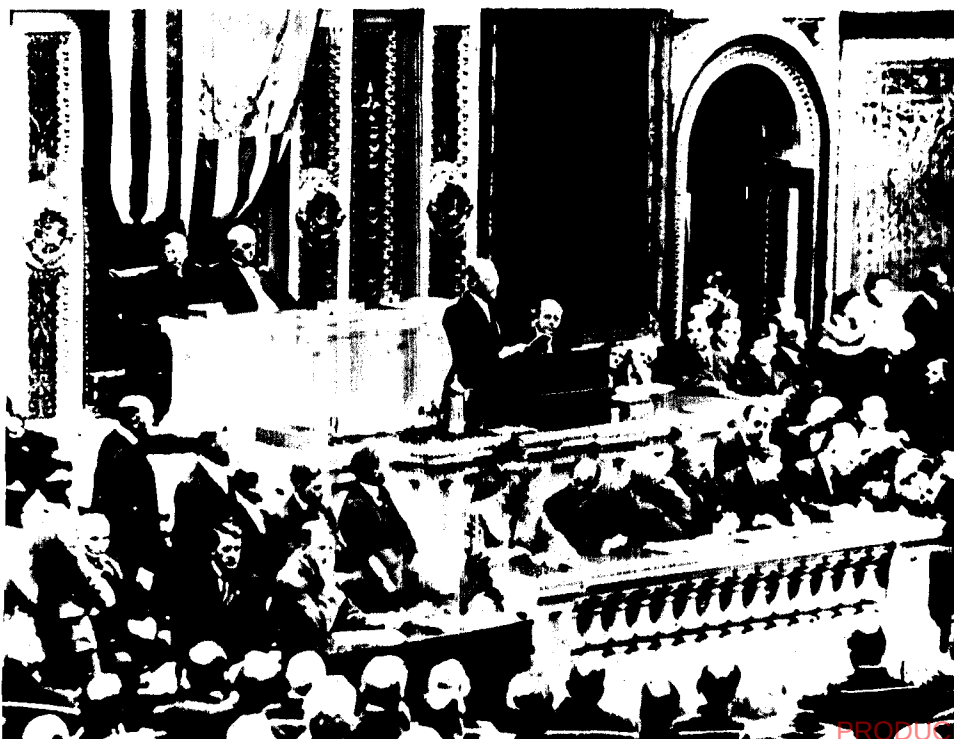
4. THE KAISER and his ruthless war lords in 1916 plan extension of World War I. Dreams of conquest obsessed general staffers Ludendorff, von Hindenburg, von Tirpitz (of submarine fame)



4. SUBMARINE WARFARE, resumed in defiance of agreement with Wilson, proved turning point. Film shows Kaiser and von Tirpitz (arms crossed) deciding on unrestricted use of submarine. It's war

5. WAR DECLARED! On April 2, 1917, Wilson appears before joint session of Congress asking for war as the lesser of evils. On April 6, war resolution is voted by overwhelming majorities

5. WAR CONGRESS, as shown in film, recreates a tense moment in our history. Alexander Knox, as Wilson, brings conviction to the President's plea to fight for the preservation of human liberties





Brigadier General Kenneth Bonner Wolfe, chief of the Twentieth Bomber Command

We're bombing Japan six months early because General Wolfe was impatient

BY ROBERT DE VORE

WHEN the B-29s made their first stab at Japan a few weeks ago, Brigadier General Kenneth Bonner Wolfe, the big planes' 47-year-old commander, was measurably responsible for the surprise element.

The B-29 certainly is one of the greatest industrial and engineering achievements in American history. Wolfe didn't design the plane. He didn't build it. He didn't test it in flight. Boeing did all that. Neither was he responsible, except perhaps in a remote sort of way, for putting together and making work all the miraculous and delicate machinery that makes the B-29 most deadly in its own defense and still the most devastating bombardment airplane in the world.

Production of the Boeing Superfortress was the job of many men—big and little. Wolfe did just one thing for the men. He endowed them with his own enormous passion for getting a job done. But he wasn't just a cheerleader. He brought to the job years of experience in piloting all types of combat aircraft, the faith of the late General Billy Mitchell in the role of the heavy bomber, and one of the best airplane-production minds in the country. He had all that and more; he was the man who couldn't wait.

General Wolfe is commander of the Twentieth Bomber Command, based in China and India. Soon there will be other bomber commands in a great fleet of flying battleships.

This force may attack not only from bases in one theater against targets in the same theater, but from two or more theaters against targets anywhere in the world. Japan may be bombed by squadrons flying at more than 300 miles an hour from many directions. There soon will be systematic destruction of Japan's war industries, pointing to the ultimate elimination of Nippon as a nation of industrial importance. We are six months ahead of schedule. General Wolfe promised General Arnold he would shave a half-year from the time required to get B-29s into combat. He kept his promise.

General Arnold might have decided that General Wolfe was a good man to have around after a Washington-to-Los Angeles telephone conversation. A number of years ago, Wolfe was Air Corps representative at the Douglas Aircraft plant at Santa Monica. Arnold telephoned him at 8 p.m. He said he wanted Wolfe in Washington by eight next morning. "What for?" asked Wolfe.

"What the hell do you care?"

"I'll be there."

"How will you make it?"

"What the hell do you care?"

The only good news Chiang Kai-shek received at Cairo last November was that, by a specific date, a specific number of B-29s would be delivered in China with crews to fly them against Japan. The decision to undertake strategic bombing of the Japanese was reached at the Roosevelt-Churchill conference at Quebec in August. But the definite commitment to the Generalissimo was made at Cairo. Roosevelt made the commitment because he had assurance from Arnold that it could be done—despite the circumstance that the plane was barely into production and still so full of "bugs" that few ships could be used for training.

The foundation stone of Arnold's assurance was General Wolfe. The planes, of course, arrived ahead of schedule. But back in February, 1943, no one—not even General Wolfe—would have believed that the B-29 could be produced for combat, let alone flown in quantity, about a year later, across thousands of miles of ocean to bases that were rice fields in February.

Blueprint Made from the Final Product

General Arnold's desire for a global bomber began to emerge as an airplane in 1942. It made its first test flight on September 21st of that year. There were no blueprints for the airplane as a whole. They made those after it was put together.

Wolfe was production chief at the AAF matériel center at Wright Field, Ohio. He was worrying a half-dozen flying planes through assembly lines. The B-29 was just one of them. Later, it was to become his obsession.

By early 1943, three experimental B-29s were ready. People were hopeful. It was a good airplane. There were difficulties, to be sure, but no more than with any other new airplane. Then, on February 18th, came a disaster that threatened to wreck the whole B-29 program. The first experimental Superfortress crashed into a packing company plant at Seattle.

Among the fourteen dead was Edmund T. Allen, Boeing's long-range bomber expert and the man who knew more than anyone else about the mechanical complexities of the B-29. Killed with Allen was Boeing's entire flight-test crew. These men, highly trained engineers and technicians of various sorts, were almost irreplaceable. Most of the test pilots and flight-test observers were working for other aircraft companies. Wolfe, at the time, told a fellow officer that the situation looked hopeless.

(Continued on page 58)

Collier's for July 22, 1944

IT WAS July, in a hotel room in Chicago. He stood by the door absent-mindedly switching the fan on and off, so that the flowers on her hat were in a continuous flutter. There was a well-worn suitcase, covered with labels, on the bed, and as she closed it she looked up.

"All set," she said.

He crossed to the bed and lifted the suitcase off. "It's heavy," he said, putting it down in the middle of the floor. "Is it?" she said. "Sorry."

He turned to the table and picked up a bottle of Scotch. "How about a short one before you go?"

She shook her head. "No, thank you."

He poured himself one. "Well," he said slowly, "I guess this is really it. I'm glad you've grown up. It makes it all so much easier."

She smiled. "Yes, doesn't it, though," she said. She put her hand up and tried to quiet the fluttering flowers on her hat. "Do you mind switching the fan off?" she said. "My flowers, you know."

He crossed back to the door and turned the switch. "The trouble with us," he said over his shoulder, "is chemical. When we're together, we're like that stuff they put in bombs that explodes and blows holes in people. It's nobody's fault. It's just one of those things. Besides, I'm a writer, and a writer can't be fooling around with a lot of silly stuff . . . like"—he shrugged—"you know what I mean, anyway."

She looked down at her shoes. "Yes, I know what you mean," she said helpfully.

He loosened his collar. "I guess maybe, if the world wasn't in such a mess, we could try to go on, but . . . Well, a fellow can't be tied down today. He's got to be free, to think clearly and try to help."

He switched the fan on again. "I don't know what I'm going to do—yet. I'll get away for a bit first—try to get a perspective. No two people, unless they loved each other blindly, could have lived as close as we've lived these last few months. I haven't even had a thought to myself—let alone a minute."

"Yes, of course," she said understandingly. "Would you mind turning the fan off?"

He looked up at it in surprise. It was swirling around. There was no doubt about it. "Sorry," he said, "must have switched it on again somehow."

Except for the sounds of a busy city which came in through the windows, the room was silent.

He took a drink. "You know," he said, "the truth of the matter is: You need a different sort of fellow from me. A stockbroker, say, or a young banker."

She smoothed out her dress. "I'm glad you say 'young,' anyway."

"WHERE are you going to go?" he asked after a pause. "After New York?"

She shrugged. "Where would you suggest?"

"Well," he said, "you like the sea. How about Cape Cod?"

"Any young bankers?" she asked.

He laughed and turned on the fan. "Wherever you are," he said, "there'll always be plenty of men. Old and young." She crossed to the clothes closet and opened it.

"Forgotten something?" he asked.

She looked inside. "No, only that little blue dress you gave me," she said. "But it's got a cigarette burn right in front, so it's ruined, anyway."

He looked at her indignantly. "I thought you said that was your favorite dress."

She smiled. "I was humoring you," she said, and crossed to the window.

He took another drink. "I want you to know," he went on, "that—er—whatever happens in the future, I'm always your friend."

She bowed her head gratefully. "I'm your friend, too," she said. "But will you switch the fan off, please?"

He looked up at it, then turned angrily around and switched it off. "The thing's bewitched," he said.

"Are you going to finish your play?" she asked, after a pause, "or are you going to forget it?"

He started to walk up and down.

"Forget it? Are you crazy? That's the best piece of writing I've ever done, and you ask me if I'm going to forget it. Of course, I'm not going to forget it. I'm going to finish it."

"Well, good luck to you?" she said. "I hope you can straighten it out."

"Straighten it out!" he said angrily. "What do I have to straighten out?"

"I thought you were having a little trouble with your boy and girl."

"Nothing of the sort," he said. "I can write that stuff with my left hand." He sipped his drink. "It's incredible to me that you and I have stayed together as long as we have. I'm not a snob about people, but I am a snob about minds—and you have the most middle-class mind I've ever run up against. You don't mind me saying that, do you?"

"Why—no," she said. "Why should I?"

There was a pause. He looked worried.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the boy-and-girl scenes are the best scenes in the play."

"Are they?" she said. "I'm so glad."

"You don't think I'm at all romantic, do you?" he asked. He took a big gulp of his drink.



The Friendly Way

BY
**THOMAS
W. PHIPPS**

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORA M. SMITH

She laughed. "But I do," she said. "Have you forgotten Pebble Beach and our motor trip?"

"That's different," he said. "We didn't know each other then."

"You mean we were strangers?"

"In a way."

She lit a cigarette. "In a very friendly way."

He put down his drink. "You and I can talk longer and get nowhere faster than any two people in the world. Do you know that in the course of one day, you and I talk nothing but drivel. We never say anything that means anything. We just talk and talk."

"I'm sorry," she said.

"You should be," he told her. "It's disgraceful. With the world blowing up in our faces, you and I can spend an evening in a restaurant just talking about the people around us—the waiter—and the fat girl at the next table. It's crazy—that's what it is." He put his hand on the fan switch and automatically turned it on. "When you've gone," he said, "I'm going to round up some of the old gang and have some stimulating talks—get vital again. I feel rusty right now."

"What sort of things will you talk about?" she asked.

"Life," he said grandly.

"You mean the magazine?" she asked.

"Of course not," he said. "I mean life—living—the world."

"Oh," she said. "Would you mind turning off the fan? My flowers, you know."

He turned slowly, then angrily smacked the switch with his bare hand.

"I swear," he said, "everything's crazy around you."

"I'm so sorry," she said. "Isn't it awful?"

She got up and put on her coat. "I think I'll go now," she said. "There's nothing much more we can say." She started to put on her gloves, then she paused and looked casually

over at him. "Do you remember the scene in your play—your first play. I think it was—between Jean and Jeff?"

He screwed up his eyes as he thought back. "Of course," he said. Then his face lighted up. "Why, it's—it's just like this, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "Just like this."

"Except, of course, in the play," he said reminiscently, "Jean killed herself. That was the best curtain I've ever written. I . . ."

Suddenly he stopped. His sentence hung unfinished in the air. He stood quite still, staring at her.

There was a knock at the door.

After a moment, he turned slowly and crossed to open it. A redheaded bellboy was standing there.

"Hi, Mr. Watson," the boy said cheerfully. "I've got Mrs. Watson's tickets for New York."

The man put out his hand. "Oh—oh, yes, Joe," he said vaguely. "Thanks."

JOE handed over the tickets and went out, clicking the door behind him. The man stood with his back to the room. He looked down at the tickets in his hand. He turned them over. He touched them with his finger.

She had backed across the room and was standing watching him. The faint lines around her mouth stood out sharply now. For a moment there was silence.

Then he turned around. With a vicious grab he held the tickets up and, without taking his eyes off them, tore them into little pieces.

As he did so, she put out her hand to balance herself. She let out a long breath that was half laugh, half sigh.

"Oh," she said softly. "You tore them up."

Suddenly he felt stifflingly hot. He turned on the fan. She waited until the breeze began; then she pointed to her hat. "Do you mind?" she said. "My flowers, you know."

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

Serafina was a Soviet savant. Serafina was a fast dame with percentages. But came love—and Serafina lost track of her decimal points

A POSTER signed with the name of Serafina Petrovna was the Russian equivalent of a pin-up girl in the city of Ilsk. Because all the men of the city of fifty thousand stood before it, shivered with anticipation, a little fear, and quite a glow, as they read the magic words of the fabulous woman.

She played with economic percentages as a great courtesan plays with diamonds and rubies. And as the men read her proclamations as Chairman of the City Soviet, they thought of the tall clean-limbed woman, with honey-colored straight hair resting on her wide shoulders, sleepy-lidded eyes which glowed with the joy of her work and her love for Russia, red lips which spoke as accurately as an adding machine, and enthusiasm which kept her sitting at her desk through midnight hours, making blueprints, studying housing problems, writing proclamations strung with the jewels of her statistics.

The women of Ilsk also thought that Serafina was wonderful. They had found their freedom and inspiration in following her. When Serafina parted her hair in the middle, let it curl like a horn over each side of her white-domed brow, all the girls in Ilsk did the same thing. When she quoted statistics, the pupils became more eager in the mathematical classes than in their old favorite, Russian literature.

But the men, of course, were more impressed than the women. "Wonderful is no term for her," they said. "One always thinks his beloved wonderful. Now with Serafina Petrovna, she is terrible. Terrible, in an awe-inspiring way, like Ivan the Terrible. Terrible."

For no man could touch her, no problem dismay her, no criticism hurt her, no illness seemed ever to claim her glowing body. She worked, moved, laughed, thought, in a perfectly co-ordinated way, which might have caused a certain envy, if it had not been accompanied by the beautiful face and body outside of legend. And she didn't seem to realize it.

The motto of Ilsk, adopted unanimously by the local Soviet, was: "Ilsk must catch up and surpass Moscow. Our beloved leader Stalin has expunged the word 'impossible' from the Russian dictionary."

A few conservatives shrugged their shoulders.

"Let us do well in our little way. How can we, a small town in the province of Tambov, be a center of population? It is enough that our factories belch smoke twenty-four hours a day!"

But it was Serafina who gave them the secret of surpassing Moscow without a single infant added to the population.

"Citizens," she said, as she sat at the table facing them in the council chamber, "the idea of numbers alone surpassing is, as you know, old-fashioned. How can we, then, surpass Moscow? . . . I shall tell you. By statistics. Ilsk has sent 87.9 per cent of its adult manhood to the Red Army, whereas Moscow's percentage is only 85.3. We know that 74.3 per cent of the womanhood of Ilsk is engaged in war work, in replacing its husbands and brothers and sons who have gone to the front. Moscow's womanhood is only 69.3 per cent engaged."

Serafina stopped to put her hand to her brow, to brush a tendril of hair back away from her face. The motion was poetry, and six men in the front row took a deep breath and forgot to let it out. It was like watching the performance of a great actress, save for the fact that there was something terrible about it which no actress ever attains. Serafina wasn't acting a role; she was real, and the welfare and advancement of fifty thousand people rested on her shoulders.

By MARY LOOS AND WALTER DURANTY

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM PACHNER

"Our indefatigable children have collected 75.3 tons of scrap iron to feed our country's furnaces, and 4.8 tons of paper. Comrades, we have done our utmost, but this is not enough. There remains the vital subject of sewage disposal. Moscow has solved this problem. Will Ilsk remain behind?"

"A comprehensive plan for sewage disposal has been proposed to the City Soviet—of which I have the honor to be chairman—by Comrade Leopold Meyerovsky. Citizens, support this plan! The meeting is adjourned."

As chairs scraped on the wooden floors, and the citizens stood talking in groups, Serafina left the hall and walked outside to the sidewalk, where there was a twin set of charts tacked on a bulletin board. One was labeled "Moscow," and the other "Ilsk."

Serafina blocked in large figures the rising statistics of endeavor in Ilsk, while a little knot of people stood looking. Children cheered, as kids in America do when their home team wins a game.

"She looks like Pallas Athena, the Greek goddess of wisdom," whispered one man. "She is strong, beautiful and intelligent. What more can I say than that?"

A woman, Maria Lvovna, nodded her head. "Men are always like that. They admire a lovely woman. But our Serafina is far more. She is the City Soviet. I, as Chairman of the Refugee and Homeless Children Commission, am proud to say that Serafina has set an example to Russia and the whole world, even to America. I am sure that Mrs. Roosevelt would be proud to meet Serafina."

The women were grateful to her, because her example was such that no longer could the men cry down women as inferiors. Serafina had set a pace which few men were able to follow. That was what made her terrible.

ILSK was remote from the war, but the war's effects were clear in the central restaurant of the town, on its main "Lenin Square," called "Kaffay of Stalin and Tomorrow." There were more women than men in the café, save at one end, where a large table seated about ten men. One, a Red Army general, kept looking nervously toward the door. There were also three officials from Moscow, two young fliers, four navy men, and a dark little man who was having great trouble getting an imported brier pipe to light.

All of the military men were on leave and could have been in the Caucasus, sleeping under green trees, and eating fresh fruit and drinking and courting; but instead they were in the smoke-filled city of Ilsk, so that they could sit at this table for half an hour and see Serafina. Then they spent the rest of the time looking forward to this handful of minutes again, and trying to invent official errands which would bring them into her sphere of influence.

"As a member of the Foreign Trade Department," said one, "I think Serafina will be an ambassador at large, after the war is finished."

"How can you speak of her in terms of her work alone?" said the Red Army general. "It is a civic duty for her to take time off to have her picture painted, so all the world can see what the ideal Russian woman looks like. Her beauty is an inspiration!"

The little man with the pipe looked up. He was an unimportant little man, about thirty-seven years old, newly arrived from Moscow, a member of the Trade Commission, checking to see if there was enough corned beef and tinned sardines to keep the city healthy during the winter months.

"Comrades," he said, "I don't doubt that you are right. I have seen enough of Serafina's work to feel sure she is a splendid leader. So are many women in Russia. And



her beauty must be certain, because even the women admit it. But I would like to ask one little thing, which I think has importance: Tell me, comrades, can she cook?"

THE stunned silence which followed this upstart's comment was broken by the entrance of Serafina.

In the corner, a little string orchestra struck up her favorite tune, and the crowd turned its collective head to look at her. The men stood up, and with an absent smile of greeting she took her place, back against the wall, where she could overlook the room, greet people, discuss things with the citizens, and make appointments for the morrow.

But there was still an outraged indignation among the men at her table. They did not want her to meet the little man with the pipe.

She pulled a cigarette package out of her pocket, tore open the paper, and put the cigarette to her mouth. Eager hands which had been waiting thrust matches and lights in front of her.

But the little man across the table lighted

a match and put it to his pipe, puffing and pulling.

For an imperceptible moment Serafina looked across the table, astonished, almost shocked. Then she lit her cigarette from the American Lend-Lease lighter of the general.

The youth who played the balalaika had the unique record of having played two hundred and six different verses in honor of Serafina. This was the two hundred and seventh. Many were based on fact. This was the story of a wounded hero who had been sent to Tiflis to recover; but he had seen a picture of Serafina and had been unable to eat. The Soviet, needing his skill as a military engineer, paid his expenses to Ilsk, so that he could eat and get well. He did both, and it was a credit to the beauty of Serafina.

When the singer had finished, he bowed happily and went back to his corner, treasuring a smile from the goddess. But she was tired, and there was so much work to be done, and she was hungry. She tossed down her drink and glanced at the little man again.

"What is that man doing here?" she asked the general.



WOMAN

"Serafina," said the general, "congratulations on your statistics poster! You are a fabulous creature!" The man across the table was listening

He shrugged his shoulders. "We did not invite him. An upstart of some sort. But, Serafina, congratulations on your statistics poster! It is causing a sensation. I hear even Moscow is now competing to keep up with Ilsk. You are a fabulous creature!"

The man across the table was listening. A smile was on Serafina's face.

"Tell me, Serafina Petrovna," he said, "can you cook?"

The general arose in wrath. "That is enough, Comrade!" he said. "We are tired of your insolence. How can you ask such a thing when this woman is doing such a magnificent job, and during the war . . . and everything?"

The little man shrugged his shoulders. "I was just thinking about after the war!" he said. . . .

The next morning at her desk, Serafina was looking over her agenda list. There was an appointment with the Commissary Control officer from Moscow. He had to know what canned goods were in storage for the winter.

"More of this bureaucracy!" she complained. "Why can't they leave us alone?

We don't want these bureaucrats telling us what to do. If this monkey from Moscow tries to tell me anything, I'll put a flea in his ear!" She tapped her pen against the desk. The secretary started to leave.

"By the way," she said, "investigate the facilities for weekly cooking lessons for the younger women, who have been raised eating in communal kitchens. We may start one. After all, what will women do after the war?"

THE little man put his pipe in his pocket and spoke modestly to Serafina: "I am here on behalf of the Commissary Commission. I would like to know exactly how much canned goods Ilsk has for the winter."

Serafina reached into the file on her table, and pulled out a paper.

"Here you are," she said. "Last statistics on the matter."

He looked at the paper slowly and carefully. She sat watching him.

"They seem to be reasonable," he said. "Now, if you will let me check over the warehouses . . ."

Serafina turned toward him. She said in her deep contralto, "Our figures are always up to date. Why do you question them? Sign them, and you'll save yourself and our warehouse committee a great deal of valuable time."

The man shook his head. "I am sorry, Comrade Serafina Petrovna. You are probably right. But you know how Moscow is."

"Very well!" she snapped. "Waste our time!"

"I believe you," he said. "Your figures are doubtless correct. But tell me one thing which so far you have neglected to answer. Can you cook?"

A secretary interrupted the conversation, and Ivan Alexandrovich never heard the answer. But before he left, Serafina did something she had never done before.

"Please come back next month, Ivan Alexandrovich. Perhaps I can find time to entertain you. I shall try."

"I am very busy," he said. "There is much checking up to do, but if it is possible . . . I shall see what I can do. Thank you, Serafina Petrovna."

Without a promise for the future he left her, and she picked up a phone. "Order that cooking class for two nights a week. Sergey, and enroll me first, so that the other women will be interested."

SERAFINA PETROVNA woke up in the middle of the night. For the first time she felt alone in her narrow bed, and suddenly she remembered the man who had made her feel alone; alone because he existed. The woman who frowned if an official criticized her smallest move curved her lips in a sweet smile of very personal—and uncommunal—love. Could she cook! She'd show him a thing or two. Give her a month. Come to think of it, it would take a month really to check all the warehouses in her precinct. Then, if they fell short of tinned food, which was quite possible with a thousand new women coming in to the magneto factory next week—which, to be honest, she had forgotten to include in the winter survey—she would have to send for the Commissary Control officer from Moscow, in charge of the

(Continued on page 72)

I RODE A GERMAN RAIDER

BY FRANK VICOVARI AS TOLD TO LUCIAN CARY

Time was running out for the German raider. Her scout plane crashed in the sea. Then, in the South Atlantic, a British cruiser sighted her. Faced with a real fight for the first time, her crew panicked

II

Mr. Vicovari, an American ambulance driver, was taken aboard the German raider that sank the *Zamzam*, on which he was sailing for Africa. Helpless, with both legs smashed, he saw her sink three other Allied ships. This is the second in a series of three articles.

THE German raider held a meeting of ships in the South Pacific after her capture of the Norwegian freighter *Silva Plana*. There was a smaller German raider—the *Comet*—built especially to go from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Arctic by way of the Northeast Passage; a German supply ship disguised as a Japanese vessel, and a Dutch freighter that had been taken as a prize, the *Konotopan*. I remembered the *Konotopan*. She had been lying near the *Zamzam* when we sailed from Baltimore six months before.

The ships spent several days supplying one another with fuel and food. The fuel was pumped through red and green hoses, supported on floats. The stores were loaded on tubular rubber rafts with canvas bottoms supported by wooden slats. The ships' launches towed the rafts from one ship to another. Cases of beer came on board the raider, all labeled in Japanese characters.

When the job was done, the *Comet* and the *Konotopan* passed in review with their crews lined up on deck and dipped their flags. After they had gone, a group of men from the raider's crew were sent aboard the *Silva Plana*. All the others envied them, for

they were going home. I envied them too. I had been aboard the raider for five months. Technically, I was not a prisoner since the United States was not at war with Germany. I was a "guest of the German navy." As a practical matter, there was no difference.

The food was a lot better after we left the supply ship. We had fresh potatoes, and I thought I had never tasted anything more delicious. We had ham, too—a great treat after the weeks of greasy German sausage. We even had some fresh fruit. My wounds had healed, but my legs had been immobilized so long that I could not bend them at the knee. I couldn't walk without support, and the only thing I could think of to do was to save empty bottles and put messages inside and drop them overboard when no one was looking. The chance that a bottle would wash ashore and be picked up by the right person in time to do any good was remote, but it cost nothing to try it.

Captain Rogge stopped me when I was on deck one afternoon. He was in a rage over something that President Roosevelt had said, though at the time I didn't know what it was.

"What does your President mean by calling us pirates and rogues?" he demanded.

"Yes, Captain Rogue," I said.

He turned on his heel and never spoke to me again.

Back in the hospital I discovered that the locker opposite my bed contained plenty of soap and chocolate and candy from Australia. I helped myself and fed Captain Rogge's pet Scotch terrier the chocolate. The result was that he followed me wherever I went. The captain never said a word, but his annoyance was obvious when the dog ran to me every time I appeared on the boat deck.

These satisfactions may seem small, and of course they were. But when one is a prisoner, anything helps.

The ship proceeded south, and presently I noticed that all the lifeboats had been drawn in and lashed to the decks. I guessed that we were going around Cape Horn and into the

Atlantic. The crew seemed more at ease, as if they felt they were out of the danger zone. As it got colder and the sea became rougher, I was convinced that my guess was right. When they changed the clock, I knew we were in the Atlantic again.

I had a talk with Doctor Reil about Germany. He wanted to know why Americans were excited about the war in Europe. I told him that Americans believed in freedom. He seemed quite puzzled. "But," he said, "we have freedom in Germany. It is only propaganda that makes you believe otherwise."

"What about religion?" I asked.

"The State Comes First"

"Religion is free in Germany as long as it does not interfere with the State. Of course, the State comes first."

"What about the press and the radio?" I asked.

"The State comes first," he said. "If the press is too free, it tends to control the State. As for the radio—it is a weapon in this war. Why should we let our people know that we have suffered great losses in this war if the news has a bad effect on their morale?"

I told him that the radio in England was free and that the reports of great losses to the British had not lowered morale but rather strengthened it.

"Ah," Doctor Reil said, "the German mind is different."

The Germans puzzled me then and they still do. Lieutenant Kasch, the gunnery officer, came up on deck sweating and told me that he had just taught 1,600 years of history to the noncommissioned officers in two hours.

"If you want history to repeat itself, it must be taught over and over again," he said.

I asked him if he wanted history to repeat itself.

"Yes," he said. "We wish to be like the Huns and overrun all Europe. We want those days again."

The less-educated members of the crew explained to me that the United States is a

country in which men are worked so hard that they are worn out by the time they reach middle life. Then they are thrown away. But the Germans made it plain they didn't believe what they said. Nearly all members of the crew dreamed of going to the United States after the war. Many of them asked me for my address, so they could get in touch with me when they arrived in New York.

The weather got warmer—so much warmer that I put on my tropical uniform. I was at breakfast when Doctor Reil came in, wearing exactly the same uniform except for the German insignia. I knew that his uniform was looted from the *Zamzam*.

"What a coincidence that you and I have the same tailor," I said.

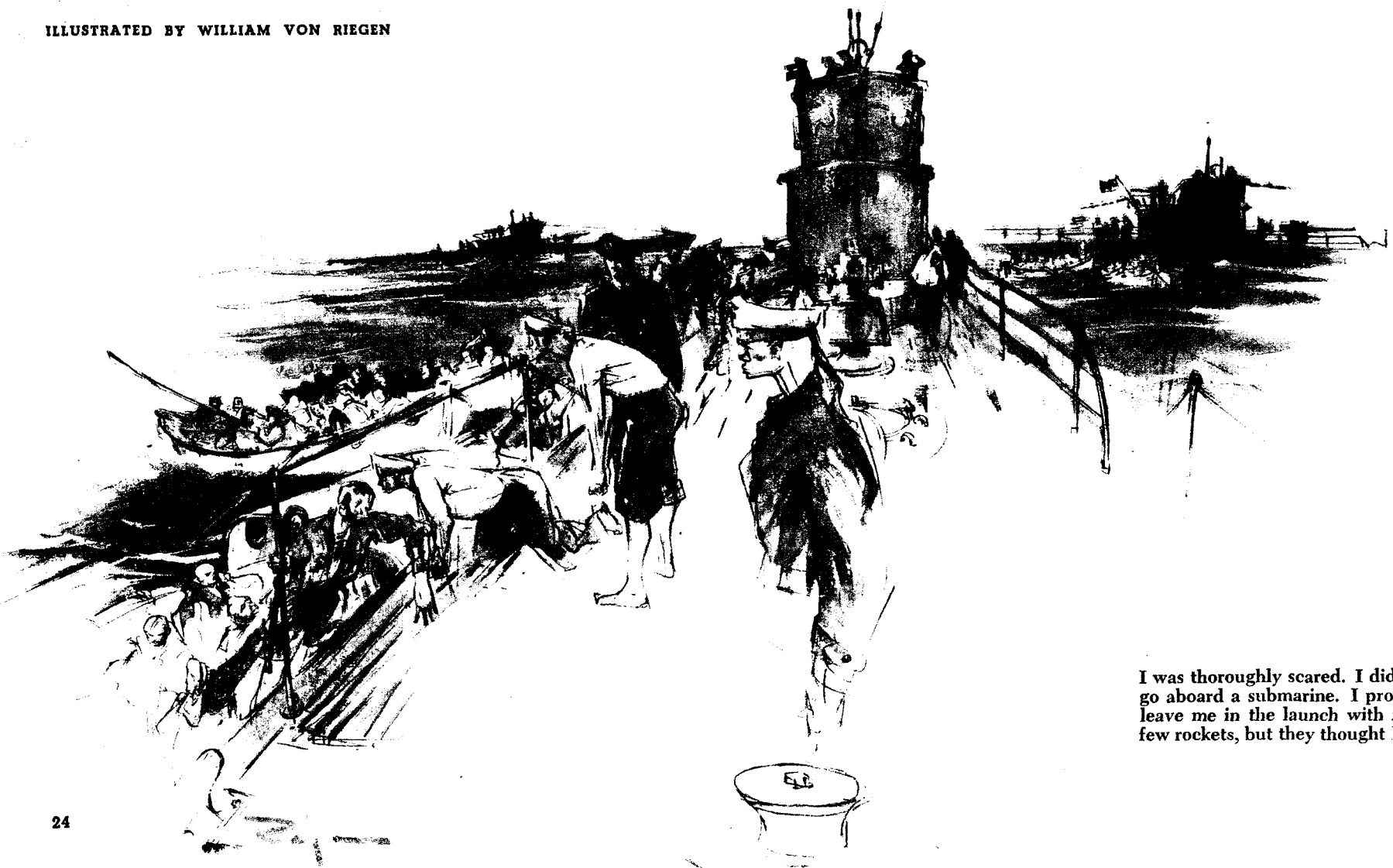
He was too embarrassed to answer. He could not deny that he was wearing a uniform that belonged to an American and, on the other hand, he could not admit that he, an officer in the German navy, had stolen an American's clothes.

I had been thinking about the experiments at Duke University that seemed to prove the existence of mental telepathy. I made up my mind to try it out. I stood at the rail of the boat deck and sent out mental messages. I warned all merchant ships north, east and west to avoid our course, and called all British warships to come our way. I did this for ten minutes every night, not so much because I believed I would get any results as because it gave me some slight feeling that I was doing something to bring about the destruction of the raider.

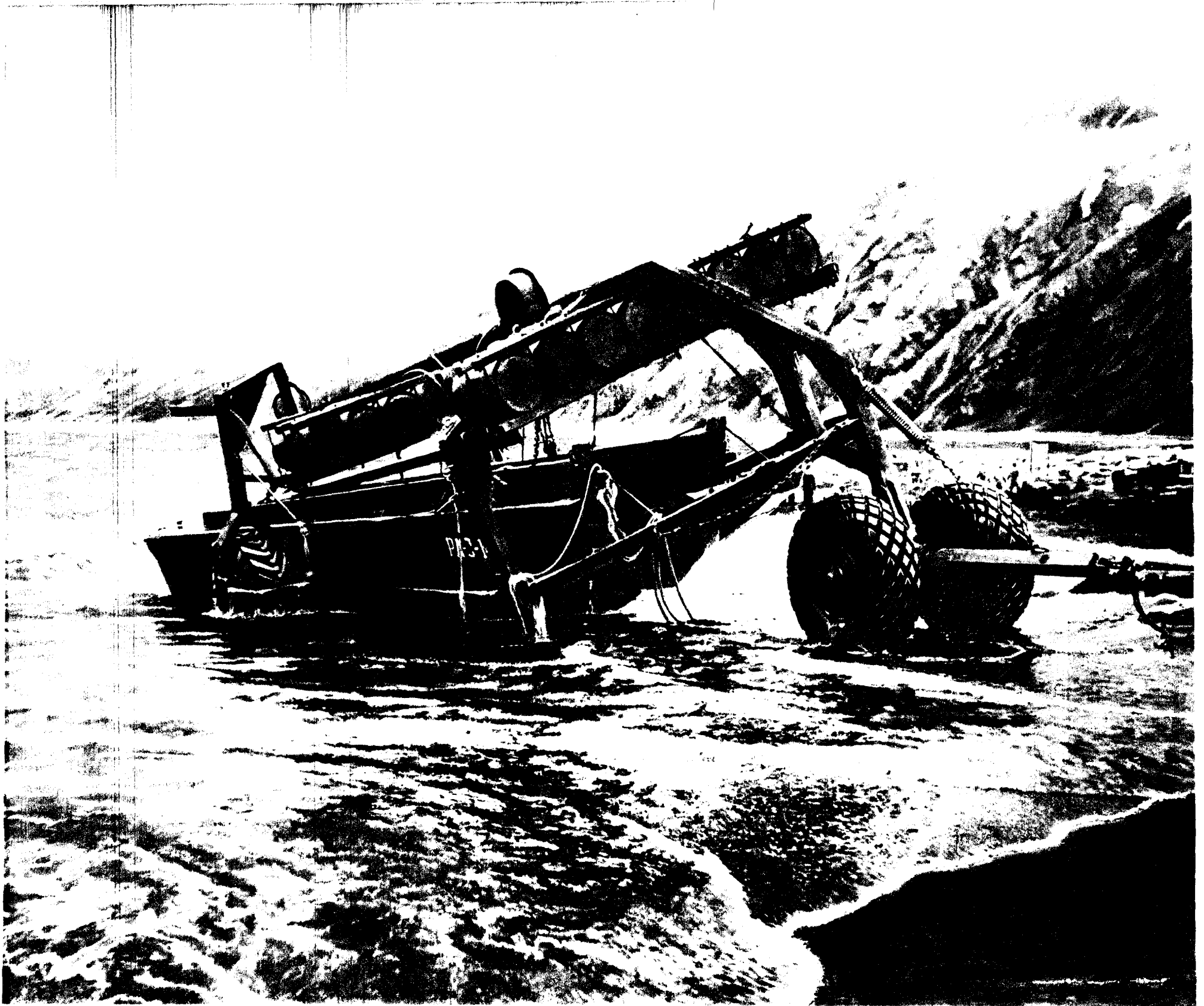
I was reading Conrad's *The Rescue* the next morning when I heard shouts on deck. An orderly rushed by, yelling for Doctor Sprung. I looked out of a porthole and saw the ship's plane pancaked on the water and folded up like an accordion. The launch was lowered and got there in time to haul out the two fliers and get towing lines on the plane. No one said a word to me about the accident.

I fell asleep that night over Conrad's book
(Continued on page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



I was thoroughly scared. I didn't want to go aboard a submarine. I proposed they leave me in the launch with food and a few rockets, but they thought I was crazy



Geeheebee! This dry-dock swims and walks!

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

THIS funny-looking contraption is not just something the waves washed up. It's a "Geeheebee" or "Jahemy" or "Jeramy"—all pet nicknames for the Navy's new movable dry-dock.

The "Geeheebee" is especially useful following amphibious operations. It is floated ashore from a ship. Using chain pulleys, the big gadget literally picks up damaged landing boats and barges. All are pulled up on dry land where repairs are made.

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THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Wings of Fear

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story: MONICA BLANE's adventures begin five years after she was forced by the war to leave France and JOHN BASEVI, whom she loves. ERIC WELLER, whom she had known overseas, comes to New York and is murdered in her apartment. BILL FISKE, JOHN's lawyer, sends MONICA to Mexico City with money for JOHN, and there she is caught in a web of Nazi intrigue, with LINDA CHAVON, who also loves JOHN, and GIBBS BROOKE, an Army officer. There a curious little man called JOE SPROUL is killed, and BROOKE confesses to the murder. He faints and MONICA, bringing him some brandy, is attacked in the dark by someone and strangled into unconsciousness.

Conclusion

LIGHTS were pouring down against her eyelids. There was a jumble of voices, none of them distinct, seeming to drift away and then return. She felt something touching her lips and she opened her eyes. Fae was leaning over her, holding a glass. Lights were everywhere, illuminating the whole patio, the vine-hung walls of the house, the doors and windows and chairs all around, sharply and brightly.

Fae said, "Are you hurt? Drink this. You fell—"

"No—someone was here—" Her throat hurt and she put her hands to it. Fae held the glass tightly at her mouth

and she swallowed. It was brandy and stung her throat.

She was lying back in a brightly canvased steamer chair; Fae was kneeling beside her, her pretty face white in the glare from the miniature floodlights. Linda was standing beside her looking down. Somebody shouted again and came out of the house banging the door loudly after him; it was Carlos and he crossed toward them rapidly.

"They've not found anybody." He put his hand on Fae's slim shoulder and looked down at Monica: "What happened, Monica? Did you trip over the flagstones and fall?"

"No. No. There was someone—" her voice came in a whisper.

Carlos said quickly: "Who was it?"

"I don't know. The patio was dark—"

Someone was walking quickly over the flagstones behind them; Bill and John came up together, hurrying. John's eyes were very dark and bright in the blazing lights from the floodlights. He said to Fae: "Is she all right?"

"I think so." Fae rose so John could kneel down beside Monica. He put his hand on Monica's wrist, looking anxiously into her face. "Tell me what happened," he said.

"The patio was dark," began Monica again. "I reached the door—over there." Lights now showed the screened door leading to the narrow passage that went back to the

pantry and kitchen. Nothing was there; no signs of any struggle. She looked up at John. "Someone was there—" her voice was still husky; her throat felt bruised and sore. She touched it again, and John saw the gesture and took her hand away and tilted her head back to look. His face hardened; his eyes were two points of light.

"Someone was there all right." He got up and turned to Carlos. "I suggest you have the place searched."

Carlos spread out his hands in a deprecating gesture, although his broad, bland face was as usual unfathomable. "I have sent men to search the grounds. Señor Mendenso and I searched the house. At once. The lights were turned on scarcely more than a minute after we heard Monica scream."

John said: "Someone was here. Someone tried to kill her. If nobody from outside did it, then it has to be somebody here in the patio."

"Steady now," said Carlos, a very peculiar expression in his face, putting one ringed hand on John's. "Steady—only a handful of people were here. Do you suspect one of us, or one of our guests of trying to injure her?"

There was a slight pause; she could not see but she had an impression of a long look between Carlos and John. John said finally, with less anger in his voice, but with a coldness and grimness that suggested fury controlled. "She didn't imagine it, Carlos. There are marks on her throat."

Linda moved nearer with a rustle of pink satin. "John, couldn't she have fallen? She was carrying the brandy; the flagstones are uneven—" She turned to Monica. "Are you sure someone was there?" she said. "Are you sure you didn't—imagine it?"

It interrupted John from what Monica felt was another long, wordless exchange of thought with Carlos. He said brusquely, "Nonsense."

"But—" began Linda and stopped and then said, in her lovely, musical voice, "Then if there really was someone there—don't think I'm a coward, but I've lived and seen things that—well, never mind that. What I'm trying to say is, it was actually an attack upon me! I mean, intended as such."

She put her hand on John's arm and looked up into his face. "Perhaps," she said, "I'm only nervous and silly, and fancy that every shadow is a Nazi agent. But I—that cachet, John, proves that someone tried to find me. Secretly—"

Carlos said: "Here are Captain Brooke and Ramos—" and started across the patio toward the door from the main hall. Gibbs, Monica remembered suddenly, had been lying back in one of those chairs, apparently unconscious, so Fae had sent her for brandy. She turned to look and he came now to meet Carlos, Señor Mendenso with him. They reached the group of chairs and Gibbs sat down.

Had he been faking, she thought suddenly; had he purposely created a diversion thus? She remembered only that Gibbs had confessed to killing Sproul!

She sat up and the slight dizziness was gone. She touched her throat again; there was a soreness but that was all. Linda, her hand linked through John's arm, glanced down at her, her eyes bright and somehow triumphant. She said softly: "I'm afraid they are going to question you, Monica. Is your throat so you can talk—after all?"

John had turned to watch Gibbs and Mendenso. He whirled back at Linda's question and took Monica's hand. "Don't move unless you feel like it," he said. His eyes seemed to be saying something else, something urgent and important but she could not translate it into words. She rose; and he put his arm around her.

LINDA stood aside. Her face was blank for a moment; then she smiled and said to Monica: "I'm sorry I said what I did. I mean about you knowing about Gibbs. I was—nervous. Beside myself. But I didn't really mean anything. And all you have to do is—well," she shrugged her white shoulders with their pink satin folds—"all you have to do is explain to them how and why you met Gibbs and that you really didn't know anything about Sproul. And about his murder. I'm sorry I said so much; I didn't mean it—really." Her eyes were very bright; she said to John, "Monica was always my best friend. I couldn't suspect her of anything." It was a curious apology; the kind of apology that underlines the offense. Would John see that? Monica wondered.

She couldn't tell what he saw. He said merely: "You'd better take that chair, Monica. Now then—" he led her to the chaise longue, saw that she was comfortable.

Señor Mendenso turned to Monica: "Do you feel quite recovered? May I ask you a question? What exactly happened, Miss Blane?"

She told it briefly; there was not much to tell. She kept her eyes off his pointed face, Spanish grandee face but she was strongly aware of the others, listening, too. His face, like Carlos', showed no expression at all, not even incredulity.

"You are very sure that you were deliberately attacked?"

"Yes—"

Carlos' dark eyes flickered toward Mendenso, who started to speak and then stopped. Carlos said, "My dear, think. Was there anything you—recognized about whoever did

Linda's blond face looked strange under the light. She was staring with hard and brilliant eyes when suddenly she cried: "There he is! He's a Nazi spy!"



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750 milligrams	CALCIUM	950 milligrams	
750 milligrams	PHOSPHORUS	750 milligrams	

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this? Anything at all familiar? Are you sure you don't know who it was? Think."

It was curious now how quiet everything was. How white that ring of faces, how still! Almost as if everyone there was holding his breath, listening, watching, waiting for her reply.

"Nothing," she said. "There was nothing. I don't know who it was."

Someone sighed rather sharply; Carlos shrugged and lifted his eyebrows, with another glance at Mendenso.

Fae slipped into a chair near the table, resting her white arms upon it; the bright lights caught green fires from the emerald at her throat; her eyes were bright with question. Linda still stood. Bill Fiske drew out cigarettes and offered them to Linda near him, and to Gibbs who sat slumped down wearily, arms resting on the arms of the chair, shoulders sunk a little, face very pale.

Gibbs had said he'd murdered Sproul; Linda had said she had seen it. Bit by bit the whole scene before she had been sent by Fae to the kitchen came back to Monica. The police—or rather Carlos—had said that Bill had arrived in Mexico City actually as soon as she had, or nearly. Certainly he had not been on the same plane. But they had meant, of course, that Bill Fiske was a suspect, too. Hadn't they?

Suspect. It seemed to her, in her mood of remembered terror, of fear, of a kind of incredulous horror that such things could happen, that the word suspect was a strange one. For it meant, just now, people she knew; people who had been in that house when Sproul was killed, people who had been in the patio when a dark thing moved in darkness and sought for her throat.

She would not think of that. John, Gibbs, Bill—Carlos and Fae—Linda and Mendenso—would one of them have tried to kill her?

Carlos was speaking to Mendenso: "—am sure Captain Gibbs will explain his statement," he was saying.

Gibbs looked up. "All right," he said. "I—guess I'm your man. I think I did kill him."

CARLOS sat down, astride a small chair, his arms resting on the back of it. "Will you tell Señor Mendenso about it?"

"All right," said Gibbs. "I—" he straightened up, with a small, involuntary wince as he did so, as if his muscles were sore. His face looked drawn and stern. He said: "I'll tell you as exactly as I can. But I—guess I did kill him. I didn't exactly mean to. It—" with an odd gesture he passed one hand across his forehead which looked damp. "It was silly of me to faint just then. I'm all right now. I've not been well, and the heat and—but the thing happened like this:

"I couldn't sleep last night. I was restless and thought I'd come down here to the patio for a smoke. It was very dark; I stopped for a moment in the door—over there—" he jerked his head toward the door from the main hall into the patio. "I thought I heard something; I wasn't sure. It didn't seem to matter, really; I came on into the patio. The clouds were heavy across the sky; I didn't see anything for a moment. Then I realized—" he wiped his forehead again, and went on: "Then I realized that someone was under the balcony and seemed to be attempting to climb the trellis. Naturally I went over, quietly. I didn't know who it was. It was so dark I still could barely make out a figure; there was only the rustle of the vines. I got right up to him before he knew I was there. Then—well, things happened all at once."

"Go on," said Carlos gently, his lighted eyes never wavering from Gibbs.

"He must have heard me. Before I knew it he'd whirled around like a—like a cat and jumped down upon me. I—" Gibbs swallowed and looked rather defiant. "I had my service revolver. I'd shoved it in my shirt front. It was a free-for-all there for a minute or two; it all happened very quickly. I managed to drag out my revolver and hit him with it. And I guess that was it," said Gibbs.

There was a short silence. Then Carlos said, "And what happened then?"

"Well—I'm not sure. That's all I remem-

ber. He sagged down and I remember thinking I had to get to my bedroom and—"

"Gibbs," said John. "Will you let us get a doctor?"

Carlos said quickly: "Did he wound you, Captain Brooke? Where—"

John said: "You were bleeding and—where did he get you?"

Gibbs lifted his eyes briefly to John. "Along the ribs. It's only a scratch. Bled some. Made me a little dizzy for the moment. It's all right now. I got to my bathroom and washed it and made a bandage and—lay down on the bed for a minute. I'm a little vague about all that. Next thing I knew the lights were on in the patio and voices and everybody was around and I knew he'd been found."

ANOTHER silence followed that statement. Finally Carlos said softly: "Captain Brooke, were you sure he was dead when you left him?"

"No. I wasn't sure of anything. I realize it sounds pretty dopey, but that's how it was. If you want to take me into custody I suppose it is the thing to do. I must have killed him."

Carlos said suddenly: "Fae, my dear, will you phone to Doctor Cantu? Thank you—"

Bill said: "I'll have to admit the truth, I suppose. Very well. I did not arrive in Mexico City today. Your police were quite right. I arrived the same day that Monica arrived. I left New York after she left but happened to have the good fortune to get a passage straight through on a different line. I—" his peaked eyebrows went up; he looked still both rueful and embarrassed but went on: "The truth is—I was tight. Sorry, but—it happens to be rather a weakness of mine; nothing much and I've managed it well enough; occasionally, though, it—shall I say?—catches up with me. I was under a certain amount of nervous strain with—" he hesitated and said, "with one thing and another before I left New York. I—well, had a few drinks. One leads to another and then to another and, to make a long story short, I reached Mexico City in a rosy daze, went to a small hotel—where doubtless your police traced me, and remember going out that night and visiting several—er—night spots, restaurants, bars; I remember talking to various people whose faces I could not possibly remember and thus cannot possibly substantiate my story; one of them, however, or perhaps it was a taxi driver, kindly restored me to my hotel where I spent some time sleeping. When I roused

"I'm taking him to his room," said John. "Thank you," said Gibbs. John had his arm as they entered the house.

Carlos held a chair for Fae. He said courteously to Bill Fiske: "Thank you, M. Fiske. You understand that our police have to investigate anything that they find which seems—inconsistent. They will have to check on your explanation, I'm afraid."

Bill smiled a little ruefully and took out cigarettes, as if the small gesture of selecting a cigarette and lighting it covered a certain embarrassment. "Of course," he said. "And I'm afraid they'll find it only too easy to check the truth of it. However—" he shrugged. "I'm sorry I chose such an unfortunate time. And I—"

Carlos, all grace—and watchful alertness—waved his hand. "My dear sir," he said as if accepting and dismissing the apology in the emphasis of one word.

And Señor Mendenso, as polished, as courteous, said: "I believe, Carlos—may I have a word with you?" He made a slight gesture toward the other side of the patio.

"Certainly. Will you excuse us?" Carlos linked his arm through Mendenso's. The strolled, arm in arm, as if there were all the time in the world, to the fountain across the patio, where they stood, two elegant figures in their light dinner clothes, talking in voices so low that the words were not distinguishable.

The one moment lengthened to two and four and five. Then they finished and came more briskly back. Carlos said: "Mr. Fiske Ramos tells me that the police have given him certain details which tend to confirm your story—the name of the hotel, several of the bars, the true time of your arrival. Naturally, however, they are obliged to check on your explanation."

"Now, then—" he turned to Linda. "Linda, my dear, you made certain statements—"

She broke in: "I'm so sorry. I was nervous and upset. I'm afraid I said too much."

"You said that you saw Captain Brooke's encounter with Sproul?" asked Carlos.

"I—yes."

"You recognized Captain Brooke?" Linda sat down and crossed her legs in a leisurely way; she linked her white hand around one knee. "Darling," she said turning to Fae, "I'm so sorry to seem so—well odd. I spoke too quickly, perhaps, but it did seem to me extraordinary that Monica," he bright eyes, shining in the lights, went briefly to Monica, and she said in that lovely golden voice, apologetically, "that you and Gibbs had met in that way."

CARLOS said sharply: "You'd better tell us the whole story, Linda. What about the handkerchief you said Monica was concealing?"

"Oh, that," Linda's eyes widened. "Carlos dear, that—well, that was why I spoke too quickly. I'm sure there's some good reason."

"Reason?"

"For Monica's concealing it, I mean. Under the rug. In her room. I went in there to see her this afternoon and there was part of a handkerchief showing from under the rug. Khaki-colored so I knew it must belong to Gibbs. It was bloodstained and I suppose I leaped to conclusions. I'm sure Monica can explain it."

Carlos glanced at Monica, a question in his eyes. Bill Fiske said quickly: "Linda, it is not my place to question but I can help wondering why you didn't tell the police earlier about what you saw. If you knew all along that Gibbs Brooke killed Sproul—"

He stopped as John came out of the house. The bright floodlights made every leaf on the vines, every flagstone, every blade of grass sharply clear. John looked around the circle and then like a lash his voice whipped out: "Where is Gibbs?"

Gibbs was gone. He had disappeared very quietly and skillfully and in a short moment's time. John explained it. They had started up the stairway to Gibbs' room to wait there for the doctor but Gibbs had been faint and had sat down on the lower step, leaning his head on his hands. John had gone into the dining room to find something to give him to drink. It had been dark in

STARTING NEXT WEEK ANOTHER *Romantic Melodrama* BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

*Don't
Miss*

DANGER IN PARADISE

THE SCENE: One of Manhattan's glamorous photographic studios. THE PEOPLE: Lovely models, a radio star, a soft-voiced G-Man, a hero who can take it, a very shady lady, and a man with a past. THE STORY: Fast as the click of a camera, chilling as ice down your back.

Fae rose and moved like a slender, graceful shadow across the lighted patio toward the house. Carlos frowned and called after her: "Wait, my dear. Ramos will go with you."

He's afraid for her to go into the house alone, thought Monica swiftly. He's afraid—and so are we all.

Señor Mendenso, unperturbed, picked up his cue instantly and crossed to accompany Fae. Carlos watched them go, and kept his eyes on the doorway and the lighted hall visible through it. He said, however: "Mr. Fiske, you were about to explain your trip here, when—" his hand described a graceful but commanding gesture. "Will you continue?"

"My—" Bill looked startled. Then he put down his cigarette, carefully putting it out in the ash tray on the round glass-topped table. "Yes, of course. My trip. Well—" he glanced around the circle of faces; his eyes lingered for a moment on Monica's and he gave her a queer, small smile—half rueful, half encouraging: "Perhaps Monica can explain it for me," he said. "But I—don't wish to distress her by asking her to do so."

"But I—I don't—" she began in perplexity.

I naturally was not exactly proud of my little adventure; so I phoned here, told John I had just arrived, asked him to meet me and went back to the airport."

He looked at Carlos. "You can easily substantiate my story. Obviously the police have already reported the time of my arrival, and the little tale of my activities since then."

John said abruptly: "You'd better go up to your room, Gibbs, and lie down. The doctor will be along soon to dress your wound."

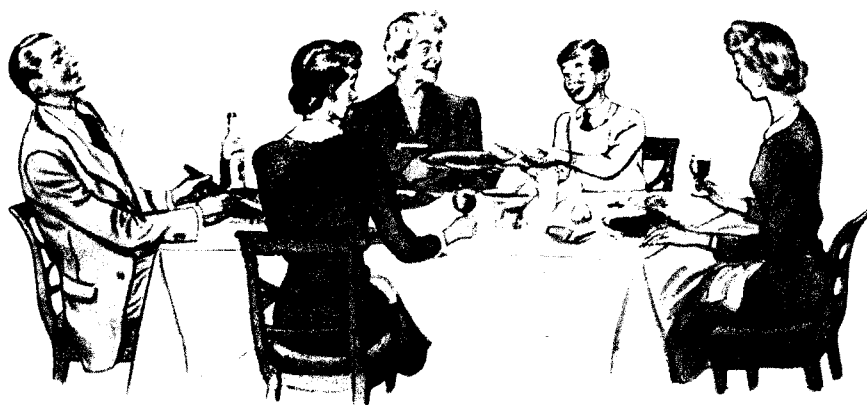
Gibbs glanced at Carlos. "I may be under arrest."

"My dear Captain Brooke," said Carlos with a gracious wave of his hand. "The police are not here now. You are in pain, and in any case you must have your wound properly attended to. Go with him, John, will you?"

Carlos, then, was putting a guard on Gibbs.

Gibbs staggered slightly as he rose; John took his arm. They met Fae and Señor Mendenso at the door. "He'll be here in a few minutes," said Fae. She put her hand on Gibbs' arm and looked up at him anxiously. "Can I do anything for you?"

The company of friends means a lot these days, so have folks over to dinner often. You can do it by serving simple dishes made brighter with glasses of moderate wine



Meat Loaf with the "savor touch" of famous chefs:
To prepare it, you combine $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. ground beef, lamb or veal with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup rolled oats and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Burgundy or Claret wine. Add 3 tbsps. chopped onion, $1\frac{1}{4}$ tps. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. poultry seasoning, 1 beaten egg, and 2 tbsps. melted butter or bacon drippings. Pack into greased small loaf pan, and bake in moderate oven (350°) 1 hour or until done. Serves 4 or 5

Yes, WINE does things for plain war foods

DON'T GIVE UP your friends! Keep on having them over to your house. Remember—it's good company, not party food, that makes a dinner!

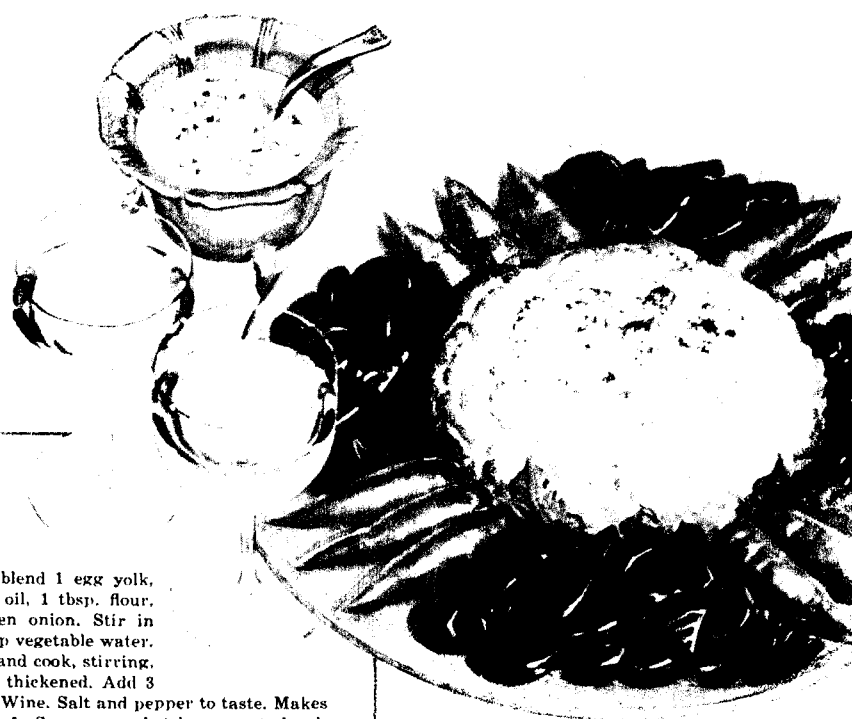
These days, even simple meat loaf is a welcome company dish. And if you'll make your meat loaf with a little red table wine, you'll find it becomes *banquet fare*.

It's that way with other wartime dishes, too. With a touch of wine in the cooking, you can glorify the flavor of the plainest food. Then, if glasses of the same wine appear at the table, both good fellowship and appetite are rewarded.

We wine growers have a booklet on wine cookery that's full of wartime recipes. Write us for your free copy. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California.

**Hot vegetable platter's
a treat with white wine
sauce—made like this:**

In top of double boiler, blend 1 egg yolk, 1 tbsp. melted butter or oil, 1 tbsp. flour, and 1 tbsp. minced green onion. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup top milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vegetable water. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring, about 5 minutes or until thickened. Add 3 tbsps. Sauterne or Rhine Wine. Salt and pepper to taste. Makes about 1 cup, serving 4 or 5. Serve sauce hot in separate bowl; arrange vegetables on a chop plate or a large platter



**BEFORE ALL ELSE
—BUY BONDS**

• May we also suggest Sherry before the meal? Or Port or Muscatel with dessert? You'll find that these appetizer and dessert wines, as well as the table wines, add much to mealtime pleasure



6 A.M.... alas, poor Russell



LOOKS LIKE A BLUE Monday for Russell this morning. He feels lousy, half-sick because he needs a laxative. But Russ doesn't put

off the relief he needs. He takes a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica the minute he gets out from under the covers.



8 A.M.... see Russell hustle!

NO BLUE IN RUSSELL'S Monday now! Taken first thing in the morning, Sal Hepatica brings fast yet gentle relief—usually within an hour! At the same time, it helps counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour

stomach sweet again.

Don't forget, 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed in a survey, recommend this sparkling saline laxative.

Next time you need a laxative, try Sal Hepatica.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN { "ALAN YOUNG"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P. M., EWT
"NIT WIT COURT"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P. M., EWT

the dining room; he'd gone the length of it to the enormous buffet. There he had found candles. As he lighted them he thought he heard Gibbs move or call to him. He had hurried out but Gibbs was not on the stairway, was not in the hall anywhere—and he was not in his room for John had looked. John had run downstairs again, and had glanced out of the front door into the driveway. It was dark and he had no flashlight but he went down the drive as far as the gate, calling to Gibbs. There was no answer so he had come back to the house, through the hall and into the patio.

Lights again sprang up all around the patio, all over the house, in every room, and they looked for him but Gibbs was gone. There was no question about that.

Linda said, triumphantly: "You see—he escaped." She turned to Mendeno and Carlos: "I was wrong. I ought to have told you at once. It was so hard to accuse an old friend. But this proves he did it."

Mendeno touched the ends of his pointed mustache. Bill Fiske said, to no one in particular: "What are you going to do?"

John said before Bill could be answered: "He looked sick. I think he was sick."

FAE said nothing. And Carlos, turning away from the front door, stood and looked at them for an instant, his round face a mask, his eyes brilliant and, Monica thought, angry. So angry that Fae went to him and put her slender white hand gently on his arm. For the first time in Monica's knowledge he did not look down at his wife with love and gentleness—he did not, as a matter of fact, even appear to know that she was there. They had all come from their search into the green and gold and red tiled hall, gleaming darkly in the lights from the wrought-iron wall brackets, with the telephone on a shelf against one wall, and from which led the stairs where Gibbs had pretended to collapse.

Carlos was breathing heavily. He ignored the light, restraining pressure of Fae's hand and glanced slowly around the circle of faces, ending with Mendeno. He had just entered from the outside driveway where he had been talking to the gardener and the houseman; there was a glimpse of their swarthy faces and shining, curious dark eyes through the screened door.

Carlos said: "Ramos, I was in error. I thought it would be better to manage this softly; I see I was wrong. Get the police to find Captain Brooke; it should not be hard for he must still be in uniform. Arrest him."

"Now then," he moved away from Fae's hand with, it suddenly seemed to Monica, a kind of deliberation as if he wished to remove himself from its gentle yet powerful pressure. He rested the finger tips of one of his thick, jeweled hands upon a tiled, Spanish table top and said, still panting a little: "You are all under what I intend to call protective custody and will actually be under arrest. I had hoped to arrange this affair in a less painful manner. I see now that any more moderate course is too dangerous. Not only dangerous to some of you but mainly to myself and to my country. To my—work. Anything that touches my house, that touches me, threatens my country because"—Carlos paused an instant and said with simple dignity—"because I am her representative. I love my country. I know her needs and her problems and it is my duty to protect her interests with my very life."

It was a different Carlos, all the silken ease, the smiling adroitness were gone, and the never-failing courtesy all at once became that of a dignitary rather than of a friend.

John said: "You are then an official? You said representative—"

Carlos' lambent, now angry, eyes swerved directly to John. "I am my country's representative. I am what you call a diplomat without portfolio. I am—never mind that. I only want you to understand that I have authority and I now must exercise it. I do not intend any of you, if possible, to be taken to jail or placed under public arrest. Not at least until I know more than I now do. It is obvious that there are things here beyond an ordinary attempted burglary.

What Captain Brooke knows of this, why he was here, what he has attempted to do and whether or not he told the truth about having killed Sproul accidentally, in self-defense, I don't know. There are many things here I do not perceive fully." With a gesture which reminded Monica suddenly of that with which in other days men were sent to the guillotine, he spoke directly to Mendeno. "And now, Ramos," he said, "that call to the police, please."

Señor Mendeno, his slender, Spanish grandee's face so sharp and clear and yet impassive it was like a brown mask, went to the telephone. Then all the faces there were suddenly like masks, showing only features and shadows and color—hiding all thoughts behind them. Fae's lips were tight; her eyes on Carlos, following him, never wavering, as if he were a magnet. Carlos still did not look at her. One of the men outside, the gardener, curious, pressed his face up against the screen so his nose looked, white and his black eyes roved from one to another. Monica, sitting on a carved wooden bench along the wall, the long crimson sash looking very red, almost like blood against her white gown, leaned her head back against the plastered wall. Her hands were cold and felt weighted and strange; her whole body had a kind of numbness and stillness. She wondered if everyone else felt the same way. Protective custody—the same as arrest.

But it would be safe. Perhaps it might stop the death that walked by night.

Señor Mendeno's hand went toward the telephone. Nobody moved and the Mexican gardener's nose grew whiter and whiter as he pressed it, like a child, against the screen. Then, before Mendeno could pick up the instrument, the telephone rang sharply.

It was so unexpected a sound in the stillness that Linda gave a little gasp. Carlos said: "Answer it."

Señor Mendeno took up the receiver. He answered in Spanish but suddenly shifted to English. Everyone frankly listened. Mendeno said: "Yes—certainly—" and waited for an instant. Then, unconsciously, his face broke into a very polite and formal smile: "Yes, Excellency. Ah, yes. This is Ramos Mendeno. Ah—yes, Señor, he is here."

He turned to Carlos: "It is the American—" he stopped at a brief motion of Carlos' hand. Carlos said, "I'll take it," and went to the telephone. His look was still stiff with anger and concentration; he did not smile as Mendeno had done; his replies were polite and gracious, yet formal.

"Yes, Excellency. Yes—" He listened. He said: "I see. How long will that be? No, I quite understand. Yes, this changes it. Very well then, at your request, Excellency." The look of concentration deepened. He listened again, said, "Yes, yes," and finally, "It seems to be advisable then. Very well. Yes, quite. Tomorrow. Good night, Señor. Good night."

The telephone clicked as the receiver went back into its cradle.

HE TURNED slowly. So deep was his concentration that he seemed only gradually to become aware of the others—Bill and John and Monica, in one group, Linda standing under the light which shone on her hair. Fae watching him closely and anxiously from near the doorway. Carlos said: "It is late. I suggest we retire."

Linda's face slowly crimsoned. "But, Carlos—you can't leave us like this. Who was that? What are you going to do?"

"Come, my dear," said Fae. Suddenly, with a lightning change, she became again merely the gracious hostess. "It is rather late. Shall we go? Mr. Fiske, you know the way to your room, of course. Carlos darling, when your business is finished, will you see to the bolts? I'll telephone Doctor Cantu not to come."

John looked down at Monica and said, very low: "Later—"

There was an authority about Carlos which one couldn't question. He did not explain; he merely stood there, frowning a little, thoughtful. Linda moved rather sullenly toward the stairway. Mendeno stood beside Carlos, obviously waiting to talk to

him privately. Fae beckoned to Monica—pleasantly yet with something of Carlos' authority. Bill Fiske took a step toward the stairway and then stopped, facing Carlos.

"Mr. Demuth," he said, "I'm afraid I'll have to question you. Now mind you—" he put up his hand with decision—"mind you, this is none of my business. I realize that perfectly. I am your guest. Nevertheless I—I am an American citizen. Miss—that is, Monica and Linda are American citizens also. Monica is in my employ and neither of us has any real connection with this affair—whatever it is. I do not in the least mind being placed in what you have called protective custody—providing it is no more than that."

CARLOS' voice was cold: "If you should mind, what do you propose to do about it, Mr. Fiske?"

The shrewd, calculating look Monica knew well came into Bill Fiske's long face with its high cheekbones and small clipped mustache. He said pleasantly and easily: "I'm not sure I'm going to do anything. But I very much doubt your authority to keep any of us here if we should choose to leave. What, exactly, does protective custody mean?"

Something cold and angry gleamed in Carlos' eyes. He said: "It means, Mr. Fiske, exactly what I choose it to mean. I shall see to it that there will be no more attempts at murder in this house and that everyone here is safe and well guarded. Do I make myself clear?"

Bill Fiske lifted his shoulders and eyebrows good-naturedly. His eyes, however, had cold points of light in them and there were two red spots over his high cheekbones. "You do indeed, Mr. Demuth." He glanced at John. "We seem to be prisoners, John, in our friend's household."

John said: "Carlos, is that what you mean?"

Carlos' patience was apparently at an end. He said: "I have stated my position. Whether you wish to call yourselves prisoners, or to accept the fact that I am taking measures for your safety and mine, it is your privilege to decide. Good night, sir."

He bowed briefly to Bill Fiske, bowed in the general direction of Linda and Monica and Fae and walked across the hall toward the library, his heels hard on the tiled floor, his thick shoulders bent forward. He passed Fae without looking at her and her slender, fine face seemed to draw inward tightly. She said with a quality of steel in her

own charming voice: "Good night, Señor Mendenso—" She slipped one arm around Linda's waist and put her cold, slim hand upon Monica's wrist.

It was curious, really, walking up that lovely stairway—feeling at the same time the propulsion exerted by Fae. Bill said from below: "I'd like a cigarette in the patio. Any objections?"

Carlos had already disappeared. Fae said: "Not at all, Mr. Fiske. Please ask for anything you wish. Good night."

A gleam of admiration crossed Bill's face—admiration mingled, however, with exasperation. He said to John: "Come along with me—"

At the head of the stairs Fae dismissed Linda and Monica with the self-possession of a head mistress whose lightest word will be obeyed and stood in the hall while following them with her eyes as they walked along it.

When they reached Monica's door, Linda said in a half whisper: "What *did* happen tonight, Monica? Who was it? You must know."

"But I don't."

Linda's bright blue eyes searched her own. "Is that true?"

"Yes," said Monica wearily. Fae standing down by the stairs, watching them, called: "Good night—"

So Linda whirled away. Monica felt she was angry.

Protective custody, thought Monica slowly, slipping the white and crimson dress over her head, unbuckling her crimson sandals. It could mean anything. Mechanically she went on undressing, and putting on her sheer nightgown she shivered a little; protective custody; she hoped that it meant exactly that. The French doors were half open; she turned out her light, put her dark silk dressing gown over her shoulders, and went out on the balcony; the floodlights in the patio had been turned off but down below were dim figures of men and the red dots made by cigarettes. They were talking in low voices; perhaps it was John and Bill. A lighted rectangle showed against the grass and flagstones; the light was coming from the library.

She fumbled her way across her darkened room and went to bed but lay there listening to the distant murmur of voices from the patio. The light fragrance of cigarette smoke drifted through the open windows.

She didn't know how long it was before John came; perhaps an hour or longer. He

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COLLIER'S

"Father, this is Eileen"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Collier's for July 22, 1944

31



Octavus Roy Cohen

The Work

FRANK VICOVARI, who tells of his experience during eight months of captivity aboard a German raider (p. 24), was discharged from the U. S. Marine Hospital, Staten Island, in May, with his smashed legs mended to the point where he could walk with a cane.

But Vicovari isn't ready to call it a day in his personal war with the Germans. He is applying for work with a war agency which will take him, again, close to battle. His peacetime work—designing glass furniture and developing the use of glass in architecture—seems very far away, he says, and he has no spirit for returning to it until the war is won.

After victory, Vicovari hopes the Allies will be stern enough to insist on the military occupation of Germany for at least one generation.

"No amount of postwar education is going to make much of a dent on German adolescents who have been brought up as Nazis," he says. "I saw children drilling outside Bremen, where they put me on a train for Lisbon. These children weren't having fun, as our Boy Scouts do when they drill. They were strutting with great earnestness, no doubt intent on their future as masters of the world. These children will brew another war for us in 25 years if we weaken after victory."

American-born Vicovari, a resident of Paris when the Nazis struck, joined the French-American Ambulance Corps in 1940, served on the Maginot Line, was captured by the Germans, endured six weeks in a prison camp, was released—all of this before the beginning of the adventures he relates in his articles. He returned to this country on the exchange ship Gripsholm in March.

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, author of *Danger in Paradise*, the serial beginning in next week's issue, tells us: "I am a transplanted Southerner. I was

born and raised in Charleston, South Carolina, and later lived in Birmingham, Alabama. However, for the past nine years I've been living in New York City, where magnolias do not bloom and jonquils are called daffodils.

"In the past I have been a Grade-B civil engineer, lawyer and newspaperman, and I am now struggling to become a Grade-A writer. I was an officer in the United States Naval Reserve for eleven years, but when the war started, they spotted a physical defect which dated back to my football days, and decided they could whip the Axis without me. This decision hurt me much worse than it did the war effort.

"I have one wife, one son, and a new daughter-in-law. They are all very tolerant, and have learned to take me in stride. I am still trying to discover how they manage to do it."

OUR Frank Gervasi, in his world travels, has formed friendships with the mighty in many lands, including King Farouk, of Egypt. King Farouk, Frank felt, was a pretty nice kind of a guy, trying to do the best he could. Came the time when Frank was about to leave Egypt, and a servant of the king appeared one day at Frank's door with a package, a big package.

"From his Royal Highness," said the servant.

"What," said Frank, "can this be?" and a swift unwrapping revealed a rug, a Kashan of museum quality, richly woven with the Persian tree of life design.

"I'm sorry," said Frank. "Take it away. I can't accept presents."

The servant made it clear that he was not going to offer his boss the insult of returning a present. Whereupon Frank telephoned one of Farouk's aides, whom he knew very well, and explained that he could not, being an impartial correspondent, accept presents.

Time, tide and wars passed, and Frank was back in this hemisphere, where after a few weeks of relaxation with his wife and two children in his country home near New York, he proceeded to Canada for a story. One evening his wife telephoned him: "Frank, why didn't you tell me?" she said. "The most beautiful rug has arrived. It's magnificent."

What could Frank say except, "I'm glad you like it."

It is, really, a handsome rug. And it belongs to Frank; no question about that now. The one question remaining is, should he build a new house containing a study worthy to house the masterpiece as a floor covering, or should he hang it on the wall, like a map, as one of the wonders of the wartime world? (There is another small question: Did King Farouk like Gervasi's story on Allah's Oil in Collier's for July 8th? We don't see why he should have.) . . . A. P.

knocked very softly on the door and came in quickly.

"Better not turn on the light," he whispered. "Monica—Sproul killed Stanislawsky. I've got proof."

Suddenly she realized that it must be very late; the house was so quiet that even John's whisper seemed loud and the little click of the doorknob as he touched it as if to make sure it had closed was very sharp in the darkness. He said, still whispering, "Over here—" His hand touched her arm and he guided her across the room, away from the door, toward the still open French windows. The light seemed to be gone now from the patio; the whole encircling house was blank and dark and quiet. He said: "Listen, Monica, I've got to talk quickly. First, that attack tonight—who was it?"

"John, it's exactly as I've told it to everyone. I simply don't know . . . !"

He said something under his breath; she could not hear the words, only the grim, cold anger in the tone. His arm went tight around her, holding her close to him, his warm, hard face against her own. He held her like that for an instant, then as suddenly released her. "The police are here, as Carlos promised. Nothing will happen. But I wanted to be sure. So I've brought you something."

THERE was more in his words than the words themselves; in the darkness she could barely see the shape of his face, dimly white in the gloom, near her. She whispered, "You think whoever it was down there in the patio tonight might try again? Despite Carlos and his police?"

There was a little pause. Then he said: "It happened in St. Louis when you were bringing money to me and I thought that was the reason. But tonight that reason no longer existed; yet there was another attack upon you. Monica, is there any explanation you can think of at all for it? Eric's death doesn't, I think, tie up with all this—we can leave that out for now. Isn't there anything else you know? Anybody you have dangerous knowledge of? Anything—"

"No, John. I told you, no."

"Yet tonight, almost under everybody's eyes, someone tried to kill you. Don't you see, my darling, there must be a terribly strong and urgent motive to induce anybody to take such a risk of discovery. I don't think it was anyone from outside. Gibbs and Sproul were the only people you knew in St. Louis at that time—or at least who knew that you were there. Yet tonight Gibbs was sitting on the chaise longue, lying back with all of us near him. If he had made a move somebody would have seen it, Fae was leaning over him. Yet"—said John slowly, softly so his voice drifted out of the darkness above her—"yet Fae sent you for the brandy. And suddenly the patio was dark and we were all striking matches, hunting for a light switch—and then you began to scream and stopped and almost instantly someone else screamed. A woman—"

"Linda. She said she was near me—"

"Monica, could it have been Linda?"

"Linda! But she—"

"Why not?"

Monica tried to analyze her own instantaneous conviction. "I think I'd have known somehow. But there was no touch of silk—Linda was wearing silk. And—" she hesitated and then whispered quickly: "And no perfume. I remember that. I think I would have remembered if there had been any perfume at all. Linda wears a heavy rose scent."

"What about Fae?"

"I'm not sure. I imagine she uses perfume. Somehow I don't think it was Fae. There was too much—strength for a woman."

His arm went around her again. "Then you think it was a man?"

"I don't know—yes, I suppose so." She pressed closer against John, seeking the warmth and protection of his arms. "Oh—I just don't know, John! It might have been anyone."

He said, low against her face: "My darling. If only things were—different. If I could take

you away and—" he checked himself. And again but very gently released her. "Perhaps soon you can go," he said, "and go in safety. It's true—what I told you when I came in. Sproul killed Stanislawsky. I—it's my first proof. God knows I'd rather it proved something else."

"John, how do you know? Are you sure Stanislawsky is dead?"

There was a pause. Then he said so low that the whisper drifted from the darkness as if it had not physical body and impetus but had merely an ethereal brief existence of its own: "You must never tell this, Monica. I—I've got something. It was in Sproul's pocket. He had no right to have it. It—wait—" There was a slight sound of motion; then he groped for her hand, found it and closed her fingers on something small, and cold and round—a coin, it felt like, about the size of a quarter. He whispered: "It's a Polish coin."

"But—"

"You can't see. And I can't light a match and show you. But it's got a date—never mind what date; I can't tell even you, my darling, for it means too many lives. But any man who carries a coin with that date on it and with a nick in the edge, just below the date—can you feel it?—belongs to us. It's the sign and symbol of our work; we chose it; it happens to be a date that is old and rarely seen on that particular coin; yet if found it would mean nothing to the Germans." He paused while her fingers touched the smooth, hard roundness of the coin and found the small, identifying (and betraying) nick in the edge of it. He said: "It sounds like a child's game, doesn't it? Children in a peaceful world, playing at being spies. Well—it was not a game. It meant life and death. It now means death. It was in Sproul's pocket—the wrong pocket but that didn't matter. I know my men. Sproul was not one of them and was not Polish. That coin belonged to Paul Stanislawsky. Sproul's possession of it means that Sproul murdered him. Paul would never have given it up; it could not have been taken from him. There is only one reasonable conclusion; there is only one way for it to have come into Sproul's possession: He killed Paul and took the money—my money; the money Bill gave him to get us food and guns and ammunition—and with it he took everything Paul had. I don't think he knew the significance of the coin. But his possession of it means—I'm afraid—oh, I know it; there's no use in trying to tell myself Paul may still be alive. He'd have come to me. He'd have died before he let himself be robbed of that money—or of this little coin in your hand. He did die for that reason. And Sproul had the coin."

SO SMALL a thing, thought Monica; so little; something you could grasp in your fingers, could toss away, could govern and control. Yet so eloquent, so powerful a clue to a man's murderer.

Suddenly she remembered the night Sproul had been killed and John leaving her for an instant and returning to the deep shadow under the balcony where Sproul's body lay—and then after a moment or two returning to her. She said: "Did you find anything else in Sproul's pockets? Anything, I mean, that would identify him as a German?"

John did not reply for an instant or two and there was suddenly something thoughtful and calculating in that pause. Then he said: "When I searched Sproul's pockets I found nothing. This—came to me in another way. I—well, never mind that now; the important thing is that I know it was in Sproul's possession. And the only thing I can do now is wait until—" he paused again for an instant and said—"until Sproul is identified. Then perhaps we'll know whether or not anyone is behind him. Any organization, or any person."

The little coin that meant life and death, safety and danger in faraway Poland—and there and then, in Mexico City, in that house, in the silent patio below—had grown warm in her hand. She slid her fingernail over the nick that was so small and yet so important. Who had given it to John? Gibbs had not mentioned searching Sproul's pockets;



Frank Vicovari

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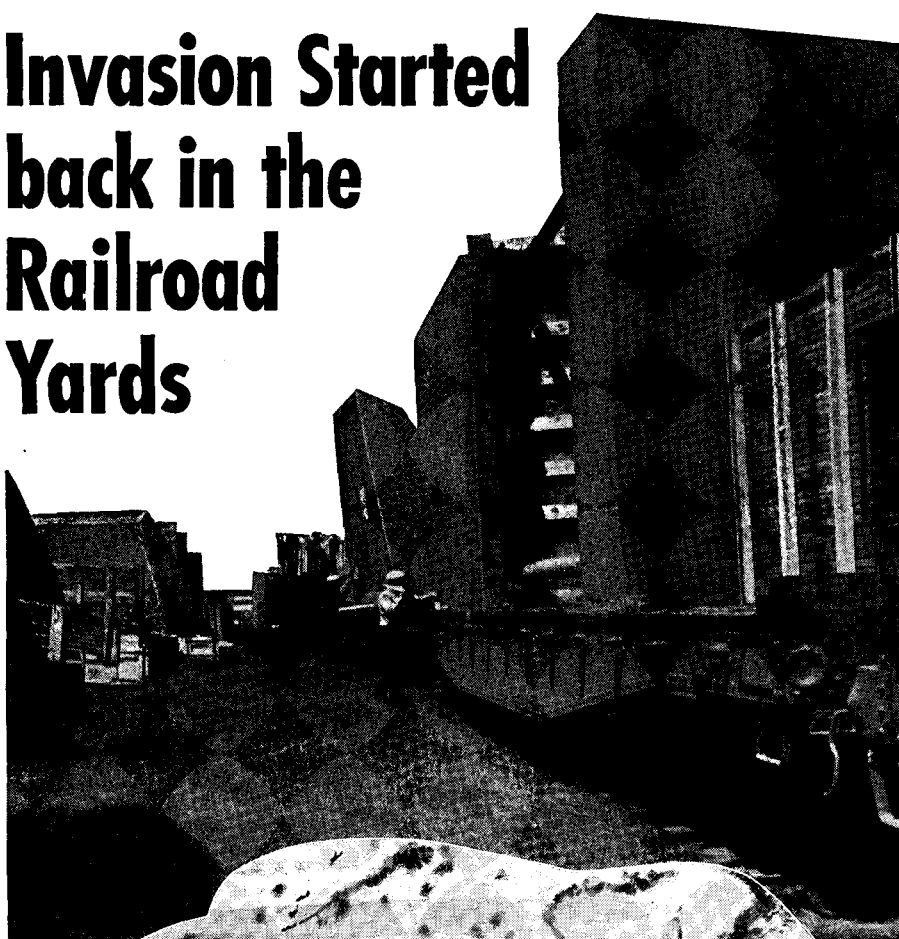
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Invasion Started back in the Railroad Yards



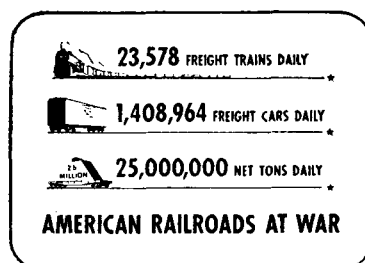
PREPARATION for invasion of Europe started many months ago back in the railroad yards of America.

For it was here that the thousands of landing barges, special boats, guns, munitions and supplies first started on the long journey from production lines to battle lines.

In increasing quantities, Erie and other American Railroads are carrying a steady flow of materials and equipment to assure our troops every chance of success in the greatest assault ever attempted in history.

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Erie Railroad

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had he actually done so? Or was it someone else? And if Sproul had traced Stanislawsky and killed him, then who was Sproul's murderer and was Gibbs' story really true?

John didn't want her to question him; not then—not about that. She was as sure of it as she was sure of the hard, warm pressure of the coin in her fingers. And as if he sensed her questions and at the same time her reason for not uttering them, he said suddenly: "I can't tell you—now—about this. It isn't because I don't trust you. It's—something else. Believe me, Monica."

He took her hand and slipped the coin out of it. "Sproul's murderer may be our friend or may be our enemy. I believe Gibbs was telling the truth. I've got to go now. I told you I brought something for you." Again he felt for her hand and put something into it. This time, however, it was heavy and hard and unmistakable for what it was. "Do you know how to shoot?"

"I—yes, I suppose so." Her hand closed on the little automatic.

"Be careful. I've taken off the safety catch. Look here—let me put it on the table, away from you."

"It's all right. I'll be careful."

"If anything frightens you, if anyone—anybody at all, no matter who it is—comes to your room, don't let him in. Keep the door locked. Don't even let Fae in or Linda. Don't open the door at all. And if anyone tries to force an entrance shoot into the air. Don't try to aim the gun. And, for heaven's sake, don't hurt yourself."

IT WAS curious, she thought in an odd instant of abstraction, as if she were someone else looking on, surveying herself and John—and everyone in that long, still, night-shadowed villa—it was curious how one adjusted one's self to danger, to violence, to things that normally were without the realm of one's thought or plan or, by any possible stretch of fancy, one's experience. She took the gun herself, firmly, feeling a perfectly matter-of-fact reassurance in its solidity. She moved carefully, pointing the revolver away from her, and found the table near the bed and put it down upon it. John had followed her. He said, "Bill and I had a long talk. He thinks that no matter what Carlos does or says or who he is it is better not to let anyone here know yet about Eric Weller. I agree with him."

"All right, if you think so, John. But what are you going to do?"

Again there was a slight pause as if he were arranging words. Then he said, "Just now, wait. The police are at work. Carlos is determined to stir up something, and he evidently has more power than we realized."

"John, you feel, do you, that Carlos was telling the truth? I mean that he is loyal and patriotic and—"

"It is very difficult to tell an honest man from a spy. I wish I knew rules that would never fail. But I—yes, I think Carlos is honest according to his lights. If he has a game I don't know what it is."

"Who was it who telephoned to him tonight?"

"I don't know for sure. But I think it was the American ambassador himself from what Mendeno said before he turned over the phone. Bill and I talked of that. Whatever it was, he changed his mind about something—yet I don't know exactly what that something was for he sent for the police just the same. I saw them come; there are at least ten of them stationed around the house. Now then—" he held up his wrist and she could see the faint glow from the luminous dial of his wrist watch. "I've got—things to do. You'll do what I told you to do. My dear—my dear—" The sudden, small steadiness of his voice made her think of the morning, the blazing sun and the things he had told her. Yet Linda had said she and John would be married; that they had been planning to marry since that summer on the Riviera and the time had come to do so. Quietly, down in Cuernavaca, Monday.

A wave of something almost like hatred for Linda caught at her. And immediately and as poignantly a wave of shame followed it. She said, fumbling for words, trying to say what was in her heart and unable to tell

him all of it, "John—I don't know why you said the things you said this morning. I mean, that it was—well, too late. That I must forget. Everything. I don't know whether it is because of Linda, or because of something else. But I—I do realize how unimportant we are. Now. I—oh, I'm saying it badly. All I mean to say, John, is that I—I love you. And I trust you."

For a moment he stood in silence, so near her in the darkness she could hear his breathing. Then he reached into the darkness and felt for her face and cupped his hands tenderly around it and kissed her—very quietly, very gently on the mouth. "I'd like to take you along," he said. "All the road."

He held her for a moment.

Then he said: "I've got to go now—oh, yes. Where's Gibbs' handkerchief?" He moved away; she could hear a slight motion as if he had stooped and folded back the rug. Then he came back to her.

"I've got it. Good night. My darling—"

He was gone. The door barely whispered in the darkness; there was the faint click of the closing latch. She stood for a moment still listening, scarcely able to believe that he could have moved so silently, like a shadow. But he had learned to move like that when it meant his life and the lives of others.

After a moment she remembered his words: Lock your door. Don't let anyone come in. So she locked the door; the sliding sound of the small bolt very loud in the velvet darkness.

She went to the French windows and looked down and saw—or fancied she saw a solid, stocky figure near the fountain below; one of the ten policemen probably; it was again a cloudy night with a light rustling of vines and foliage. She stood there for a long time, thinking in a circle that had already yielded no outlet, turning back always upon itself.

After a while she went to bed again, touching the revolver to be sure she could reach it, thinking how comforting was its presence and how much more secure she felt, knowing of the police outside.

NEVERTHELESS, despite Carlos' actions and protestations, it was that night that someone tried and very nearly succeeded in killing Bill Fiske as he lay asleep in the pleasant guest room Fae had assigned to him. That was much later, about three o'clock in the morning, when the deep, thick darkness just before the dawn fell like a mantle over the city and over the villa and the encircling high walls and thick vines.

The weapon used was a peculiar one; peculiar in a very definite and special sense because it so much resembled the weapon which had been used in the murder of Eric Weller. It was, in fact, an ordinary, sharp kitchen knife.

He did not raise an alarm. He told Monica about it the next morning—Sunday morning with the sun bright and warm in the patio, the air clear and fine, the sky blue, the gay chairs, the pattern of the vines green and lovely against the pink walls and not a policeman in sight.

Bill came out into the sunshine, blinked, saw her and came toward her. No one else was there. She had awakened, looked out at the sunshine, looked at the revolver still on her bedside table, felt the quiet of the house around her, dressed and came down to the patio without meeting anyone in the halls. It was about ten and a normal Sunday-morning quiet lay apparently over everything. A houseman was brushing up what looked like a rather large heap of cigarette ends when she came into the patio; he gave her a quick glance, said *buenos dias* when she spoke to him and scurried away to the kitchen whence he presently returned with breakfast on a tray. He put it on the table, asked her if there was anything else she wanted and went away again. The coffee was hot and fragrant. The windows of the house looked down but no one came until Bill appeared.

The house, geared by Fae, seemed to operate automatically; Bill had scarcely sat down in a chair opposite her when his own breakfast arrived in the hands of the same polite houseman. He looked at it gratefully.

"I need this. How are you, Monica? Have a good night? Because I definitely didn't."

Listen—I want to get out of here. I don't like anything about it and I don't trust Carlos and I'm—" he glanced around at the house, the blank, shuttered windows, the vine-hung balconies and lowered his voice. "I'm scared," he said. "I don't know why anybody should try to murder me. I gave Stanislawsky the money but that's all I know; I don't know what happened to him. I don't know anything and— Look here, somebody came into my room last night and almost killed me." He lifted his coffee and looked at her over it; his face was intent and angry.

"But there were policemen—" began Monica.

"The hell with them. They were asleep, if there were any. Listen." He touched his lips with his napkin and his shrewd, angry eyes shot another quick look around. "Let me tell you what happened."

It was a short enough story. Sometime in the night he had awakened suddenly, thinking someone was in the room. He had listened, then moved to turn on the bedroom light. As he did so he distinctly heard a clatter and a rapid movement somewhere in the room and then he found the light. The door had closed; the knife was on the tiled floor.

"It was that that clattered. I'm sure of it. I was sleepy and wasn't thinking too quickly. I stared at it and picked it up and then ran to the door. By that time whoever was there had got away; nobody was in the hall; I knew that there was no way of finding out who it was." He sipped more coffee slowly. Somewhere a bird sang softly; the liquid, tranquil sound, the sunshine, the warmth of the morning made an incongruous background for the ugly thing Bill was saying. He said: "I didn't call the police; no sense in it. I had only this knife to show them. I thought of fingerprints but by that time I'd handled it myself. And besides—" He broke toast, eying it thoughtfully, his mouth tight.

"Besides—?" Monica said.

"Besides," said Bill, "for one thing, I don't trust Carlos. The police are his men. He may be what he says he is—and he may not be. We can find out, of course. But there's just one thing I know and that is that we'd both be safer somewhere else. We're going to leave. I don't know just how. But Carlos may not be quite the little tin god he claims to be. And he can't keep us here without some more substantial grounds than he has—" He broke off as Fae came out the door.

It struck Monica almost instantly that Fae had received instructions. Perhaps her air

of casualness, of politeness, of nonchalance was, this time, too studied. She smiled and came toward them. She wore a thin, cool-looking skirt and jacket of beige Shantung, and carried a wide-brimmed straw hat and gloves and a large green bag.

"Good morning," she said. "Did you sleep?" She seemed to feel herself that her manner was overdone, the polite question a little absurd considering the circumstances. She recovered quickly and said more soberly: "Carlos says that things are going along very well. He told me to tell you. He said that it is not at all necessary for—for our guests to consider themselves—" she hesitated again and a faint flush came into her cheeks. "to consider themselves prisoners," she finished. "He said it would be nice to take you to see some of our city. This is Sunday, you know; our holiday. I've ordered the car around; I thought it would be nice to drive through the city and then try to arrive at Chapultepec Park about noon." She took a long breath; her eyes were bright and thoughtful; she turned the hat in her hand and said: "I think I'll have some more coffee before we go."

Bill Fiske rose. His manner was as suave and poised as her own. He said, two angry points of light in his eyes: "Is that an order?"

Fae lifted her charming head and met his look. "I'm afraid it is, Mr. Fiske."

THERE was an instant's silence. Then Bill said: "May I ask if everyone is going on this personally conducted tour? And why are you inviting us to get out of the house for a few hours?"

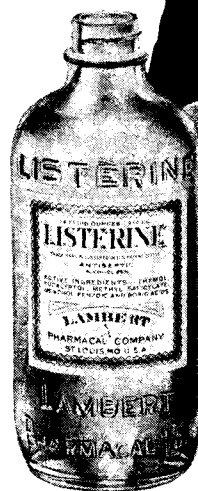
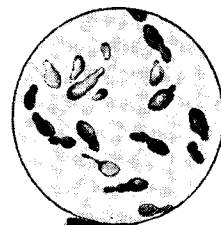
Fae's eyebrows lifted, then she bit her lip and said with an effect of sincerity, "I'm sorry, Mr. Fiske. We can only do what we are asked. I realize how this must seem to you but—" she shrugged and turned to Monica. "Will you call John? You know that wing—it's the third door beyond the turn in the corridor."

She nodded toward the guest-room wing of the house and sat down, crossing her legs and putting down her hat and gloves and green handbag. Bill sat down slowly, too.

Monica went inside and up the stairs and along the corridor to the turn. She passed the door where she had stood the previous night and heard Linda's voice—and then had gone directly down to the patio and found Linda had preceded her, and was sitting there in leisure, drinking, with a half-

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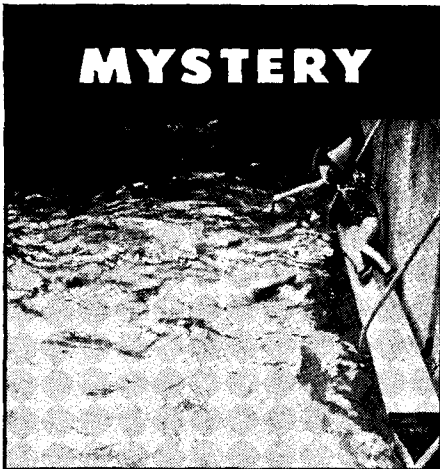
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empty glass beside her as if she had been there for some time. Whose room was that, she wondered—Gibbs'?

On an impulse she paused and knocked, and as no one answered she turned the door-knob and looked in.

It was Gibbs' room. She recognized his bag which lay open on the luggage rack at the foot of the bed. There were khaki shirts and handkerchiefs, and an extra uniform hung in the half-open closet. It was Gibbs then to whom Linda had been talking. In a voice that was her own and yet not quite her own.

She closed the door without entering and went on. The next door must be Linda's, the room with the balcony that was midway of that wing. She passed it and came to the third door which was John's—and, precisely as she had done the night before, she stopped. For Linda's voice was speaking rapidly, goldenly, beautifully—and not quite naturally, behind it.

She was sure it was John's room; she knocked.

The voice stopped sharply.

There was the sound of motion, then footsteps on the tiled floor. The bolt clicked and John opened the door. "Monica!" he cried.

The room behind him however was empty. It had no balcony, and the windows upon the patio were closed—which even then struck her as odd, on such a warm and glowing morning. Linda was not there; no one was there.

Again a wave of anger, of something like hatred of Linda with her blond braids and her bright blue eyes—and her claim upon John, caught her as if it had hands on her heart.

She said, faltering, bewildered: "But I thought—where is Linda?"

A strange expression came into John's face; he stood looking at her in silence for a moment, very soberly, somehow sadly. He said finally: "Linda is not here."

"But I—I thought I heard her voice—" She stopped because of the look in his eyes, although she could not have said what it was, or why it stopped her. Yet it reminded her that, only the night before, she had told him that she loved him. And trusted him. She said: "Fae wants us to go with her to Chapultepec Park."

An hour later they did so. All of them except Carlos. Linda came down dressed in a street dress, and without more than a glance at any of them got in the car—in the back seat with Monica and Fae. *If she had been in John's room talking to him, where was she when John opened the door?*

If she had not been there, who was it?

There was no answer to that. There was no answer to anything. Monica sat back between Fae and Linda, with John and Bill on the folding seats ahead, in a kind of dream—a frightened, horrible dream, covered over with bright pictures and chatter and sunshine. They drove in a long glittering car with two chauffeurs, one of whom looked remarkably soldierly and like a policeman.

NOTHING happened during that long and colorful drive—through a lovely and historic city in clear sunlight, with a blue sky blazing above and the lofty heights of mountain peaks rimming the plateau. The only possible excuse and reason for it seemed to be, as Bill had said, to get them all away from the house. Fae talked constantly and charmingly although as time went on she began to show the strain of keeping up that continual, light chatter. No one but Monica helped her. She pointed out all the sights; they lunched luxuriously at a famous restaurant; they drove through Chapultepec Park in time for the Sunday-noon spectacle of the *chiavros*, gaily appointed riders, wearing the old Spanish costume of tight spangled trousers, short spangled jacket, wide spangled sombrero—and sitting their horses as if they were a part of them. They rode in the long double parade of slowly moving cars, bowing occasionally to friends in cars moving along in the opposite direction. Linda, wearing pale blue silk with a red rose in her hair, seemed more vivacious, less sulky during that part of the ride and seemed to know a rather astonishing number of people, rang-

ing from elderly Spanish ladies clad in dignified black, to several young United States Naval officers (Naval attachés at the Embassy, Monica supposed), riding in a car that paused for a moment at an intersection beside them.

But nothing happened. The park was crowded, the riding was beautiful, the color, the motion, the gaiety was—or would have been under other circumstances, enchanting—and nothing at all happened.

It seemed to Monica that Fae glanced surreptitiously now and then at her watch. Eventually they turned homeward, and Fae at last let down and sank back wearily in a corner of the tonneau. There was almost no talk; John smoked and seemed lost in thought; Bill watched the never-ending spectacle of a Mexican Sunday and said exactly nothing; Linda withdrew into silence.

IF ANYTHING drastic had been done or if anything important had been accomplished during their absence, there was no sign of it as they drove through the wide gate and along the green embanked driveway to the house. The dull, pink villa lay as if slumbering in the late afternoon sun; there was no sign of any activity at all. Certainly there were no policemen in sight.

They got out of the car and Carlos came from the patio to meet them. Monica scrutinized his face for some clue as to what if anything he had discovered or what he planned, and there was nothing. Yet actually, just then Carlos must have known that he faced the most difficult decision of his life. If he did not look directly at his wife no one noticed it. He asked politely about their ride.

The villa seemed dark after the drenching bright sunlight of the day; even the patio looked uninviting and too rigidly enclosed. Again as she entered the hall with its red-tiled floor and winding, polished stairs, Monica was strongly and uncomfortably aware of a sense of waiting, of knowledge, of sentence in the old house itself.

John gave her no look and no word but drifted out into the patio for a smoke, apparently, with Bill and Carlos. Señor Mendeno was not to be seen. Linda, still looking rather sulky, went upstairs at once and Monica had started to follow her when the telephone rang sharply below in the hall. She waited, thinking she ought to answer it, yet pausing, because in Fae's house you knew that telephone calls and telephone messages were probably instantly and promptly seen to by her houseman. As it continued to ring, though, she went down the few steps, crossed to the telephone and took down the receiver.

She took it down, however, just as someone else apparently took down another at an extension somewhere in the villa. A man's voice said: "—and what about the records?"

"It's difficult; the stores were closed; I don't

know exactly what to get. But so far the status quo is maintained."

It was John's voice. The other voice said: "I've got to see you. Can you manage—"

She hung up the receiver. The other voice was familiar yet too disguised either purposely or by the telephone to make sure of. She considered whether or not it was Gibbs' voice, yet Gibbs (fleeing, hiding, trying to escape the police) would not be likely to telephone boldly to the villa where the wires might be tapped. She went to the door into the patio; Bill Fiske was sitting near the table talking to Carlos who leaned back at ease listening, his face without expression. John was not there and she waited, standing in the doorway until he appeared at the doorway directly across the patio—the doorway which led along the narrow passage to the kitchen.

John swung out of the door and it banged lightly behind him; he had a metal tray from the refrigerator in his hand; he carried it to the table and carefully scooped out the cubes of ice into a silver pitcher standing on a tray with some glasses. Obviously he had made the ice an excuse to go to the kitchen; had he had an appointment then to talk to someone—Gibbs—on the telephone at that time?

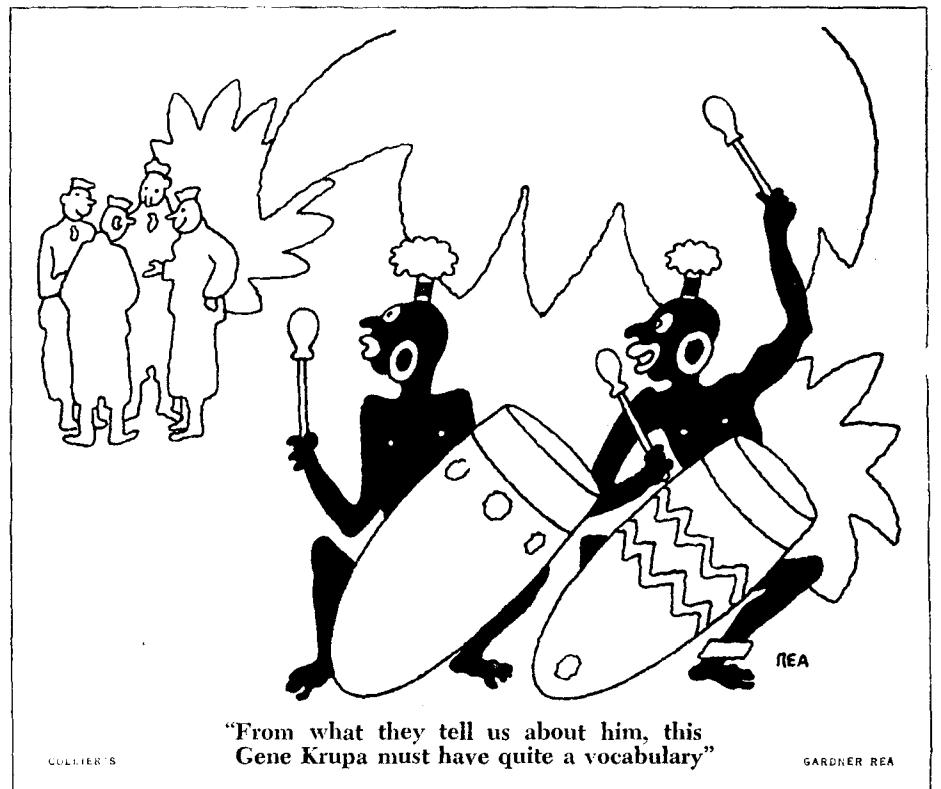
If it was Gibbs on the telephone, what had he meant? What records? What was it John found difficult? Why—if it was Gibbs—did he have to see John? Why couldn't they wait?

Bill's voice drifted across the patio as he lifted it sharply: "—the knife was there. On the floor. I think it was only meant for a threat. But I don't know why. And I don't like it. I want your permission to leave and to take Monica with me. We'll go anywhere you say but—"

He was, then, telling John and Carlos of the attack upon him in the night—with policemen all around. John put down the empty ice tray slowly, looking down at Bill. Carlos did not move. Carlos said: "My dear sir, you will be safe here—"

His voice sank and she could not distinguish further words. But she knew that if John remained in that house, she would stay, too. She turned and went to her room.

In a few minutes she was sure that it had been painstakingly searched during their enforced absence. A silk and scented handkerchief case lay on top the dressing table rather than in a drawer where she'd left it; her lipstick had rolled under the bed. She stood for a while at the French windows, thinking of the ugly similarity of the murder of Eric Weller and the attempt upon Bill. A sharp-bladed kitchen knife. Bill had pretended to believe it was only an attempt to frighten him. But did it really mean that the same person who had killed Eric—so dreadfully, so quietly, while she sat in the next room—



"From what they tell us about him, this Gene Krupa must have quite a vocabulary"

GARDNER REA



"I was kind of hopin' you'd drop in this month, Shackery. They's a special delivery air-mail letter fer ya"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

had attempted to kill Bill in exactly the same way, hoping for the same success? In a house that was guarded, with policemen all about? And if so, then who?

The sky was gradually darkening; someone came from the kitchen door with a new tray of glasses and she realized that, as she had lost herself in thoughts that again found no conclusion, others had come into the patio and there was an augmented hum of voices. She'd better change and go down. No one would be dressing that night for dinner; she put on one of the dresses Uncle Bill had packed for her, a thin cream wool dress with, again, a scarlet belt.

John came in as she was putting on lipstick; he carried a long dark coat over his arm and at the first glimpse of his face in the mirror, as she sat at the dressing table, she got up and whirled around. "What is it?"

"You're coming with me. Quick. I don't want anyone to know. I've got a coat for you. It may be cold—"

At the door he said, whispering: "Be very quiet—"

They went silently and without meeting anyone down the stairs and out the front door. John took her hand and they walked rapidly along the grass at the edge of the driveway, rather than on the pebbles, toward the gate. No one was there, either. John glanced up and down the street, said in a low voice, "There it is—" and started toward a taxi parked at the corner of the street. The taxi driver looked up as they came and flashed his white teeth in a grin, as if he were expecting them. John glanced behind him along the pink wall of the Demuth grounds. The gate still stood wide open; so far as Monica could see, no one stood there watching them leave. She got in and John followed.

"Okay," he said to the driver. "Go straight ahead. I'll tell you where to turn."

"Señor."

John put the coat he carried around her shoulders; he said, "I got it from the coat room. I think it's nice. Now then—" he leaned forward, "Turn left here. Then left again."

The streets were unwontedly crowded. John said briefly, glancing through the window at the back, "The bullfight is over. The streets will be like this for a while. If I'm lucky we can lose ourselves in the traffic—and lose anybody who's followed us from the villa."

"Where are we going?"

"To Xochimilco."

"Xochimilco?"

"The floating gardens. It's a—oh, it's like a fair. Canoes, boats, stalls. You'll see." He leaned forward again to direct the driver.

By this time they had woven in and out of the thick lanes of traffic, spotted so thickly with taxicabs that anyone attempting to follow them must by that time have been thrown off the scent, confused as to which taxicab to follow. John said: "I think it's safe now. All right, driver. We'll go, now, out to Xochimilco."

The driver sent a flashing, smiling glance over his shoulder. "Si, Señor."

John settled back although he kept a more or less constant watch on the highway which presently unrolled behind them.

"I've got to see somebody out there," he said. "And I had to take you with me. I can't leave you alone in that house. It's too dangerous. Carlos says things are taken care of; I don't know what he means. I do know he searched my room and he or his policemen took—" He paused and said: "At least someone took it."

"Took what, John?"

He glanced at the driver. "Something I got from Gibbs." His tone and his quick look at the driver were guarded; as before it reminded her of the world in which he had lived—in which all of them lived just then—where anyone, anywhere, in the most innocent guise, might be an enemy, listening. She did not question further; he would tell her when he was ready to tell her.

THE driver turned on lights; the glow of the last sunlight lingered in the sky. John got out cigarettes and gave her one and above the flame of the match he held he gave her a quick, searching look. "I ought to give you a chance to go back," he said suddenly. "I think it's safe. I think it's all right. But—" "I'll go with you, John, all the way."

He blew out the match and threw it away. And suddenly took her in his arms and held her like that, against his shoulder, tenderly, as one would hold a child.

This, Monica thought, was the man she loved; and this might be the last time that he would ever hold her so close and warm. She had a sudden, frightening vista of years, blank, cold, empty years to come. She closed her eyes tightly, trying to store up something of the present moments, something to remember—something to hold like a little flame to warm her heart during the days to come. It means that, she suddenly realized, to women. Memories of tenderness; memories of the warmth and strength of a man's arms, memories of love—and a hard and lonely road ahead.

Perhaps he knew something of her thoughts, for he pressed his face down against her hair and she thought he kissed it.

The minutes—so few minutes out of a lifetime, so quickly vanishing—passed; lights



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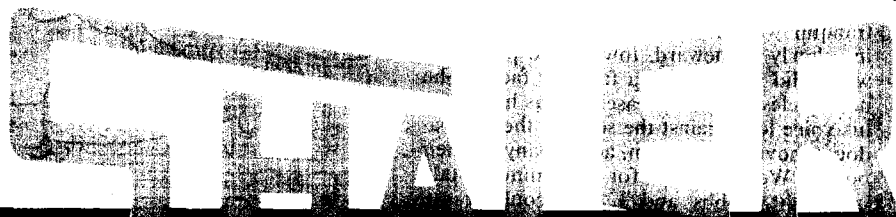
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"HOT PATCHES"

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began to show, people in laughing, shouting groups, couples holding hands, were walking along the edges of the road. They turned and turned again, passing other cars and presently parked along the winding, crowded roadside. "Wait," said John to the driver. He smiled a little as he helped her out of the car. "Okay?" She smiled back at him, not very brightly and not very bravely but it was a smile. "Okay," she said. And meant, if that is all that life holds for me, then I still say it is good; I'll take it and keep it and that at least is mine.

Lights and noise and music were ahead; before she knew it they had reached the fair and were plunged in the middle of it. Mexicans, Spanish tourists—stalls gay with brightly striped serapes, and pottery, and beads, and embroidery, and lacework, were everywhere; strolling bands of musicians, singing, playing guitars and smiling, wove among the tourists; it was not fully dark; there were lights everywhere but there was still light in the sky. John said: "It should be this way. I think I see the bridge."

HE GUIDED her through the moving, pushing, but always good-natured and always gay crowds. They came to a bridge and she saw a calm stream of water, crowded with flower-laden boats, and reflecting spaces of twilight sky. Music floated from what seemed to be an open restaurant on the other side of the stream. "Come this way," John said, and they went down to a kind of platformlike pier. Boats were drawn up along it—boats decorated with brilliant, fresh flowers; arches massed with flowers spelled the name of the boats: Sarita, Conchita, Carmen, Lupita. She caught John's arm. "It's beautiful."

"Wait," he said, searching the boats. "Ah—here it is! Prospera." He guided her toward a boat with an arch made of white and red carnations spelling, so they followed the curve of the arch, the letters amazingly regular and clear, the name Prospera. The boatman looked up as they approached it. John said: "This is the Prospera?"

The boatman smiled. "Si, Señor! Si, si! Will you seats take?"

John helped Monica into the boat; it was flat-bottomed; there were low, comfortable chairs. In the darkening blue sky above them the first evening star was shining again, pale now and lemon-yellow. John said to the boatman, "You know where to go?"

The boatman nodded. "But yes—si, si, Señor." He leaned against his pole. They moved out into the water, passing other boats, gay with flowers, with picnic parties, with laughter and singing. As they went slowly along the canal and left the pier behind, the boats became fewer. John was looking from side to side, scrutinizing the slowly moving boats they passed or met. He broke off to speak to the boatman. "What is the name of the boat we are to meet?"

"The Cherita, Señor," said the boatman. "I know the way—" he nodded and smiled reassuringly. A boatload of troubadours came up beside them; its striped awning was still bright with color although the shadow beneath it was so deep that Monica had only a glimpse of the serapes over the shoulders of the men sitting there, with guitars and mandolins. The five men in the boat and their boatman all began to sing and John tossed them a coin. "They'll stay along beside us," he said.

As the singers burst into the lilting rhythm of a Mexican street song, John said low, under cover of the music: "Monica, Gibbs is here, somewhere. I'd better tell you now. I couldn't run the risk of the taxicab driver hearing, in case he was—well, I couldn't." There were only a few boats now, drifting along toward them now and then, like lazy, tranquil wayfarers pleasantly belated, moving slowly homeward, toward the pier. Nowhere did Monica see a familiar face. John nevertheless watched ceaselessly as he talked, his voice low against the song of the troubadours moving with them, accompanying their boat. "We had time for five minutes talk last night, Gibbs and I. We couldn't say much. He had to get away then and I had to help him."

"You knew—"

"Gibbs is working for the F.B.I. There was something they had to know. They sent

"THERE IS NO NEW THING UNDER THE SUN"

—Ecclesiastes 1:9

THE THING

Traffic light

Usury law

V-Mail

Dice

Parking law

Price ceiling

ITS ANTIQUITY

Red and green traffic-regulating gas lamps were used in London in 1868.

An interest limit of 20 per cent was established in Babylonia about 2000 B.C.

Microphotographed letters were sent by homing pigeons during the siege of Paris in 1870.

Archaeologists in Mesopotamia unearthed dice that were in use about 2700 B.C.

The commissioners of Hagerstown, Maryland, decreed a \$10 fine for parking a buggy in one spot for more than 3 hours, in 1825.

Massachusetts limited the wartime price of milk to 4 coppers per quart in 1777.

—W. E. Farbstain

Gibbs—he was on sick leave—to find out. They gave him instructions. It was Gibbs in your suite in St. Louis; Gibbs and Sproul. Sproul had got in somehow; Gibbs scared him away. It was dark; he never saw him but that's what he thinks. He thinks it was Sproul that shot at you at the airport. He caught Sproul trying to get up to your balcony. His story of that night was exactly as it happened, except, thinking Sproul was merely knocked out, he searched him quickly. He didn't get much in the way of identification but he did find that coin among the odds and ends in Sproul's pockets. He showed the things to me and of course I knew the coin. And I knew what it meant. Well; Gibbs went to the American Ambassador's last night. He phoned me a while ago—"

Monica said, "I heard—"

"Oh. That was you." John breathed a

sigh. "I heard the click. I didn't know. That's all right, then. Well—we had to meet without anyone knowing it. He—gave me some other evidence he had and told me to do what I could with it. There was—" John took a long breath, his eyes ever seeking among the boats, "There was nothing I could do— Look out!" cried John.

They rounded a curve suddenly and shot into a deserted and very narrow canal—so suddenly that the singing troubadours missed the turn and went on along the main canal. It was darker in the side canal, trees overhung it closely and it was very narrow, twisting between high green banks, through the thick shadows of the trees. The boatman grinned back over his shoulder and nodded. They moved around another curve in the narrow, almost deserted canal. And then several things happened at once.

Another boat burst out from around a bend. Its arch of lavender and white flowers spelled the name Cherita. It came straight toward them, hard. The Prospera wavered; John sprang to his feet and shouted: "Stop—look out—turn, damn you—" He leaped for the boatman and there was the sound of crashing and splintering wood.

There was another sound too, sharp and hard and loud. Then the two boats crashed together; John crumpled and slid to the bottom of the boat. As the Prospera slowly turned over, the boatman leaped into the canal. John's body was slipping toward the water.

As Monica tried to reach him, clutch at his coat, she was herself caught under the arms and pulled over the edge of the overturning boat. She was all at once, incredibly, in the boat which had run into theirs—the Cherita; in a sharp, queer flash she remembered its name. It had an awning; it was almost dark under it. The person holding her in a steel-like embrace, called to the Prospera boatman as he splashed to shore: "Good. I will tell your leader that you have served your Fatherland well."

Monica gasped, "John, where are you? John—"

"Quietly does it, my dear Monica. In another moment you will be safe. So that pretty little mouth of yours will never talk again. You'll be safe. As John is safe and Eric Weller is safe."

But John was somewhere in that water; unconscious, struck, wounded. Monica could swim; she wriggled out of the hands holding her and was about to leap overside when she was seized again. "Oh, no you don't! John's dead by now. I'm a good shot. Shooting is easier than a knife, if noisier. But, if anyone in the main canal heard it, they'd pay no attention to it. He's dead and can't help you now. It really is a pity; but my own life means more to me than John or you or anything else in the world."

The canal was deserted. The trees hung low. The edge of the capsized Prospera stuck up from the water dimly. There was no sign of John anywhere and the hands upon her were cruel.

"Uncle Bill!" Monica's cry was uncomprehending.

"Yes, my dear," his voice was strange and yet familiar. "John—and then you. And then I'm safe."

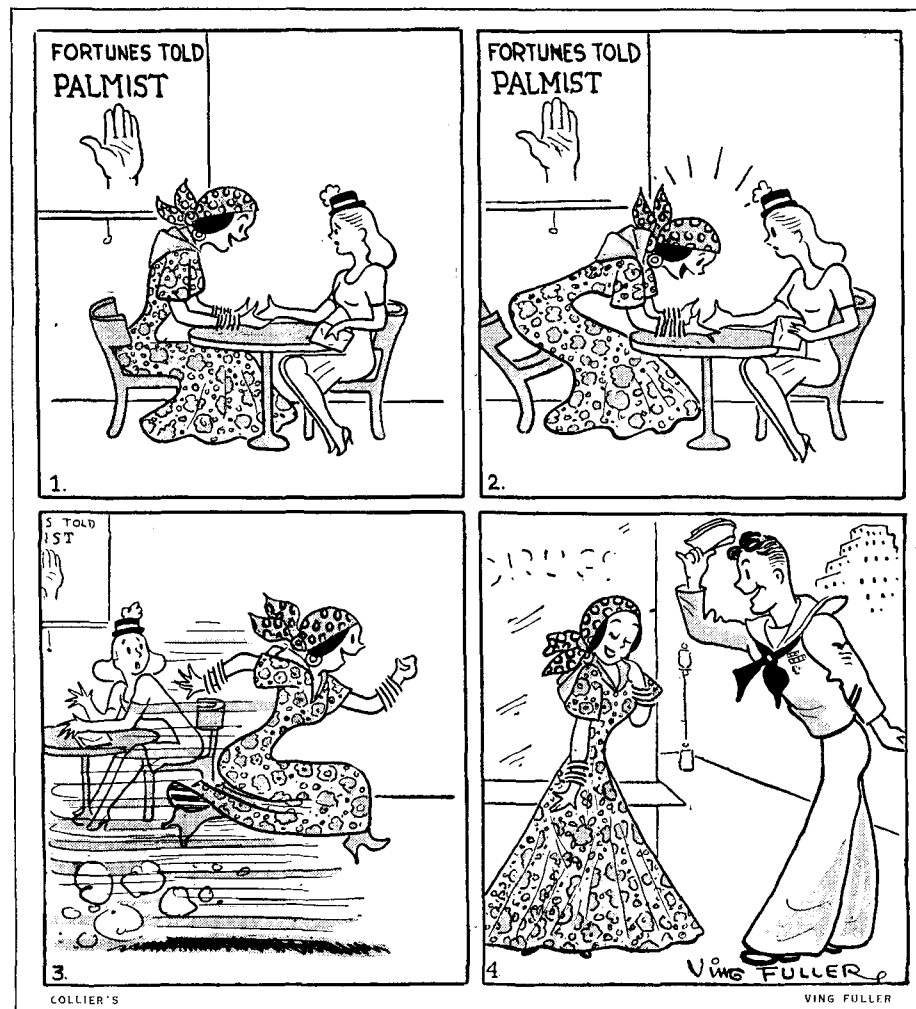
Her hands fought and fought and then dropped.

IT WAS a strange and curious thing that in that world of darkness and horror there could be the sound of music. It throbbed and throbbed and grew louder and louder. Then some small faint voice, faraway and distant, in the middle of black chaos said to Monica, "It's the troubadours—the troubadours are coming back—"

She was lying in a huddle against wooden boards and something hard and cold pressed against her arm. The throbbing of the guitar was closer and closer and then it stopped abruptly. She struggled and tried to move and could only gasp for air. It seemed to be quite dark, and out there somewhere in the darkness were other sounds—voices and shouts and splashing—and then shots. Hard and heavy, revolver shots that muffled themselves strangely amid trees and shrubbery and water.

She couldn't think; she couldn't move; she could only breathe and breathe as if there were nothing in the world but air. Something jarred her; something struck her against wood; she remembered that she was in a boat; of course—she could feel it rock gently and another boat had come alongside it. She began then to remember what had gone before, and as she did so there were heavy feet scrambling about near her on wooden flooring. She looked up and thought dimly, it is the troubadours again.

Then she remembered John and sat up. Somebody was standing under the awning looking down at her, fanning her with a sombrero. It was one of the troubadours, yet amazingly it was Pinky—Pinky, a red-haired elevator boy who ought to be in New York, not in Mexico. Then his face broke into a wide grin and he shouted to someone else, someone out of sight, someone across





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7 NEW SONGS...
AND SINATRA
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GREAT
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SONGS

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the water: "Hey, Captain Brooke. She's okay. She just opened her eyes."

"John—" whispered Monica hoarsely to that incredible, that unbelievable face—freckled and grinning and crowned with red hair. "John!"

Pinky said: "He's okay, Miss Blane. They've got him in the other boat; hold everything—" He disappeared; there were more scrambling footsteps. Someone else boarded the Cherita; someone had an arm under her shoulders, and it was another troubadour. Only he had Gibbs' face.

"Monica—Monica—"

"Where is John?"

"He's all right. Listen— Are you hurt?"

"He was shot. The boat turned over—"

"I know, I know. John's safe. He was hurt but not much; we got him out and into our boat. Monica—"

She pushed back her hair. She cried: "It was Bill—it was Uncle Bill—" and stopped on a queer sobbing breath and cried unevenly: "Oh, no—no—no—"

Gibbs patted her shoulder awkwardly, yet comfortingly. "You've got to take it, Monica. It's true. It was Bill Fiske. I know how you feel about him but—it's true. We've got him there in the boat with John now. You've got to—well, bite on the bullet. You've got to—"

He left her and presently came back. She lifted her face to say: "I want to see John."

"Let him rest," Gibbs said. "He sort of got knocked out, there in the water. We'll get back to the pier as fast as we can. You'll see him then. Sure you're all right, Monica?"

Another face, a strange face—one of the troubadours again, a bright shawl over his shoulder, a wide hat on, was peering at her from the boat alongside. The face wasn't Mexican; it belonged behind a desk; it was a thin, intelligent, fine-drawn face with remarkably keen and steady eyes. Gibbs said: "I thought you saw us. We were under the awning. Then your boatman gave us the slip at the turn. We got back as fast as we could. Monica, this is Mr.—" she did not hear the name; perhaps because the other man coughed rather loudly just then—"of the F.B.I.," finished Gibbs. The man from the F.B.I. smiled and said, "We'll get a doctor as soon as we can. Mr. Basevi is really all right; we've got him safe here; he's weak and lost some blood but he's coming to."

There was something she felt she had to tell them; something terribly important.

"Bill Fiske—" she began.

"Yes, yes, we know," said the F.B.I. man. And Gibbs said, "You have to bite on the bullet, Monica." He'd said that before; but then he knew. Everyone would know. Bill Fiske—

Monica's head turned dizzily; a third boat had come up on the other side of them now—in her distress she had not been aware of its approach. It was another flower-bedecked craft, whose arch bore the name Lupita. Looking at it, Monica looked straight into the face of Carlos. Fae was there, too, and Linda.

Linda stood full in the light from a torch, staring past Monica with hard and brilliant eyes—eyes that were fixed upon Bill Fiske. Bill had risen from his place in the troubadours' boat; he stood there erect and tense, and the unwavering look between the two was like a dark and glittering chain between them.

Suddenly there was a movement at Bill's feet. John's hands took hold of the gunwales of the boat and slowly he pulled himself to a sitting position. Monica watched him, unable to speak.

"It's okay, Monica," he said. "Everything's all right—" He leaned over and grasped the gunwale of the Cherita. "Help me, Gibbs."

Pinky steadied the boat; Gibbs half lifted John into the Cherita; he lay, white and exhausted but alive, his head in Monica's lap. "It's okay," he said again, his hand holding hard to her hand. His eyes, though, went to Carlos' boat and Monica looked too.

Linda's blond face looked strange under the flaring light. She was staring with hard and brilliant eyes. She cried suddenly, shrilly: "There he is! Bill Fiske! He's a Nazi spy. I'll tell you everything."

Bill Fiske's lips moved under his mustache; his eyes were like cold black daggers.

Fae, behind Linda, put her hands over her face and sat there for an instant, shrunken, stricken, small—and then with a gesture of great resolution and pride, put down her slender hands and rose, her chin high, and went to stand beside Carlos. The water was so calm, the night so still, the voices so suddenly quiet that Fae's voice was perfectly audible: "You were right, Carlos." She turned to Linda. "You are my niece," she said in a voice like an icicle, as chill and as hard. "But you are a traitor. I heard your voice. I heard the records. Carlos found them today; he let me hear them tonight. I knew it was your voice. I thought you were working for the underground and you were working for our enemies—for the Nazis—all the time." Then she looked up at Carlos. "Do as you think best, my dear."

"But I'll confess," screamed Linda suddenly violent, suddenly beating at the air with her white hands. "I'll tell you about the Nazis. Just wait; just listen. They are going to lose. I'm not on their side. Not now. I tell you they're losing. I'm an American. I'm a United States citizen. I know things. They trusted me. I'll tell—"

IT WAS a strange and eldritch scene. The three boats were almost locked together, the water under the trees in that small and narrow canal as still as a pool; the torches burned brightly and Linda's frenzied voice went on: "He did it. He taught me to be a Nazi. When we went to Europe he gave me things to read—five years ago. He said I was an Aryan—my mother was German; only my father was French. I'd been born in America but my blood was pure Aryan; I disowned my father."

Fae said in a voice like a knife: "Go on."

"Of course I went to the Germans. You thought"—her eyes flashed toward Fae—"you thought my sympathies were French. They weren't. I went straight to Berlin and eventually, when they knew they could trust me, they let me have a part in their glorious—" she stopped, choked, bit back the words. She cried: "But I was wrong. I—I'll tell anything. I'll tell you about him." She pointed at Bill Fiske. "He's a Prussian and an agent for Hitler; he has been for years. For years he's been planning for the day when war would come again."

The F.B.I. man spoke to Pinky. "Is that the man?" he said, pointing at Bill Fiske.

The torches wavered and flared and cast dancing red lights upon the banks, upon the water, upon the faces—upon Bill Fiske's face with its high cheekbones, and clipped mustache. A Prussian face; how curious it was, thought Monica briefly, that she had never seen that before. Pinky said: "Sure. That's the man. That's Mr. Fiske. I saw him leave Miss Blane's apartment and he had two men carrying away a trunk and it looked heavy. That's the man—"

The F.B.I. agent said to Gibbs: "All right. We've got them both—" Then he spoke to Carlos: "I think, Señor, we'd better get these people back to shore."

Carlos spoke quietly to the troubadours and all at once there was something soldierly in their bearing, and policemanlike. Their boat drew away from the Cherita and, in a silent, skillful sweep, came around alongside the Lupita. Linda, a policeman on either side, her blond hair gleaming in the light from the torches, was helped over into the troubadours' boat.

Bill Fiske, sitting opposite her now, watched her steadily. Linda's stocky figure was unmoving; her face blank and white.

Someone put out the torches as the boats moved away. In the first, the Lupita, was Fae, and Carlos who watched everything closely but particularly his wife who had come up to scratch so loyally. Linda and the handcuffed Bill Fiske were in the second boat, with the F.B.I. man and the Mexican policemen.

It was curious, watching the two boats glide away along the narrow canal, through the shadows. There was by this time only a faint glow in the sky and the sounds of merrymaking and music had died gradually away.

And Monica heard the story from John and Gibbs and Pinky—in pieces, as it occurred to them, riding back slowly over the

still and tranquil water, with the awning of the Cherita folded back and the night sky and stars above, and the fragrance of the flowers that trimmed it all around them.

Gibbs said: "So that's that—it was Linda's voice. I couldn't be sure. Did you play the records, John?"

"Yes. I thought it was Linda but no one could be certain until the voices were closely compared. She was called Constance Henderson and claimed to come from Des Moines. I'd never heard her broadcast from Germany; her broadcasts were beamed toward the United States—in order to tell them what a fine country Germany was and to describe the glowing benefits of being a colony of Germany's. I'd heard of some woman—some American woman—who was doing that. But I never dreamed it was Linda."

"Linda—" said Monica.

John said slowly: "It's not a very pretty story. Tell Monica." His face was very white.

Gibbs said: "Well, you see, Monica, they made me do it. The F.B.I., I mean. That is—when they explained of course I knew I had to; they—well, it was like this: An American woman, a traitor, had been broadcasting over short wave for the Germans. She did it for a long time and the F.B.I. couldn't identify her. The name Constance Henderson couldn't be traced. They sifted it down one way and another, for they can do magic things almost. Then all at once she stopped broadcasting and they had some reason to think it possible that she had managed to return to the United States or Mexico. If so, they wanted to nab her.

"By that time they'd got it down so they thought she might conceivably be Linda Chavon: don't ask me how, but somehow they do it. Well, they knew that the five of us had gone to Europe together and Linda and John had not returned. They sent for me. They had me listen to the records; it sounded like Linda's voice but I couldn't be absolutely sure; time had passed and anyway a record, especially when made from a radio short-wave broadcast, differs from the actual physical voice. I couldn't be sure. So they asked me to take over the job of trying to find and identify her if she were in the United States. Heaven knows I didn't want the assignment. We'd all been friends. And John that summer—" he stopped.

JOHN reached up and touched Monica's face. When he spoke, it was to Gibbs. "I was a fool," he said. "That was over long ago. I knew that, long before—Go on, Gibbs."

"I couldn't tell at first, whether or not you still were in love with her. I wanted to tell you everything; I couldn't until I was sure. Last night when Monica was attacked I knew the truth. I could see it in your eyes. I knew it was Monica for you, not Linda. I knew then I could tell you what I'd been sent to do."

Gibbs lit a cigarette. "They—the F.B.I., I mean—coached me. I didn't know a thing about F.B.I. work; I was pretty dumb and I made my blunders, Lord knows. I thought

though—they asked me about all Linda's old friends—that if anyone in this country knew of Linda's whereabouts (providing she were actually in America) it would be you, Monica. I thought she'd come straight to you. So—I couldn't ask you outright because Linda would have told you some story to account for keeping her presence a secret."

"So it was you who put the cachet on the table," said Monica suddenly.

"Yes. And I felt damn' silly too," said Gibbs. "But I—they'd said to trick you into leading me to Linda—if you knew where she was. So I thought of the cachet—its being French would lend credence to the message I wrote. I followed you and Weller to the Stork Club and put it on the table when you were dancing and got the hell out of there. I stood on the street in the doorway of that pet shop not far from the Stork Club. You didn't see me. I taxied after you when you went to your apartment house and didn't come out. I waited and waited and felt sillier and dumber every minute and wished to God they'd asked somebody else to do it.

"Well, anyhow—after a long time I saw the lobby was empty and I went in. I got into an empty elevator and went up to your floor and hung around there for a long time. Then you came out and I thought you were going downstairs. I figured I'd better get out before you saw me. So I took the elevator down again; Pinky was in the lobby and he must have seen me. I went outside and hung around; just as I'd decided you weren't going to do anything and you didn't know anything about Linda you came out with Bill Fiske. I remember now I thought it was funny I hadn't seen Weller leave but, dumb as I am, I thought no more about it then. I followed you to the airport; they'd given me a top travel priority and I demanded a seat on the plane with you; you were already seated and didn't recognize me. I pulled my rank on them and made them let you keep your seat. You didn't see me either in Chicago; by that time I'd decided you were going to Linda as fast as you could go and maybe the ruse the F.B.I. had suggested was going to work. I wired them and kept after you. It was in Chicago that Sproul picked us up but I didn't notice him at first."

"He shot at me—" began Monica. They had come to the main canal and the lights of the fair were diminishing. The gaily decorated boats had all apparently returned to the pier until another Sunday. The sky was quite dark. Gibbs went on—

"Yes. But I thought it was somebody shooting at me. By this time I was sure you were going to Linda. I couldn't call the police or do anything about it; I had to stick with you. But that night—they'd told me to search your stuff and how to do it. The hotel manager, when I showed him my credentials, let me have a key. When I got into your suite I was pretty clumsy—anyway, I didn't know that Sproul was there. He had already searched—"

"He took the fake message from Linda. Why did he do that?"

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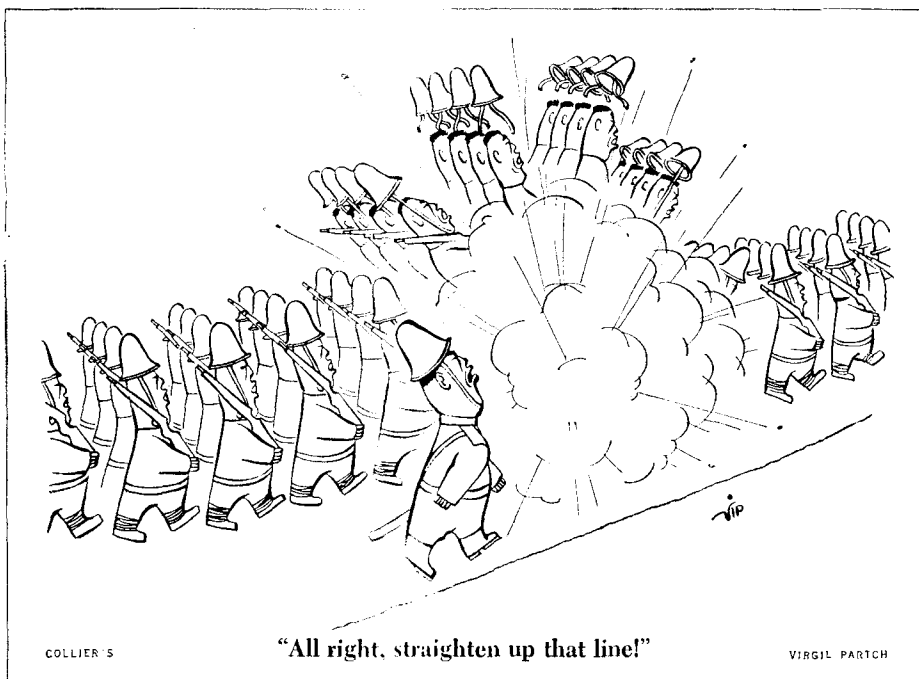
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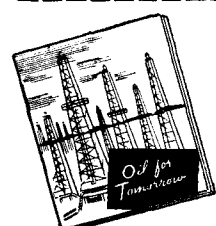
Collier's for July 22, 1944

41



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Gibbs shrugged. "I don't know. To examine it, I suppose. He—his job was to get rid of you, Monica."

John said suddenly: "Bill sent him, Monica. Wait though—Go on, Gibbs."

"Well, to go back to St. Louis: It was just lucky that Monica was sleeping on the living-room couch that night, instead of in her bedroom. Sproul was out to kill her when I barged in. I thought I was being quiet but I probably sounded like an invading army; anyway, after a brief scrap inside the suite Sproul got away before I had a good look at him. I didn't know who he was or what he was up to and couldn't investigate because my job was to stick to Monica. Then we got here and we found Linda. When I heard her voice again I was pretty sure she was the woman who'd been broadcasting."

"Poor Gibbs," said Monica softly and tightened her hand on his knee.

"The F.B.I. had given me some records that were made just like plain phonograph records. I came in to town and got a machine and ran through the records—and the things she said," said Gibbs grimly, "made me want to get my hands on her treacherous, lying throat."

Water swished quietly against the side of the boat. They were going very slowly. Monica said after a moment: "I heard her voice in your room, Gibbs. And in your room, John—"

"When I had to make my quick exit, I told John to get the records and listen to them and see what he thought. The F.B.I. had said if I found Linda to try and get a transcription of her voice for comparison but things broke too quickly. I had to get out."

"I've told you about Sproul; it really happened that way—except I'm not sure he was actually dead when I left him. The F.B.I. told me to stay out of anything that happened, only find Linda, try to identify her as Constance Henderson and let them know. I went from Carlos' place to the American Embassy; they phoned Carlos to lay off the search for me. Then they put me on a wire to the F.B.I. in Washington and in New York. John had told me—we had about ten minutes talk and we talked fast—John had told me that Bill said he'd called the F.B.I. and notified them about Eric Weller. That was the first I knew of Eric Weller's murder. I talked to the F.B.I. and Bill hadn't notified them; that immediately pointed to Bill. They went straight to the apartment house, got hold of Pinky and questioned him. They found that Pinky had seen a big trunk that looked 'heavy'—again there was a grim tone in Gibbs' voice as he quoted Pinky's words—"go out of Monica's apartment the morning after she went away. So the F.B.I. man picked up Pinky to identify Bill—"

"Mr. Bill Fiske," said Pinky. "I flew down, Miss Blane, with an F.B.I. man. In an Army plane. I'm going to be an F.B.I. agent. He said I had good aptitude for observation."

AHEAD of them were the lights of the bridge and the restaurants and they could see outlined against the halo of lights the black shapes of the two preceding boats—carrying Bill, carrying Linda—carrying Carlos and Fae and the Mexican police and the man from the F.B.I. whom Gibbs had asked to come.

John said to Gibbs: "What about Weller? What did you find out?"

"He was one of Fiske's henchmen," said Gibbs. "They opened his safe-deposit box; he'd left records there showing his connection with it. He'd also apparently tried to scare Fiske; what they think is that he got nervous and scared; he seems to have been a weak man, under Fiske's thumb. He began to see that in choosing the Nazis he'd chosen the losing side. Rats desert a sinking ship—"

He paused. Perhaps all of them, against that dark, moving water, against the halo of lights ahead, saw the same picture of Linda—beautiful and blond and terrified, promising to turn against the Nazis, to tell everything, to do anything to save herself, to place herself on the winning side. John said soberly: "Had he threatened Fiske?"

"They think so. For there was one piece of paper in the box that said just this: 'If anything happens to me tell the F.B.I. to investi-

gate Bill Fiske'; it gave his name fully and address. When he told Fiske about it, Fiske knew he had to get rid of him. Perhaps he didn't intend to do it so soon; but they think Weller was getting out of hand. Did he see the message in the cachet, Monica?"

"Yes."

"How did it affect him?"

"He was frightened. He changed. He was like a different person."

John said slowly: "He made love to Monica; I told you—"

"He thought Monica, working in Fiske's office, would have something on Fiske. And he could induce her to tell him. It's the kind of reasoning and methods they are taught. Fiske must have come in; he was on the lookout perhaps; found Eric Weller in a hysterical mood, scared to death by my message, and had to kill him then and there. But the important thing was that once having got rid of Eric he had to keep the fact of his death a secret."

"Why?" asked John.

"The F.B.I. said as long as no one knew that Eric Weller was dead the contents of

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DO YOU KNOW ABBREVIATIONS?—No. 4

Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations and foreign words commonly used and see how you rate. You probably have run into most of them innumerable times in newspapers, magazines and books. If you guess 15 of them correctly, you may consider yourself fair; 18 or above qualifies you as above the average; and anything over 20 is superior.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. O.E.S. | 13. fl. oz. |
| 2. Mlle. | 14. def. |
| 3. dbl. | 15. Bibl. |
| 4. genl. | 16. ARC |
| 5. A.A.U. | 17. eccl. |
| 6. pfd. | 18. kt. |
| 7. Luth. | 19. I.O.O.F. |
| 8. U.S.S.R. | 20. Cl. |
| 9. fbs. | 21. constr. |
| 10. V.B. | 22. NCO |
| 11. pl. | 23. surg. |
| 12. syst. | 24. secy. |
| | 25. gr. wt. |

(Answers on page 47)

—Charles Prout

CO. BK. N.O. N.D. A.M. P.M. M. MINN. ETC.

the safe-deposit box were perfectly safe. Bill Fiske himself couldn't get into it but nobody else could either so long as the rental was paid regularly. But if the fact of Weller's death were known, then eventually the box would be opened; he was safe so long as nobody knew Weller was dead. But—well, that's why he set Sproul after Monica. Sproul was Fiske's man. John thinks, and they do, too, that Sproul killed Stanislawsky. The men in New York are working on it now but they work like lightning. They know just what to do and how to do it," said Gibbs rather wistfully as if he felt he hadn't covered himself with glory in his own excursion in F.B.I. fields.

Pinky said: "Gosh! We got here only about an hour ago and landed and came straight out here to meet you, Mr.—Mr.—"

"John Basevi," said John with a faint grin. "And look what's happened! How'd Mr. Fiske know we would be here?"

John said slowly: "I imagine Linda listened over the extension when I talked to you, Gibbs, and you told me to take a boat called the Prospera—"

"It was the only name I could think of quick," said Gibbs. "I knew we'd find one called that—there's always a Prospera; I thought we'd string along with you until we got away from most of the people. Linda must have told Fiske; there was plenty of time; he got out here and brought his man, got rid of the real boatman, chartered the boat or something, and put a man on it—"

Monica remembered Bill Fiske's words to the Prospera's boatman after the collision. She told the men. "That," said Gibbs, "is what Fiske must really have been doing the night he got here—hunting around for Sproul, of course, and not being able to find out what happened to him (that's probably why he made the rounds of the bars), and then getting in touch with a fellow here that was sent to work for the Germans—maybe by Fiske himself, so far as that goes. That was the motive for everything, John; he used your money for Nazi activities. He was smart; he'd established himself over a period of years. He thought you were dead in Poland; he counted on it; then he heard from you and that you were sending a man for money; Stanislawsky must have got in touch with him somehow but I doubt very much whether or not Fiske ever gave him any money."

John said: "Stanislawsky's trail, so far as I could find it, ended here. The first thing for me to do was to establish Fiske's good faith—ask him to bring me money and to come to meet me. He was the only point of contact Stanislawsky had in America."

"You suspected him from the first?" asked Gibbs, sharply.

JOHN moved his head. "No, I couldn't. I only had to prove something definite for or against him. When he sent Monica with money right away, when he tried apparently to cover for her in order to protect her from any trouble about Weller's death, I put that on the credit side for him. When he said Stanislawsky had reached him in New York, I questioned again."

"As soon as he knew you were in America he knew he had to get rid of you, John," said Gibbs. "He was smart; he intended to bluff it through until he had a good chance at you."

"Monica told me about Weller," said John. "Only the two of us knew about that; that was urgent to him, too."

Suddenly Pinky stood up and cried excitedly, "There's something happening in the boat ahead!"

Something was happening in the boat directly ahead. In the dim twilight they could see violent movement, something that looked like arms coming up and quickly down again and all at once the boat was overturned, there were figures splashing in the water, shouts, screams—then very high, reaching to the pale sky, a thin, terrible scream.

The boat that carried Fae and Carlos got there first.

Linda was dead.

She did not drown; she and Bill Fiske were both alive when they were pulled out of the shallow water. He had risen unexpectedly, suddenly, strongly, and struck at her with his handcuffed hands and pulled her with him into the water. But Linda had collapsed, and had almost instantly, quietly, died. It was a heart attack, they said later; the cold water, the excitement, the fear of Bill Fiske had done it; it was curious, said Gibbs later, rubbing his hands wearily over his pale face, how in a strange way she had brought about her own death.

It was an attempt, said the F.B.I. man briefly, on Bill Fiske's part, to keep Linda from carrying out her threat to expose everything she knew of the Nazis. He had shouted something, as he struck her, in German.

"She was ready to rat," said the F.B.I. man. "A lot of them do when they see they're going to lose. Weller wanted to."

THEY were, by then, in the patio again; the sky was faintly gray. An excited, curious houseman had brought them coffee. Fae sat straight and dignified, restraining grief and shame as Carlos expected her to do; he sat beside her, proud of her own pride and,

Monica thought, inwardly relieved. For Linda had been sent there, purposely, by the Nazis; her job had been to take full advantage of the Demuth's position, to be a contact woman, to gather and relay information.

Monica had little memory of the chaotic trip back from the fair—with the lights all gone, the hurrying cars, the ambulance. John, though, insisted on sitting near her and insisted on Gibbs accompanying them. Yet Gibbs had said, "Well—she asked for it," low, under his breath, when they reached the struggling figures and the overturned boat and he had seen Linda; she did remember that.

Now she sat and listened; she was aware of the talk, of the telephone calls; of the arrival and departure of the ambassador himself (gracious, wise, and very kind to her and to John and to Fae and Carlos); of the dry, terse statements of the F.B.I. man—even of Pinky hovering admiringly over him like a redheaded, freckled shadow. Some of the telephone calls were to and from New York and Washington; the case against Bill Fiske was already amazingly complete, for they had, in that short time, got into his secret files, his safe-deposit box, his records. All of it confirmed their early theories.

"We'd have come out here and taken him, anyway, by morning," said the F.B.I. man looking as fresh and unwearied as the dawn itself. "As it was, Fiske obviously had a talk with Linda, who apparently decided to convince him of her friendliness. What we think she hoped to do—" his voice was as cool and impersonal as if he were talking of merely names and places, and not human emotion—"we think she hoped to play both ends against the middle. She wanted to be on the Nazi side if there was a chance of their winning; when even her twisted and hysterical mind decided they will inevitably lose, I think she decided to make good some kind of position here." His eyes flickered to John. "She was once engaged to you, was she not, Mr. Basevi?"

John said, "Yes."

Fae said suddenly: "Before we went to Xochimilco we—Carlos and I—had a talk with Linda. I'd better tell you. We—that is Carlos, while the rest of us were driving, found and played the records of Linda's voice. In the early evening he played them to me; I knew it must be Linda. She had not been with me, you know, in France, but I had never questioned her loyalty, and when she said she was working for the underground I believed her. But tonight I—I knew. I told my husband we had to act as we would act if she were not my niece. We called her; we played the records. She broke down; she said she would tell us everything. We explained that we could do nothing to save her but she—she insisted. She told us then that Fiske had got away—that she had told him to go to Xochimilco, that she had helped him escape by showing him a small

door in the wall, unguarded because we thought no one knew of it except servants. She said—well—" Fae drew herself up and steadied her voice. "So we went at once. My husband brought policemen."

Carlos, his face full of love and pride, laid his hand upon his wife's.

The F.B.I. man said: "I expect Weller had been told by Fiske that you"—he looked at John—"were alive and in Mexico. I expect it scared Weller pretty badly; they had gone on the theory that you were dead, or as good as dead." He glanced at his watch. "It was a question of knowing where to look. One man among millions of men—"

"What about Bill's claim that somebody tried to murder him? Has he talked yet?" asked Carlos.

The F.B.I. man shook his head. "No; he won't talk. But only Linda Chavon would have threatened him and while she didn't want him to know that she was trying to marry John Basevi in order to get standing and money on the right side when the Nazis lose, still I don't think she'd have killed him. That seems to me an attempt on his part to divert any possible suspicion from himself and also to give him some sort of talking point to get himself and Miss Blane out of the house. No; he hasn't talked. But it doesn't matter. We'll have all the main facts sewed up." He put away his watch and held out his hand toward John. "Goodby—"

John said as quietly: "I hope we meet again—"

CARLOS and Fae and Gibbs went to the door with him. Pinky said "Goodby" and went, too, his boy's face beginning to show pale but his eyes bright and excited to the end. It was very quiet in the patio; John, lying back in the chaise longue said: "Come here, Monica—"

She went and knelt down beside him, putting her head against him. He laid his hand on it and stroked her hair as he talked—low and brokenly, in phrases. "It was always you. Only I didn't know it. But I used to think of you—nights—in Poland."

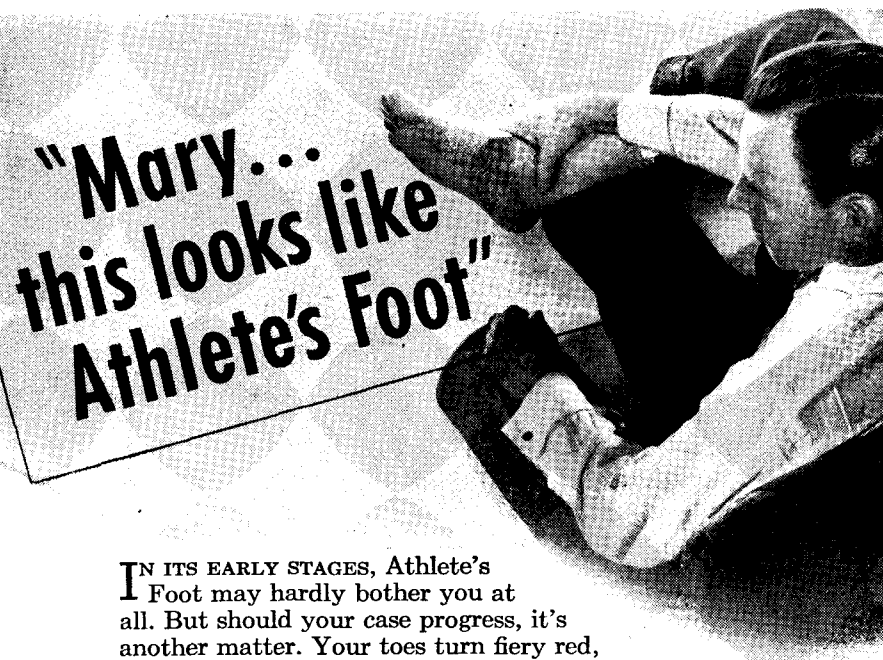
"John, John," she whispered, pressing her head closer.

His hand touched her hair lightly. "My darling. We can have a week—two weeks—but I've got to go back. That's what I meant when I said it was too late. That's my job—over there. I haven't the right to take a wife—or to leave a wife—"

She put her face against his lips. She said slowly: "I can't find the words to argue. But I want to be your wife—for a day or for all my life." She lifted her head and looked at the sky. "John, it's getting light. It's a new day. One day peace will come, like that—with the end of night and the sun. And you'll be back."

He held her closer; together they watched the day approach.

THE END



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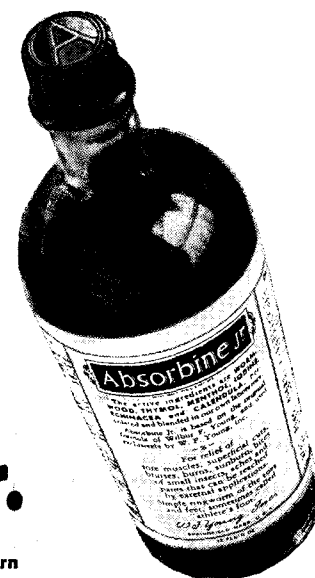
How to tell if you have it

Before you go to bed tonight, look between your toes. Spread them apart carefully. Is the skin moist and cracked, tender and inflamed? Is itching present? Such symptoms usually indicate that your feet have been infected with Athlete's Foot. It's time for you to get busy.

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Our Diplomatic Mess

BY HUGH GIBSON

Considering the amateurish talent we employ to conduct our relations with other nations, it's no wonder there is so little international understanding, writes this veteran American envoy

Robert Murphy was stingingly censured for his job in North Africa. Here he receives the D.S.M. from Gen. Eisenhower



DURING the last twenty-five years, the political leaders in most countries have made a mess of diplomacy. They could not be expected to succeed, because they ignored the forces in operation; because they sought to settle everything by the methods of domestic politics; because they were ignorant of the methods of diplomacy and resolutely refused advice from the diplomats who could have helped them. They cannot, of course, be blamed for their ignorance, but we can blame them for their arrogance in assuming that they alone could settle everything and that they could succeed by pure improvisation.

It must be remembered that diplomacy concerns itself with the whole range of intercourse between nations. These relations depend on many factors—economic, political, and psychological. To lay stress on the economic side to the exclusion of all the others is to take a one-sided and distorted view. A businessman, appointed to a diplomatic post, is rarely equipped to estimate accurately the value of these different factors—it would be surprising if he could. His natural intelligence may conceivably compensate for the deficiencies of his training, and he may achieve remarkable success, but it would be unfair and unreasonable to expect this of him merely because he had been a successful businessman.

It is quite true that we have had some exceptionally brilliant men who were successful in taking over an embassy or legation without previous training, but it must be remembered that this success was due largely to the fact that they were themselves extremely adaptable. We must also remember that a far larger number of the people appointed from private life have been complete failures. In the main, appointments from outside the service have given us men who have had to be largely guided by their subordinates, and who were not qualified by their training to do a great part of the directive work of the mission.

The American career system (not the service itself but the system which determines how it shall be recruited) is probably the worst that could be devised, for we are prone to keep the conduct of the most important and intricate matters in the hands of inexperienced men and give all the training to their subordinates. In this way we effectively deprive ourselves of the opportunity of attracting large numbers of capable men, ready

to devote long years to learning the profession of diplomacy in the knowledge that they are in a service like the Army or Navy, where they can rise as high as their abilities take them.

Other countries train their diplomats, and we shall continue to be at a disadvantage in dealing with them until we train ours. We have got along so far without enough trained diplomats, but this has been in spite of our lack of training and not because of it. We should certainly not come to depend on lack of training as a system for the conduct of government any more than a lawyer would prefer untrained men to assist him.

We should not be justified in advocating that we bar the use of men from private life, but we might well follow the common-sense course followed by most other governments of using trained men where they can serve us best, and in exceptional cases utilize the services of men from private life who have special qualifications for dealing with a special situation. It is the duty of the government to secure the best possible service for the country in each case, whether that be through the use of a career diplomat or a man from private life. If this is done, we shall witness a great improvement in the handling of our foreign affairs.

Reward for Doing Nothing

While we need a trained diplomatic service, it is to be hoped that we shall never go to the extreme of having complete security of tenure. Those countries that have gone furthest in this direction have produced conspicuously incompetent diplomats. There is nothing more deadly than the knowledge that if you only live long enough, you will be an ambassador. This encourages men to avoid all initiative, in the belief that the end and aim of life is to sidestep responsibility and run no risks.

This state of mind was well illustrated by the old diplomat who said that he never answered a letter but filed all his correspondence in three drawers labeled as follows:

1. Letters that need no answers.
2. Letters that time will answer.
3. Letters that God Himself couldn't answer.

There is as much humbug about the diplomat as there is about the African witch doctor—with the difference that the witch doctor makes up his own mumbo jumbo as

the necessary trappings of his trade. That of the diplomat is made up for him by people who know nothing about his business.

The ordinary detective is so little like the glittering figure in detective stories that he enjoys his Sherlock Holmes along with the rest of us. Ordinary diplomats are utterly unlike the heroes of E. Phillips Oppenheim, and most of them are thriller fans.

You will never find a diplomat in real life who has wrapped the Stars and Stripes around the lovely heroine to save her from the fury of the mob. He would probably be rather vague as to how much good that courtly gesture would do—outside the covers of a book.

You will have just as much trouble finding one who has whispered state secrets in the shell-like ear of a duchess—if he did, she would probably yawn.

None of them have had their lives brightened by dazzling adventuresses with stolen treaties to be recovered after breathless adventures—in fact, they have never done any of the things that seem to be the daily routine of the diplomat of fiction.

As regards the death-defying, daredevil diplomat of the thrillers, we may as well face the fact that there is no such animal. Life would be much more colorful if there were. But it is to be hoped that their authors will continue to send them on their palpitating journeys of three hundred pages. It is such a help in the prosaic life of the real diplomat. Glamor is about as rare in diplomacy as it is in a grocery. Few of our representatives ever glimpse the sort of high society we read about. We seem to assume in this country that any society outside the limits of the United States is glamorous. This is not the case—in most places it is just as dull and provincial as it is in Squeedunk.

Let's look into this high-society aspect of diplomacy. Just what happens to a beginner in the Foreign Service?

He passes his examinations, is given some basic training in the Department of State, and is usually sent to some distant and forsaken post as a vice-consul. Here, instead of moving in a daze among the exalted, he settles down to deal with visa applicants, trade inquiries, distressed seamen, and the like. Humility and helpfulness and his own insignificance are dinned into him. He learns that in the official order of precedence he ranks "with, but after, a worm."

Through the years, he works his way up,

but must find his rewards in other things than high society. It is rare that he will have a post where the so-called "social advantages" are equal to what he would have had if he had stayed at home. Our diplomats are kept at it all their lives, not from social ambition, as is widely believed, but by sheer spunk and devotion, coupled with pride in their work.

It may be that during the present upheaval the American people will be ready to do something about this problem. Common sense dictates that we equip this first line of defense as adequately as possible. We are ready to spend billions for military defense and we should be shocked if the high posts of command were entrusted to even the most competent lawyers, bankers, and politicians—to say nothing of diplomats.

The Public Should Protest

However, there is very little public interest in the equipment given to the Foreign Service; seldom a protest if the most responsible positions are entrusted to utterly unqualified people. There is, however, comfort to be found in the knowledge that we can hope for effective protest if the nation feels that a given appointee is utterly unsuitable.

Even under existing discouragements we have been able to build up a career service which, so far as it goes, is second to none. It is surprising that we have been able to attract and keep men of outstanding ability. It can be explained only by a high sense of public service.

Nevertheless, it is always open season on career diplomats. The man who comes to an embassy innocent of training or experience can get away with murder, and only in exceptional cases would the press take a fling at him. But there seems to be some sort of turpitude in learning this profession, and it has become the mark of the liberal publicist to roast career diplomats as such.

When no other offense can be charged to them, they are then denounced for drinking tea.

Perhaps some of them do drink tea, but what of it? Does tea sap their virility and their patriotism, and make them as clay in the hands of foreigners?

For the moment, some of our representatives are being freely denounced as reactionaries—or worse. A case in point is Mr. Murphy, who has done an outstandingly able

job in North Africa. He was stingingly criticized for dealing with Darlan, and in some quarters there were shrill demands that our government recall him for his misdeeds. This sort of appeal to the government seems to be based on the assumption that Mr. Murphy made up his mind as to what he wanted to do, and that an ignored and henpecked government meekly followed along.

Much of this criticism arises from a fundamental misconception of the diplomat's duties. We do not hire him to be amiable to those he likes and rude to those he disapproves. So long as we maintain diplomatic relations with a country, it is the duty of our diplomat to get along with those in office. He may thoroughly disapprove the same men that people at home are denouncing—he may yearn to explode in righteous anger. But he is not there to indulge himself in that way. The day he adopts an attitude of public hostility his usefulness is ended and he is under the additional reproach of having made things harder for his successor.

A Double-Edged Diplomacy

What the impatient critic does not always realize is that the diplomat, while maintaining a public attitude of friendliness, is often speaking with plain and brutal frankness in private. This need not impair his usefulness if he confines his frankness to those with whom he has to deal officially, and if he does not allow any personal animosity to creep into his behavior.

Only on occasion is he justified in blowing off steam publicly, and then not to relieve his personal feelings but to serve some clear public interest and with full realization of the possible consequences. An illustration of

this is Admiral Standley's carefully considered outburst over the failure of the Soviet government to let the Russian people know about the importance of our Lend-Lease aid. He knew exactly what he was after and he got it.

A diplomat can always be sure of applause if he indulges in rough talk. That is supposed to be proof of his sterling Americanism. It is proof of nothing of the sort—only of his unfitness for his job.

Many people fail to realize that our greatest need for skill and restraint arises when an international situation becomes acute. Then our people demand service. They expect our representatives to work wonders. If they lose their heads or their tempers at a time like this, our interests suffer.

We hire our diplomats to get what we want. They cannot always get what we want from congenial people. Sometimes, indeed, we want things from people they dislike intensely. But the diplomat has to swallow his feelings, go to his post, and do his best to get on with the government to which he is assigned. In doing this, he has to make up his mind to carry out the wishes of the President and the Secretary of State, instead of winning the approval of the bleachers.

This modern practice of pillorying individual diplomats for their conduct in current negotiations is mischievous in the extreme. The diplomat is our agent. Anything that impairs his prestige or creates an impression that he lacks respect at home lessens his standing in representing us. His best chance of achieving what we want is to work in freedom from publicity. When sniped at by critics at home, his freedom of action is impaired and his prestige undermined by the government to which he is accredited.

This is a peculiarly American practice. In other countries, the press criticizes the policy of the government, but it usually refrains from efforts to discredit the ambassador who is seeking to defend the interests of the country.

* These attacks are often amusing to people who do not realize their vicious effects. When the people of this country do realize how hurtful this sort of thing is to our own interests, they will show their disapproval and the practice will not long survive.

Distrust of the Foreign

We have another curious complex about our diplomats. We criticize them if they appear to like the country where they serve. There is no more deadly charge against an American ambassador in London than that he is pro-British. Curiously enough, we never hear such misgivings about foreign representatives in Washington. If a British ambassador is reported as being pro-American, we do not consider his recall indicated. On the contrary, we are gratified, and feel this proves him the right man in the right place.

Just what is the reason for this?

Is it some inferiority complex that questions the sturdiness of our own patriotism? Is it to be assumed that our representatives are such weak sisters that unless they keep a chip on their shoulder they cannot be trusted to defend our interests? In that case, foreigners must be made of stouter fiber, for there have been plenty of them in Washington who managed to serve their countries ably in spite of liking America and Americans.

There is one permissible exception. Our representatives are permitted to like any country with which we, as a nation, are infatuated at the moment. In such a case, all restrictions are off. Our representatives are free not only to like that country but to love it with a fierce and consuming passion—to do propaganda for it, regardless even of the interests of their own country.

Sometimes we go in for a new and wonderful sort of diplomacy to appease public clamor. This is occasionally justified as rec-

Hugh R. Wilson, above, our former ambassador to Germany, was recalled "for consultation" at a time when his presence was most needed there. Arthur Schoenfeld, left, was similarly brought back from Finland



No gas . . . Ha Ha!



No meat . . . Ho Ho!



But **BUTTON-BOTHER** . . . No No No!



I'll buy Bonds like Mrs. Astor



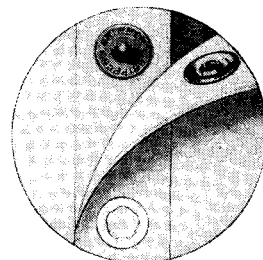
To bring back **YANKS** and **GRIPPERS** faster!

"Patience, please!" . . . When the war is won Gripper fasteners will be back again, and on a greater variety of merchandise than ever before. Until then our men and machines are working night and day . . . for victory!

GRIPPER* FASTENERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"



MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

ognition of democratic control of foreign policy. Here is how it works:

Ninety-nine per cent of the American people keep their views to themselves. The remaining one per cent want action of one sort or another—usually quick and direct action. They demand that the Administration declare a boycott or impose economic sanctions. If they cannot have war they want to break diplomatic relations. Of all the foolish steps, perhaps the most foolish is the breaking of diplomatic relations for the purpose of persuading the other fellow to come around to your view. When conditions are difficult and exasperating is precisely the time when we most need to keep our heads and work for a sane solution. By breaking relations we deprive ourselves of the means of getting our own way peacefully and place ourselves on a par with the man who loses his temper in a discussion and storms out, slamming the door. He has, in a sense, put himself in the wrong by losing his temper, and even if he does return he does so with a certain loss of dignity.

In recent years we have developed a totally new technique. Some vociferous minority clamors for severance of diplomatic relations—as a protest against this or that development which, incidentally, may be only one phase of our relations. The government wants to satisfy the minority and at the same time keep the door open for continued negotiations. So we have developed a new method which has all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of a clean break.

We withdraw the ambassador and leave the rest of the staff. If that does not suffice, we withdraw the next ranking official, leaving only inexperienced junior officials to represent us.

We don't exhaust the possibilities of negotiation first. If we did, patience—or rather in an effort to appease the impatience of some influential element at home—we withdraw our highest representative. We are the chief sufferers from this procedure. The ambassador alone has the right to demand interviews with the chief of state. In some cases the withdrawal of our ambassador is a distinct relief to the other government. Once he is gone, our junior representative can be referred to subordinate members of the Foreign Office, and if they give him scant consideration there is little he can do about it.

This is the most stupid of all systems, as it deprives us of our most effective representation. It is at times when nerves are taut that we need to keep our ambassadors at their posts.

A Policy of Pettishness

There is one further refinement in this childish procedure. Strictly speaking, we do not withdraw our ambassador. We recall him "for consultation." This is a perfectly normal thing in itself, but we do it with a difference. We allow it to be known that this is really an expression of our displeasure, and that the return of the ambassador to his post will be considered later in the light of developments. Thus we convey to the other government and to the wide, wide world the fact that we are annoyed. The other country cannot take this lying down and makes the next move by recalling its ambassador "for consultation." Thus we achieve the result worthy of Alice in Wonderland, that both countries are deprived of their fullest representation at a time of high public feeling. Both governments are frozen upon their positions in an embarrassing attitude, like bad-mannered little boys, and it is seldom they have the dignity and good sense to return their ambassadors to their posts.

By way of illustration, we may recall that when in November, 1938, barbarous and systematic anti-Jewish outrages broke out all over Germany, there was a general demand that our government do everything in its power to put a stop to the persecution. It was obvious that the campaign was being directed by Goering and other leading Nazis. The only conceivable way of exercising a moderating influence was through the ambassador, our highest-ranking representative, who at least had the right of direct access to all the leaders. It is precisely in such times of crisis that an ambassador should be at his post. We



The GIRL ON THE COVER is a confusing sort of girl who, in a philosophical mood, might say to you, "Living is like licking honey off a thorn."

Such sayings derive from the Yugoslav in her, and probably have something to do with her tremendous popularity in ballet circles. Mia Slavenska, after only a few years in this country, has starred in Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo performances and now is touring the country with her own company, presenting, among other things, American Indian dances and dances based on Negro spirituals.

Her international skills are a natural product of her history. She was born in a small Yugoslav village, studied dancing in Zagreb, debuted there as a child, went to Paris at age sixteen to work with Russian dancers, notably Madame Nijinska, and headed this way—only to meet up with David Tihmar, a dyed-in-the-wool American (descended from Indians and Western pioneers), who became her partner and choreographer.

Most of the dances she and Tihmar evolve have a folklore flavor, but they themselves can't always tell which folk they have in mind, Europeans or Americans.

Anyway, the costume she wears in the cover photograph is definitely Yugoslav, designed by her artist countryman Maxo Vanka. . . . A. P.

were fortunate in having an able man on the ground.

However, according to the methods of our new diplomacy, Hugh Wilson, our ambassador, was ordered back to Washington "for consultation," with a clear intimation to the press that this was a mark of official displeasure. The result was that the Nazi government, unwilling to accept a publicly administered slap of this sort, promptly recalled Herr Hans Dieckhoff, the German ambassador in Washington, also for consultation

There might have been justification for recalling Mr. Wilson for consultation; that is to consider what measures we could take that would lead to alleviation of the desperate condition of the Jews in Germany. But there was no justification for failing to send him back to his post, where he might have been able to accomplish much. For when Mr. Wilson was recalled, we forfeited our only direct access to the Nazi leaders. A chargé d'affaires cannot demand such access as a matter of right.



"The groom wore a hairline-striped, gray unfinished worsted double-breasted business suit. The most outstanding accessory was his tie of maroon and blue, with silver gray as accent color. This was a white on white shirt. Blue socks and black shoes completed the ensemble. The bride wore the uniform of a U. S. WAVE"

COLLIER'S

RODNEY DE SARRO

In this instance, the Nazi leaders were relieved of embarrassment by Mr. Wilson's departure, for they stood on their rights and referred the chargé d'affaires to the Foreign Office, where he was received by subordinate officials and shown the futility of such protests or comments as he delivered. From the time Mr. Wilson was recalled "for consultation" in November, 1938, we were without effective representation in Germany.

The war was approaching with giant strides, and more than ever we needed an ambassador in Berlin to keep us informed. Instead, we deprived ourselves of this needed information on no ground that has ever been discernible except the desire to maintain our expression of displeasure—futile displeasure so long as we took it out in making faces at Germany.

Then in September, 1939, the war came in Europe. For ten months, we had been without full representation in Berlin, and with the withdrawal of so many other ambassadors, it became more than ever urgent that we should have our own in Berlin. But we were faced by some embarrassment about declaring the period of consultation at an end. So under the new diplomacy of the bite-off-your-nose-to-keep-your-face variety, we resigned ourselves to doing without our best representation, and Mr. Wilson was kept in Washington twiddling his thumbs from November, 1938, until the end of 1940, when he resigned as ambassador to Germany.

Preference of Ineffectuality

It might be assumed that even if for some mysterious reason we preferred to remain at a disadvantage in dealing with Germany, we should have clung to the services of every qualified man available. But while we kept in office some of the strangest people who have ever represented us abroad, Hugh Wilson, like a number of other experienced and qualified men, remained unemployed in any responsible capacity and eventually retired from the service after Pearl Harbor.

We find another illustration in our dealings with Finland. An unsatisfactory situation arose. It was obvious that Mr. Schoenfeld, the minister, should remain at his post where he could look after our interests. But we recalled Mr. Schoenfeld, leaving the legation in charge of the first secretary. The situation got no better with some rapidity, and we recalled the first secretary, who in the course of events withdrew in obedience to a summons home and left our interests in charge of a third secretary. At the time of writing, our relations with Finland call for wise and experienced handling, but unless we have a fourth and fifth secretary of legation in Helsinki, we shall probably either exhaust our stock of representatives or begin on the janitor and domestic staff.

Another illustration came in February, 1944, when a revolution broke out in Bolivia. In such a time of crisis, we need our most influential representative on the ground. But in what has become an almost routine development Pierre de L. Boal, our ambassador, was hustled into a plane and flown to Washington. Again we were told by the press that the trip was for purposes of consultation and as a mark of our dissatisfaction with the faction that had made the revolution. Yet it does not require expert knowledge to know that Mr. Boal would have a better chance of influencing events by remaining at his post in La Paz.

These instances will suffice to show some of the disadvantages of scrapping the long experience of diplomacy and embarking on a new technique of bad temper and bad manners.

Never in our history has there been greater need for public interest in world affairs, and fortunately the American people are responding to the need. This is a relatively new manifestation for, as a people, we have long been apathetic to international questions. We are now starting in the right direction but we have a long road to travel before we can hope to play our part. If all of us put our hearts into this question, we can hope within a generation to see a transformation in the quality of our citizenship and the role we play in the world.

THE END

Mr. Zanuck Bets Five Million

Continued from page 18

was finding a man to play Wilson. It couldn't be a well-known screen personality, because audiences would never believe it was anything but the usual Hollywood fiction. William Powell wanted to do it and was turned down.

"Put glasses on Bill, and he is a dead ringer for the President," says Zanuck. "but on the screen he would be just Bill."

The script contained ninety-seven historical characters, and Zanuck decided to try an experiment. He had a complete recording made of the dialogue in Wilson. He remembered a young man from Columbia Pictures, Alexander Knox, who had played the curate in *This Above All*. Knox did the reading for the part of Wilson for the recording and was so sincere and convincing that it was only a question of being made to look like Wilson. Knox got the part, the biggest male role in screen history, without a screen test.

In the course of the picture, he has 338 speeches, for a total of 1,124 lines, and plays in 294 scenes. He has 54 changes of wardrobe. The longest single "take" in the picture occurred during the filming

Obviously, in any film dealing with the fight over the League of Nations, the conflict between Henry Cabot Lodge and Wilson had to be paramount. The present ex-Senator Lodge (grandson of Henry Cabot Lodge and now an officer in the Army) asked to see a script. He wanted no favors but insisted that his grandfather be treated as an honest and sincere man. Since everything in the film is taken from official government records, there was no hitch on that, and his consent was given to the portrayal of the original Lodge.

"I was lambasted by some people," Zanuck says, "on the theory that I was trying to promote Wendell Willkie, and by others on the ground that the whole thing was a plot to elect Roosevelt for a fourth term. I'm a Republican myself, and a lot of people seem to have forgotten that some of the leading Republicans backed Wilson's foreign policy. As for the picture itself, it's so damned nonpartisan it's—why..."

Zanuck starts sputtering at this point. There is no doubt that the man is wrought up. He considers the film not only a turning point in his own life but possibly for the industry.

"We can't go on making silly musicals all our lives," he almost literally yells. "This is a great industry. We have to keep ahead of our audiences or they'll keep ahead of us, and all we'll see of them will be their backs, going out. I'm not scared of what the isolationist press will say about this picture, but heaven protect us from the intellectuals and the well-meaning political commentators. If this isn't entertainment, we're sunk—and it is entertainment! We made it for the regular mugs and bobbysockers, and we don't want them getting the idea it's highbrow. This thing makes you proud to be an American, and there's a smack in every scene. We're putting it into the Roxy in New York because that's where our regular pictures appear. That audience has been reared on Alice Faye, Don Ameche and Betty Grable. If it comes out babbling, we'll know we're all right."

A Philosophy for Business

Nobody can doubt the sincerity of Zanuck's peace views; they show up on the cost sheets. However, there are cynical observers who feel that his recent pronouncements on the future of the motion picture are merely part of the publicity build-up for the Wilson film.

Zanuck denies this and asserts that if Hollywood persists in making only entertainment, the government will step in with suggestions that films be made for use abroad in spreading the true gospel of American democracy. These pictures, being the abhorred documentaries, will sicken the universe so profoundly that the cinema will languish and die. Nobody takes this very seriously, and there are signs that Zanuck is not happy with his prognostications. However, he is convinced that Wilson is the great test.

"I know of five big pictures in this town just waiting to see what Wilson does," he says. "If it fails, they'll be dropped. Also, I know what I'll do: I'll sit right down here at this desk and turn out the same old girl-and-boy stuff and stop worrying my head."

But a moment's talk with Zanuck, who is the son of an elder in the Methodist Church and was born in Wahoo, Neb., is enough to show that this prospect burns him up. Like all Hollywood producers, he has an ambition to be known for something besides money-making. He had a knack of making lavish, successful and unimportant spectacles such as *In Old Chicago*, *Suez* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Several years ago, he branched out with such good pictures as *The Grapes of Wrath* and *How Green Was My Valley*. Now he has really taken a leap off the end of the dock and if Wilson doesn't click, he is going to be a sick little man.

THE END

ANSWERS TO ABBREVIATIONS QUIZ ON PAGE 42

1. Order of the Eastern Star. 2. Mademoiselle. 3. Double. 4. General. 5. Amateur Athletic Union. 6. Preferred. 7. Lutheran. 8. Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. 9. Tablespoon. 10. Veterans' Bureau. 11. Plural. 12. System. 13. Fluid ounce. 14. Detachment (military). 15. Biblical. 16. American Red Cross. 17. Ecclesiastical. 18. Carat. 19. Independent Order of Odd Fellows. 20. Chlorine (chemistry). 21. Construction. 22. Noncommissioned officer. 23. Surgeon. 24. Secretary. 25. Gross weight.

(Abbreviations have been checked with Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.)

of the intense scene between Wilson and Senator Lodge in the President's office. It ran a record-breaking six minutes and 25 seconds, and consumed more than half a reel.

The picture is done in Technicolor, and there were fears that such action scenes as the convention couldn't be done with a color camera.

Director King had carefully coached the extras and cast in the frenzy of choosing a Presidential candidate, and the wisecracks held their noses in readiness for a mess. "You'll have a nice pretty blur," they said sagely. Cameraman Leon Shamroy solved that by pouring vast quantities of white light on the scene, adding various shades of gold, blue, orange, green, purple and red. He left shadows where shadows should be. It is said to revolutionize color photography.

If the picture goes over, a lot of people will have to change their views of Zanuck and will probably be glad to do it. He has taken a severe beating from the start, and there were plenty of moments when he wasn't sure he could pull it off. Since he was dealing with historic characters, he had to secure permission from them or their heirs to use their prototypes in the film. That took months and brought on some ticklish problems.

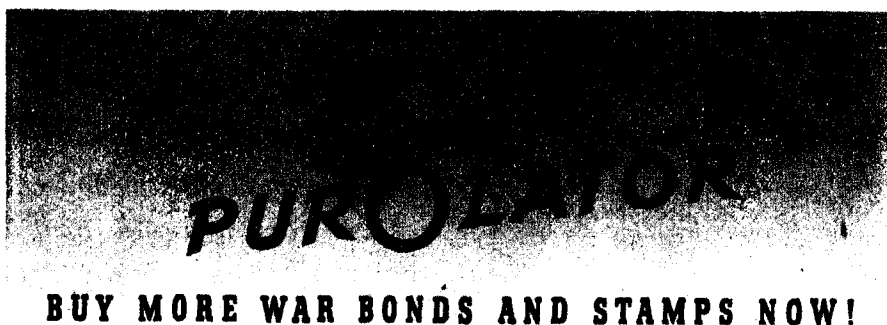


You do less driving, and you drive more slowly. But that means less exercise for your motor: greater danger of carbon formation . . . more chance of engine wear from grit and grime.

How can you protect your motor while you also save on rubber and fuel? Give proper attention to your Purolator filter element. Replace it regularly—every time you change your oil.

Purolators are the world's best safeguards against engine damage from crankcase impurities. They keep dirt and other abrasives where they belong—away from the motor, inside the filter. But unless the elements are systematically changed, they get badly clogged, become eventually useless.

Today's restrictive driving adds life to your car, but also subtracts from its vitality. The final key to conservation is to keep oil clean—constantly, completely, with Purolator protection. Purolator Products, Inc., Newark 5, New Jersey—founder and leader of the oil filter industry.





... War Bonds than before . . . buying the sinews of war . . . a share in the Victory. And the War Bonds that join the fight now will mean security for my family, education for my children later. Is there a better buy than that?"

Millions of Americans are fighting this war with their money as well as their deeds. To them, Canada Dry—"the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—an old family friend, says: keep up the good work!

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Ask for it always. You can help by returning all empty bottles to your dealer promptly.



CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the neon tube, and the act was a sensation. Two women had to be carried out, and the parents of a child who had been frightened into hysterics, sued the show. That night the concessionaire gratefully pressed a fifty-cent piece into my hand and told me to get the best supper any diner in town could dish up. As a sword swallower, from that day on, I never looked back. I was made.

I used those two tubes with constant success for over a year, until the night one exploded. I can remember the circumstances very well. I had the tubes rigged up in parallel and was standing talking to the "tip," as carnival people call the audience, with the red tube lighted and lying across the wiping cloth in my left hand. The yellow tube was also lighted but hanging in my sword rack. While I was talking, I saw the yellow tube suddenly go out.

Jolly Daisy, the fat lady, was on the catwalk next to me. I saw she was looking at me strangely.

"That tube just went out. We must 'a' blown a fuse," I called over to her.

"We didn't blow no fuse. Look at that tube in your hand," she called back.

I looked down at the tube. It had burst, and for a foot along one side, there was nothing but finely powdered glass. As the tubes were hitched in parallel, the other tube had gone out at the same time. Curiously, there had been no noise and no warning. Naturally, I could no longer swallow the broken tube, but by connecting the other one directly to the transformer, I was able to use that. A reporter in the tip wrote the incident up, and for days later our show was packed by crowds hoping to see the other tube break inside of me.

I have often been asked why anyone wants to be a sword swallower. I was a long time thinking up an answer to this. In a carnival, a sword swallower is an expert and an artist who is properly respected. It is an art everyone would like to know but few have the skill and patience to learn. A sword swallower doesn't have to justify himself any more than Ginger Rogers has to explain why she wanted to be an actress.

Most sword swallowers were once "carny punks"—young boys who have run away from home to join a traveling carnival. For a while, a punk hangs around the lot aimlessly, running errands for the performers, sleeping where he can, traveling from city to city curled up like a puppy on top of the canvas, helping the joint men set up their concessions. He has no act.

The Man Without an Act

In the evenings when the carnival lights up, and the bands begin to play, no one comes to see him. He has no newspaper clippings about himself. He cannot boast that he has introduced some little wrinkle in the show that no one ever thought of before. He is just a punk, but he doesn't want to leave carnival life.

So he learns an act. He can't be a freak. He can't afford the elaborate apparatus for an aerial act. He hasn't the ability to be a talker or a gambler. So he becomes a sword swallower. His swords only cost him fifteen or twenty dollars, and if he doesn't like the carnival, he can tuck them under his arm and hop a freight to the next show. Or he can wander around and give shows in bar-rooms or street corners for dimes. He is absolutely free and has a skill that can always bring him a pocketful of change for a few minutes' work.

Learning to be a sword swallower takes about three or four months of hard practice. I will explain the method in some detail, as sword swallowing makes a wonderful hobby and an interesting parlor trick.

The swords are usually obtained from a secondhand shop and are old cavalry sabers or lodge swords. Make sure the blades are firmly fitted in the hilts. Sometimes after swallowing a sword, the blade falls out of the hilt and the artist really swallows it. Unless he can reach the broken end of the blade with his thumb and forefinger, he is indeed in a pretty predicament. For the beginner, it is also best not to use a sword with a curve in it. Sickles, for example, are definitely out.

How to Swallow a Sword

Continued from page 14

First, find out how long a sword you are able to swallow. Swallow a very long sword slowly and carefully until you feel the tip touch the pit of your stomach. Stop there. Feeling the blade touch is a curious sensation and a difficult one to describe, but you'll know when it happens. Then mark the blade just above your teeth. Withdraw it, cut it off right there, and you have your sword.

Most professional sword swallowers can let a sword go straight down their throats. I freely admit that I could never do this, although I think my record of having swallowed simultaneously a 16-inch pair of scissors, a bayonet (with scabbard) and two sabers, speaks for itself as to my general ability. I always had to let the sword go down until it touched the back of my throat. Then I would bend forward, still keeping the sword straight out in front of me, and slide it in another couple of inches. This would take it over a little hump in the throat just back of the Adam's apple. Then I could straighten up again and let it go straight down.

Naturally, a tall man can swallow a longer sword than a short man. Being quite tall, I held the American record for the longest sword swallowed (26 inches) for many years. The record was taken from me by a shorter man who resorted to the questionable device of eating a heavy meal just before the test which weighed down his stomach the additional few inches he needed to win. I am no longer bitter, but I leave it to the reader to decide whether such a trick is legitimate.

After you buy your swords, cut them to your size and have the blades nickel-plated to keep them smooth and free of rust. You are now ready to begin practicing.

When you first start the sword down your throat, you will probably be sick. This will keep up for several months until your throat

gets used to the feel of the cold steel. Practice every day *before* each meal. Finally you stop gagging only to find that your throat is closed up so tight it will not admit the sword. This is one of the most discouraging moments for a sword swallower, and many give up here who don't have the courage and foresight to go ahead.

There is an involuntary muscle in the throat that has closed, and you must patiently try for another several weeks until some day, suddenly and unexpectedly, it opens. Then, after another period of gagging, as a new portion of your throat has to become used to the steel, you are a sword swallower! Remember always to wipe off a sword after withdrawing it. The stomach fluids corrode the nickel-plate, and nickel-plate is expensive.

Sword swallowing has a long and remarkable history. No one knows who was the first man to discover he could swallow a sword, but he must have been an unusual personality with a flair for experimentation. Traveling jugglers performed the trick for the Pharaohs, and Agrippa mentions seeing the trick in ancient Rome. He was somewhat drunk at the time and later ascribed what he saw to the wine, but Remy, the great fifteenth-century philosopher, also saw the trick and decided it was done by the aid of demons. "Any other explanation is unreasonable," he pointed out.

Houdin, the famous French magician who was sent by the French government to Africa to expose the Arab conjurers, explained all their tricks but sword swallowing. On returning to France, he questioned the leading physicians and was told that it was biologically impossible to swallow a sword. Houdin knew he had not been fooled by a sleight of hand and finally decided that the Arabs he saw must have had some abnormal physical development.

Sword swallowing first became famous in America at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. For years afterward, it was being "exposed" in newspapers, pamphlets and magazines. The usual explanation was that the swords folded up into their hilts.

This particular legend has become such a part of popular folklore that nothing can shake it. I used to carry around a straight blade without a hilt and swallow that to convince people. This blade was finally broken by a young man in his efforts to find something wrong with it. Later I heard him say: "That sword folded up. I could 'a' found out how, but it busted on me."

One sword swallower I know has worked out an interesting answer to critics. He has the points of his shorter swords sharpened like daggers. When he hears some doubter claim the swords aren't real, he swallows one of the short swords and then, after bringing it up again, throws it at the cynic. The blade sinks into the wooden floor of the tent and sticks there, quivering. Unfortunately, sometimes people don't duck fast enough and get hit, instead. Then the very skeptics who were the loudest to protest that the swords were faked, are the first to claim that they've been attacked with a deadly weapon.

Hot Swords for Variety

It is hard to think up variations to the regular sword-swallowing routine, but several men have done it. Another friend of mine swallows red-hot swords by first swallowing an asbestos scabbard. But the presence of the scabbard is supposed to be a secret and it is surprisingly difficult to walk around naturally with a scabbard inside of you, without looking awkward.

Another sword swallower swallows an imitation sword which is really a nickel-plated scabbard disguised to look like a sword blade. After swallowing, he pulls off the hilt, reaches into the scabbard, and pulls out a large American flag while the band plays The Star-Spangled Banner. The act has never gone over very well, because the audience never seems to know just what is happening.

In the last few years, there has been an epidemic of female sword swallowers. I realize that women have their place in the business world, but I feel strongly that their place is not swallowing swords. Consider neon swallowing, for example. The performer should be stripped to the waist, so that the audience can see the tubes shine through his body. How are you going to make the audience concentrate on the shine if the performer is a woman?

Women sword swallowers are also apt to take chances. After swallowing a sword, the artist must remain motionless until the sword is withdrawn. If he moves his body, the blade is very likely to cut the paper-thin lining of his stomach, and he will die of peritonitis. But I saw a girl who swallowed a sword with a tin blade and then deliberately twisted her head and neck around until the blade was bent out of shape inside her. Then by contraction of her throat and chest muscles, she straightened it out enough so that it could be withdrawn. I don't care if she was pulling down twenty dollars a week for this act. It was dangerous.

A girl who featured neon swallowing appeared in Ripley's Believe It or Not show at the time of the New York World's Fair. She performed on a revolving stage, and I was surprised that she dared to swallow the tubes, as even the slight vibrations of the stage might crack one. After going through the usual routine, she produced a tube mounted on the stock of a rifle. She swallowed the tube halfway and then fired off the rifle, so that the kick of the gun drove the neon the rest of the way down her throat. I rushed out of the hall in a kind of panic while the audience howled with laughter at me.

As I staggered past the last row, a man stopped me. He was still chuckling. "I guess you think that girl really swallowed them tubes, don't you?" he said. Then in a low voice he added, "I'll tell you a secret. Them tubes are faked. They fold up into the handles."

What's the use?

THE END



"What do you want to be when you grow up, honey?"

Collier's for July 22, 1944



"I'll give you one franc for the fish"—Dordou allowed that to sink in—"and I'll give you one franc to let me say I caught him. Is that fair or isn't it?"

THE PRICE OF FISH

BY GEORGES SURDEZ

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

Any true angler will testify that the biggest one always gets away, but this is a different fish story. This one stayed caught—and taught the fisherman a few things about human behavior

And I caught the largest pike that—but I shall present my case in orderly fashion. I was nine years old, and fishing had become more than an amusement to me, because I had found a market. Not through individual intelligence or particular industry but because fate had placed me in the right spot. Dodu, who had a longer, legal name, chanced to live in the same house as my family, close to the railroad tracks on which European expresses hurtled several times a day. We were not on the right side of the tracks, nor on the wrong. There was only one side in Norteau.

Dodu was a round, short man between thirty-five and forty, with pink, fat hands, a plain face and a light mustache. He had some vague official trade or occupation, but everyone knew him as a game and fish poacher. Prosperous provincial Frenchmen love to eat, and they do not dislike their food spiced with a certain tang of sin or illegality. The gourmets of the town frequented the Auberge de la Cloche, across from the station, a small inn regionally famous for its cooking. Dodu provided the table there with forbidden stuff.

As I lived in the same house, Dodu had no secrets from me. I knew when he carried his folding shotgun under his coat, I saw him prepare the glue to catch small birds, and I knew the nights when he and his brother-in-law went fishing on the river with a torch and some mysterious type of net termed *épervier*. This proximity to greatness gave me some prestige with other boys.

I did not wholly approve of Dodu, but I sold him my fish. At first, I had taken my catch to my mother, proud as a kitten with its first mouse. My mother thanked me, gave me two sous, and cooked the fish for dinner.

I did not like fish, not to eat. And I noticed very soon that the two sous given me in reward counted against my nebulous, scant and none too certain drawing account. If I gave my fish for two sous, I was reminded that I had had two sous when I asked for two sous. That seemed unjust.

DODU, meeting me one afternoon when I had three trout, stopped me and offered me four sous for the lot. I accepted, of course. My mother bought two of those trout from Dodu for eight sous and proclaimed that she had had a bargain. She was pleased, Dodu was pleased, I was pleased. Thus I learned that the open market was more profitable than the family.

After that, I hid my fish under my black apron when I neared home. And I traded with Dodu. I had plenty of chocolate tablets and amassed one of the finest collections of paper soldiers in town. Those soldiers, which were cut out and mounted on cardboard, were printed at Épinal and were the great passion of local boys. The tax collector's kid, a full three years my senior, missed some I had, for instance "Normand Archers," "Toucouleur Warriors," "Japanese Marine Infantry." To be fair, he had "Croatian Cavalry—1800," which I lacked.

Dodu would ask me from time to time where I fished. But as he was mysterious about his methods, I saw no reason for revealing mine, so I told him vaguely "under the bridge to La Seine."

On a number of occasions, he followed me, but he was easy to shake. In fact, I fished not five hundred yards from the house, and not in the river.

There was a large sawmill directly across the railroad tracks—one of the minor industries mentioned before. It was a fascinating place, operated in some fashion by the river. The mill itself I did not know well—the workmen chased me away. But there was what seemed to me an immense stretch of ground, on which were piles of planks set to dry, some of them reaching far above the roof of the house I lived in. You could climb to the top by inserting fingers and toes in the intervals between the planks, and once on the top, bounce gloriously on the springy boards.

Between those piles of lumber were narrow lanes, which I explored first in search of wild strawberries, the smallest and best I ever tasted. And, here and there, through

(Continued on page 60)

NO MATTER what anyone may claim, it was I who caught the pike exhibited at the Auberge de la Cloche, in the French town of Norteau, thirty-five years ago. Norteau, four thousand and some odd inhabitants, minor industries, railroad and customs stations, is situated on the River Doubs, a few miles from the Swiss frontier.

And the Doubs River, which empties into the Saone, which is a tributary of the Rhone, swarms with fish. Most men fish in and out of season, and all boys develop an early interest in the sport because of the talk of their fathers. It must be understood that fishing in the mountain region is not the mild, ineffective time killer known in lesser parts of France, not a mere excuse for a picnic, not a dreamy contemplation of a bobbing cork. One catches fish, good fish. Catfish and fry and gudgeon, trout and pike. Yes, pike.



"You can't kiss

"They started wrong, and they stayed wrong right to the end of the line . . . and I was right behind them all the way. They soon learned that there just aren't enough kisses to wipe away a murder!"

From the best-seller and Liberty Magazine story by JAMES M. CAIN
author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Serenade!"



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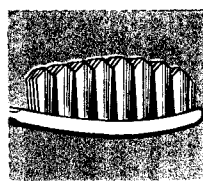
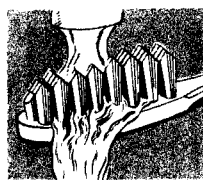
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Double convex shape—Conforms to all surfaces of the teeth. Reaches the hard-to-get-at places. Even the handle is streamlined for efficiency.



I Rode a German Raider

Continued from page 24

and awoke with it in my hands. The ports were closed because the raider expected to meet a U-boat that morning. It was warm, so I put on shorts and a thin shirt. Then I heard the alarm. I didn't pay too much attention to it, knowing that we were going to meet the U-boat. All the Germans in the hospital rushed out. I thought that now I could eat my breakfast in peace and finish The Rescue.

I was reading fifteen minutes later, when Doctor Reil came in, followed by an orderly carrying a cork life jacket.

"You must put this on," Doctor Reil said. "It is the best we can find for you."

I threw the jacket on the bed and said, "Why should I go out on practice? It is too hard for me to walk."

"This is serious," he said. "We have sighted a British warship and we may have to fight."

My heart jumped. Maybe, at long last, it was going to happen.

"We may have to take to the lifeboats," Doctor Reil continued. "When you hear the signal to abandon ship, make your way to the first lifeboat. I cannot promise to send help for you."

Waiting for the Attack

I went on with my breakfast when he left, but I could not eat. I was afraid that the raider might get away. I listened for some sound. Presently I heard the drone of an airplane overhead. It could not be the raider's plane, because that had crashed. I knew by the sounds that the plane was circling overhead. Presently it left. I heard a swish of air from the raider's port side and knew that a torpedo had been fired.

I went to my bedside table and looked to see what I could take with me. I filled my cigarette case and got my wallet with my identification papers. My knapsack was hanging next to the bed, but it was too heavy for me to carry. If we were picked up by the British, it wouldn't matter.

I went back to my book. An orderly came in, grumbling under his breath, got some life preservers from the locker and went out without saying a word. Then I guessed that the raider was playing for time—hoping the submarine would arrive before the British cruiser discovered her identity. I wondered if I could set fire to a mattress and let the smoke out of a porthole to make it easier for the British cruiser to trail us. And then I began to plan murder.

It should be easy enough to kill the next German who came in, with my stick, if I waited until his back was turned; and if I dragged his body out into the toilet, I might have a chance to kill another. I might kill several Germans before I was discovered.

Doctor Reil came in just then. He sat down at a table facing me and took out a cigarette. He had to make an effort to keep his hand steady as he lighted it, but his voice was calm when he spoke.

"So," he said, "the time has come. I have wondered how long we would get away with it. The cruiser is on the port side, so you had better leave on the starboard side as soon as you hear firing." He looked up and held out his hand. "So—I must go now and I will say goodbye . . . just in case."

I could not murder Reil, after all. I shook hands with him and went on reading The Rescue.

I was interrupted by Captain Rogge's voice over the loud-speaker. He spoke rapidly—much too fast for me to get what he was saying in German. All I could make out was that he thanked the crew and ended with something that sounded like "Heimat—Heil Hitler."

I went on reading, anxious to know whether the heroine of Conrad's story would go back to her husband or to King Tom. I didn't find out. There was the roar of a gun in the distance. I knew that the British cruiser had decided not to stand for any more stalling. I put on my life jacket and limped to the surgery door. The clock on the wall said 9:30. The British broadside roared out. I

waited for a full minute, but nothing happened. It didn't mean the broadside had missed because, in a ship of ten thousand tons, a single shell—or even two or three—has no noticeable effect unless it strikes near enough so you can feel the blow and see the damage.

I tried to open the door. Men rushing up from below prevented me from opening it wide enough to get out. Sacks were pouring down from the upper decks into the sea and I knew that the raider was getting rid of her papers. A cloud of acrid smoke came from somewhere forward. I could hear Lieutenant Fehler in the passage. He was calling out in a loud but calm voice, "Schiff ist sinken."

There was another broadside from the British cruiser, and another rush of men from below. The men in the passage ducked or sprawled flat, terror-stricken. I couldn't get out of the door. I looked at the clock, not noticing the time but seeing the Nazi eagle and swastika. Without stopping to think, I took my stick by the lower end and smashed the clock face. The crash of glass was soothing. There was a row of gleaming glass jars on the surgery table, looking like a row of helmeted German soldiers on parade. A sweep of my stick sent the lot to the deck.

Doctor Sprung stuck his head in the door and asked whether I was coming. He swung the door back against the wall for me, and I followed him out. He tried to clear the stairway for me, but just as I was about to go up, a rush of men struck me from behind. I did not fall, and they swept me up to the deck and into a lifeboat.

I settled in the lifeboat and looked around. The deck was littered with debris. To my astonishment, the members of the crew were in a panic. The officers were trying to calm them down by repeating their orders. The crew members were picked men. They should have kept their heads, but, up to now, they had always represented a superior force. They had attacked only slow freighters which could not fight back. Except for the one shot from the Tottenham, they had never been fired on before. They weren't used to being shot at and they didn't like it.

The End of the Raider

The lifeboat I was in was lowered with some difficulty. The Germans didn't seem to know how to row. An officer stood up in the bow and gave them the rhythm, "Zu, gleich zu, gleich," over and over. The men began to follow his voice, and we pulled several hundred feet from the raider. She was a magnificent sight, with billows of white smoke pouring from her stern. Suddenly there was an explosion. The forward hatch shot up in the air, and then a column of smoke and fire. The British cruiser kept on firing. There was another explosion aboard the raider, and she began to settle at the stern. Her bow, wreathed with flames, rose high in the air.

"Three cheers for the Atlantis!" somebody yelled, as the ship sank.

It was the first time I had heard the raider's real name.

I looked around for the British cruiser, but I could see no trace of her. It was only later that I learned she was the county cruiser Devonshire.

The sun was hot. Some of the Germans around me were getting seasick although the water was calm. We hauled several men from rafts into our crowded boat. We passed one man floating head down. Someone pulled his head back to see if he was still alive. It was impossible to identify him, because his face was already eaten away by the small sharks that swarmed around us.

Some time later I noticed that the Germans were watching something. I thought it might be the British cruiser. And then a small German submarine glided silently among the lifeboats. The picture on her tower was that of a buxom girl wearing roses and jewels and holding flowers over her head. The picture puzzled me until I remembered that it was the same as the Queen of Diamonds on con-

tinental playing cards. The German U-boats are apparently known by numbers, but all those I have seen at sea had one design or another painted on the conning tower.

Captain Rogge, in white shorts, with all his medals and ribbons around his neck went aboard the Queen of Diamonds. One lifeboat after another pulled up to the submarine. The wounded were taken off, and the men counted. When my boat pulled alongside, Doctor Reil and Doctor Sprung were on deck bending over wounded men, their white shorts covered with blood.

The sun got hotter. Nearly all the Germans were seasick. I was bound not to be sick. I cut the tails off my shirt to use as a covering for my head and distracted myself by hitting with my stick the sharks that swam around our boats. After a few hours, the five lifeboats were tied to one another with lines, and the submarine began to tow us.

After two days, we met a German supply ship. I was hauled aboard, shivering with cold. When I got to the deck, I saw another and larger submarine lying alongside. The supply ship was one taken from the French and renamed the Python. The crew were younger and not so well trained as the crew of the raider. In fact, the Python was much too dirty for the men from the raider. They went to work scrubbing up the ship.

A Psychic Forewarning

I was sitting on a hatch two days later when Lieutenant Mohr waved to me from the boat deck and asked what I was doing. I yelled back that I was hardening myself for the next sinking, and as I spoke, I had the sudden conviction that the Python would be sunk the next day about noon. I still had this feeling the next morning. I even put my few things together with a blanket so as to be ready. A submarine came alongside about eight o'clock, apparently for supplies. I waited patiently for an alarm at noon, but none came.

At one o'clock I gave up and went to sleep. I was waked up at three in the afternoon by the alarm—not a buzzer like the one on the Atlantis but a loud automobile horn.

Doctor Reil came into the hospital and said I must follow the orderlies to the boats. When we reached the deck, I saw that there were two submarines alongside. The men on their decks were frantically throwing cases overboard and letting go the lines that moored them to the Python. I looked aft, and there on the horizon was a cruiser approaching us. As I watched, she suddenly turned sharply to port and I guessed that she was dodging a torpedo.

Suddenly there was an explosion inside the Python. An officer shouted the order to abandon ship. My boat was lowered, and the men came sliding down the lines and piling into it, helter skelter. We had rowed well away when there were several explosions aboard the Python, and a column of smoke and fire rose from amidships. Slowly she disappeared below the calm sea.

The meteorological officer was sitting next to me, giving orders that all papers must be destroyed. I asked him in what direction we would be going. He shrugged his shoulders.

"It doesn't matter," he said. "We are halfway between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. One is as far as the other. Not many of us will live to get ashore."

The two subs that had left so hurriedly when the British cruiser appeared came back a few hours. They were much larger than the Queen of Diamonds. One had the sign of a dolphin and the other that of a shamrock. Each sub took five lifeboats in tow and started off for the coast of South America. After a while, there was a shout, and the Python's launch came putt-putting between the subs with Lieutenant Fehler in charge. He had evidently kept out of the way in case the lifeboats were picked up by the British.

I asked for a place on the launch, since I couldn't get my legs straightened out in the lifeboat, and they took me aboard. Every time the launch pulled up alongside a lifeboat, the crew would cheer me, calling me "Victor." Fehler explained that I had now become a mascot. I had been sunk three times and I was still alive.

Before long we met a third sub, with a rampant lion on her conning tower. It was decided that we would all go aboard the submarine. I was thoroughly scared for the first time in my life. I didn't want to go aboard a submarine. I proposed that they leave me in the launch with food and a few rockets, but they thought I was crazy.

Doctor Reil led the way down the tower. I looked up at the blue sky as I started after him, thinking, "This is the last time I shall ever see the sky." The ladder was vertical and seemed to go down forever in the dark—and then I landed on a well-lighted deck. I was so curious that I forgot to be afraid.

The central column of the submarine had a plaque saying she was built in March, 1941. There was a galley on the port side, and a desk with charts to starboard. I followed Reil aft through a round bulkhead door into a room with gleaming engines on both sides of a slippery gangway, and then through a rectangular door into a control room with many dials on large boards, and then a few steps up into the rear torpedo room, which had two double bunks on each side. The U-boat's doctor said I could use one of the bunks during the day but that the crew would need it at night.

Actually the sub was so crowded when everybody got aboard that it was impossible for us to sleep shoulder to shoulder on the deck. There were three times as many men as the U-boat was designed for.

Lieutenant Mohr told me four days later about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The German reaction was like mine. They thought it was a stinking piece of business. At the same time they were pleased to hear that most of the American fleet had been lost at Pearl Harbor. They felt they would have a free hand in the Atlantic in consequence.

On the morning of December 11th they told me the U-boat would submerge. It was the custom of German subs to submerge when crossing the equator. We went down slowly, stayed under for an hour, and surfaced. In the afternoon, I was sitting on the tower bench when Mohr came up and handed me a news report in English. Germany had declared war on the United States. My chance of getting home was gone. I was no longer a guest of the German navy. I was a prisoner of war.

The submarine crash-dived four times in one day while crossing the Bay of Biscay. We sighted land the next day, on December 24th. When I climbed up out of the conning tower I was wearing shoes and shorts and the shirt from which I had cut the tails weeks before in order to use them as protection from the sun on my head. It was bitter cold. I had lost so much weight that I used a safety pin to hold up my shorts.

Loss of His Valuables

The first thing the Germans did when I got ashore was to take away my cigarette case and, worse, my precious safety pin.

The German noncommissioned officer who was detailed to drive me to prison was furious because his Christmas Eve was spoiled. He drove through town like mad. He blew his horn all the way to Nantes, paying no attention to anything. He ran over a dog without pausing. We stopped at an iron gate, and I had to get out. I found it so difficult to stand that I sat down on the frozen ground. After twenty minutes, an armed guard arrived and took me to what looked like a jail. Two armed guards walked in front of me as I entered, and two walked behind. We went through three sets of iron gates, and as we passed, the gates clanged behind me. I really couldn't walk without support. One of the guards had to hold me up. I couldn't help smiling at all their precautions.

They led me to a dark, cold room with a straw mattress on the floor. I lay down, shivering, and as a concession the guards gave me three blankets. I heard a big key turn in the lock of my cell, and then the clanging of the many iron gates.

I hadn't had any food all day, so I was hungry as well as cold. I could hear the church bells ringing. It was Christmas Eve in France.

(To be concluded next week)



Everybody's Dancing

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

From the Hooshig-Mooshig to the Ukrainian hopak, old-time folk steps are finding favor with millions of Americans

THERE has been little dancing in Europe for the past five years. From the Baltic to the Balkans, the colorful folk dances and rhythmic tunes of every country have been ended by the thunder of battle and later by der Fuehrer's order. One of the earliest things we remember about the occupation of Norway is the Nazi order forbidding dancing. The Nazis, a Norwegian friend told us, were afraid of the happy memories of an unhappy people, especially when assembled in crowds. Yet the dances that have been a part of Europe for centuries are being kept alive here in America.

In fact, with less monkey business than accompanies a Sinatra broadcast, folk dancing has slowly become the steady recreation of hundreds of thousands. College professors, truck drivers, housewives, lawyers, students, businessmen, soldiers and socialites are knocking themselves out doing the Swedish hambo, Yugoslav kolo, American squares and the Danish Little Man in a Fix.

Recently, for the second consecutive year, the National Folk Festival, pictured here, shook the 100-year-old dignity of the Philadelphia Academy of Music with the energetic swinging of figures to tunes from old-timers' fiddles.

The packed audience screamed for more. Lamented a graying doorman, "It's not Stokowski any more. It's the Hooshig-Mooshig."

Which is the name for solid Armenian jive.

Since 1940, folk dancing has been booming. Today it's as national and informal as sandlot baseball. In many small towns it has become the big weekly event. However, its greatest growth has been in the cities. Some four hundred of them now provide municipal folk-dance programs.

One of the outstanding cities is Denver, which, despite its size, has fifty folk-dance groups, the same as Chicago. In New York, home of the sophisticated slither and glide, you can go folk dancing every night of the week. At the National Folk Festival, now a permanent Philadelphia exhibition under sponsorship of the Evening Bulletin, cities like Milwaukee, Cleveland and Boston were represented by dancers, as well as such towns as Fayetteville, North Carolina; Fitchburg, Massachusetts; Putney, Vermont, and Floodwood, Minnesota. In California, a growing state organization has enlisted groups in Hollywood, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and many smaller towns.

Many Army camps have regular folk-dancing sessions. We recently visited a New Jersey camp where more soldiers and gals were working out at the square-dance pavilion than in the jitterbug department. The USO, caught by surprise by the folk-dance trend, has had to issue a pamphlet telling how to organize these dances to meet the demand and set up groups in over 50 Army camps.

At various convalescent hospitals of the Armed Services the dances are being taught to help the men relax and regain their confidence. Needless to say, a gang of our G.I. Joes who can handle the French bal de

(Continued on page 69)



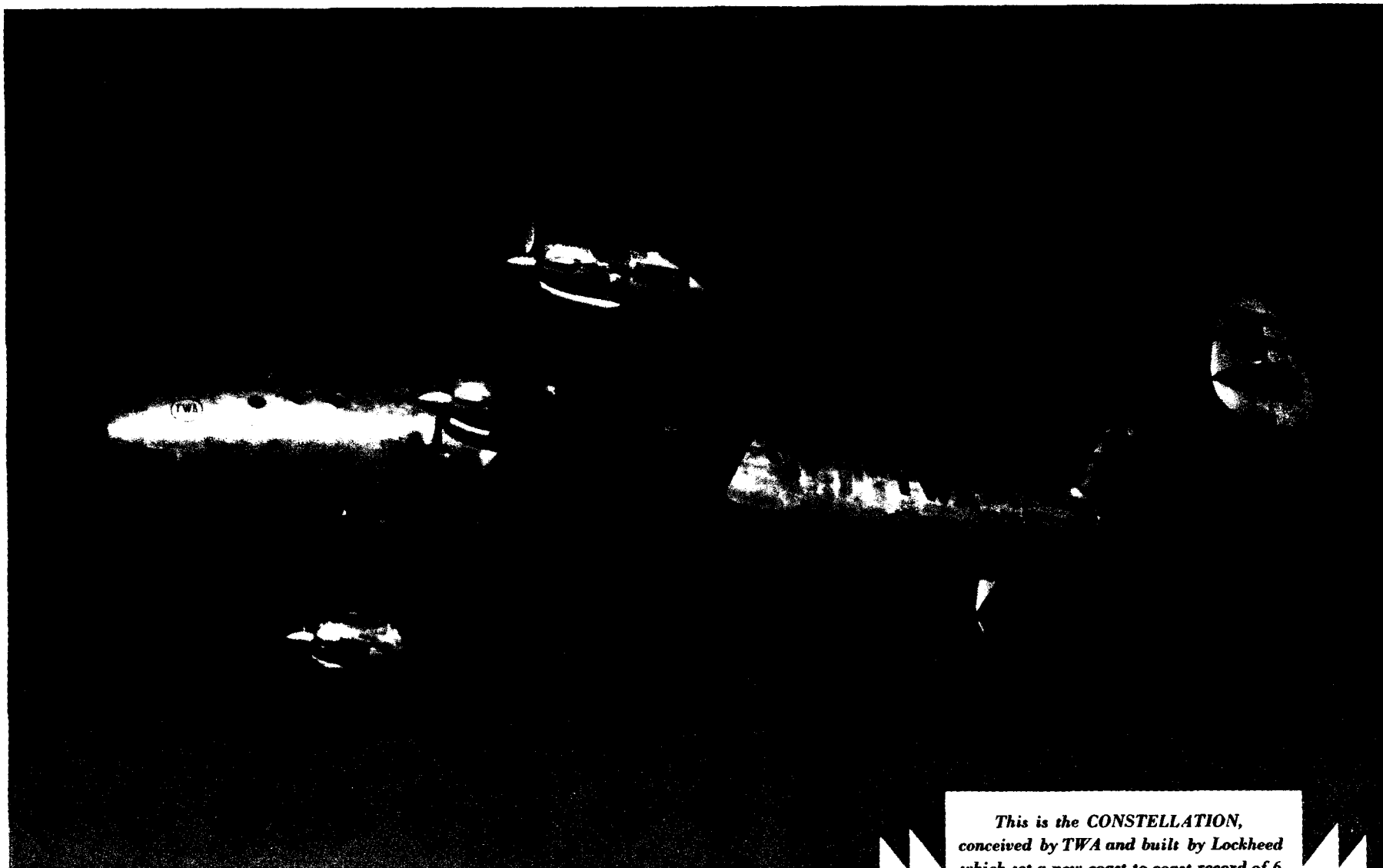
A rarity in folk dancing, a Spanish dancer, Nana Whitaker of Swarthmore, Penn. Her mother, former resident of Spain, taught her to dance



Stanley Sarnecki and Adeline Zych of Milwaukee demonstrate a Polish wedding dance at the National Folk Festival, Philadelphia. The group is backed by the Milwaukee recreational department

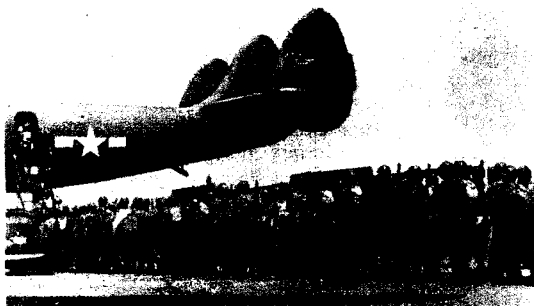


Cowboy dances, performed here by the Pioneer Promenaders of University of Denver, are vigorous versions of the square dance. Denver has some fifty groups doing folk dancing regularly



This is the CONSTELLATION, conceived by TWA and built by Lockheed which set a new coast-to-coast record of 6 hours 58 minutes, on April 17, 1944.

Curtain Raiser on the Future



Designed to carry 57 peacetime passengers in luxurious comfort, the Constellation, now stripped for action, can transport 100 fighting men with full equipment.

IN ADDITION to providing regular transcontinental commercial service in the war effort, TWA has been serving its country through:

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- NORTH AMERICAN AIR CARGO SERVICE
- MILITARY AIRCRAFT MODIFICATION
- PILOT, NAVIGATOR AND AERO ENGINEER TRAINING
- ENGINEERING RESEARCH PROJECTS



When the Constellation slanted her 40 tons down over the National Airport at Washington, D. C. last April, she underscored once more how "TWA points the way" in airline travel.

Planned originally for peace but finished for war, the Constellation has already exchanged the scarlet TWA on her silver sides for the star and bars of the Army.

But in her maiden flight—in a single easy, unpushed swoop from West to East—she set a new record of 6 hours and 58 minutes, and lifted a brief curtain on the promise for tomorrow.

She foretold trips from coast to coast in the

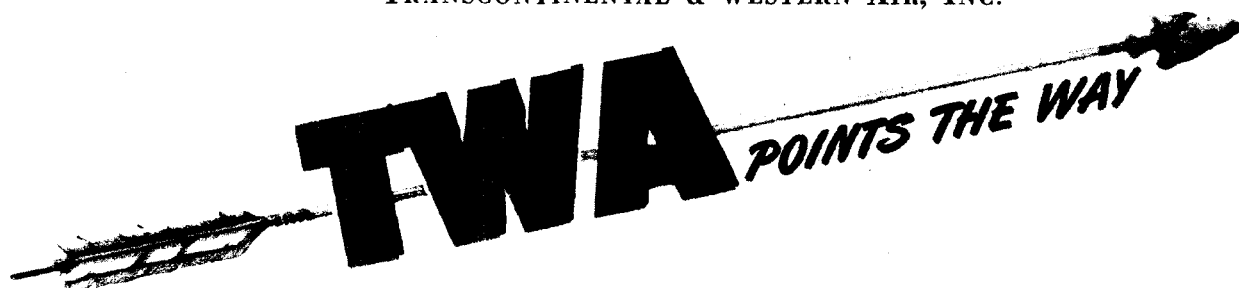
brief span between midnight and breakfast—trips in air-conditioned luxury above the weather and close to sun and stars—trips that follow the shortest, fastest way from coast to coast.

The Constellation comes on top of such notable TWA developments in equipment as the DC-2—first overnight coast-to-coast plane, and the Stratoliner.

But, though she is the largest and the fastest transport up to now, she rides the air as forerunner of greater things yet to come.

She is one example of how "TWA points the way" in air transportation—and will continue to do so in the years ahead.

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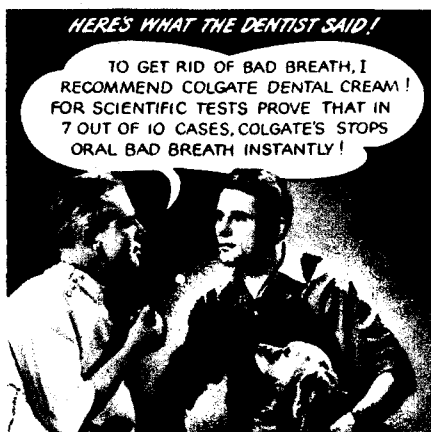
If I Could Only Talk!

HECK! I MUSTA DONE SOMETHING—OR YOU WOULDN'T BE HANGING ICICLES ALL OVER ME! SO C'MON! SPILL IT!



BUT JEFF! HOW CAN I MAKE WITH THE RIGHT WORDS TO TELL MY PERMANENT HEART-THROB ABOUT A THING LIKE—LIKE BAD BREATH?

ZOWIE! NO WONDER YOU'VE BEEN GLUM, CHUM! MISTER DENTIST, HERE I COME!



HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!



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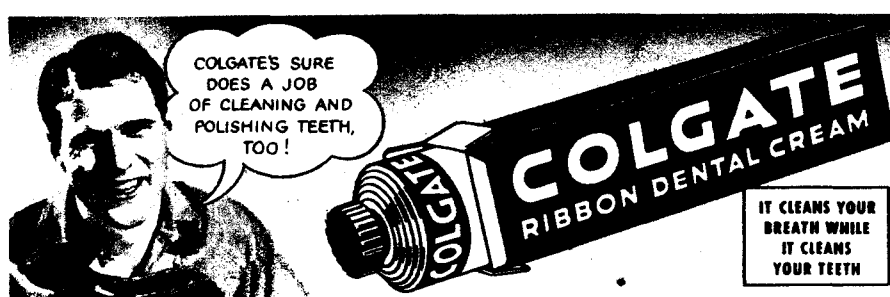


LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

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IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

Voyage to Victory

Continued from page 13

"He wants to run straight in for that ruined house," Andy said, when he came back.

We headed in for the beach. As we came in, running fast, the black patrol boat swung over toward us again.

"Did you find the control boat?" they megaphoned.

"No!"

"What are you going to do?"

"We're going in," Andy yelled.

"Well, good luck to you fellows," the megaphone said. It came over, slow and solemn like an elegy. "Good luck to all of you fellows."

That included Thomas E. Nash, engineer, from Seattle with a good grin and two teeth out of it. It included Edward F. Banker, signalman, of Brooklyn, and Lacey T. Shiftlet of Orange, Virginia, who would have been the gunner if we had had room for guns. It included Frank Currier, the coxswain, of Saugus, Massachusetts, and it included Andy and me. When we heard the lugubrious tone of that parting benediction we all knew how bad the beach really was.

As we came roaring in on the beach, I sat high on the stern to see what we were up against. I had the glasses dry now and I took a good look at the shore. The shore was coming toward us awfully fast, and in the glasses it was coming even faster.

On the beach on the left where there was no sheltering overhang of shingled bank, the first, second, third, fourth and fifth waves lay where they had fallen, looking like so many heavily laden bundles on the flat pebbly stretch between the sea and the first cover. To the right, there was an open stretch where the beach exit led up a wooded valley from the sea. It was here that the Germans hoped to get something very good, and later we saw them get it.

To the right of this, two tanks were burning on the crest of the beach, the smoke now gray after the first violent black and yellow billows. Coming in I had spotted two machine-gun nests. One was firing intermittently from the ruins of the smashed house on the right of the small valley. The other was two hundred yards to the right and possibly four hundred yards in front of the beach.

The officer commanding the troops we were carrying had asked us to head directly for the beach opposite the ruined house.

"Right in there," he said. "That's where."

"Andy," I said, "that whole sector is enfiladed by machine-gun fire. I just saw them open twice on that stranded boat."

Target for Machine Guns

An LCV(P) was slanted drunkenly in the stakes like a lost gray steel bathtub. They were firing at the water line, and the fire was kicking up sharp spurts of water.

"That's where he says he wants to go," Andy said. "So that's where we'll take him."

"It isn't any good," I said. "I've seen both those guns open up."

"That's where he wants to go," Andy said. "Put her ahead straight in." He turned astern and signaled to the other boats, jerking his arm, with its upraised finger, up and down.

"Come on, you guys," he said, inaudible in the roar of the motor that sounded like a plane taking off. "Close up! Close up! What's the matter with you? Close up, can't you? Take her straight in, coxswain!"

At this point, we entered the beaten zone from the two machine-gun points, and I ducked my head under the sharp cracking that was going overhead. Then I dropped into the well in the stern sheets where the gunner would have been if we had any guns. The machine-gun fire was throwing water all around the boat, and an antitank shell tossed up a jet of water over us.

The lieutenant was talking, but I couldn't hear what he said. Andy could hear him. He had his head down close to his lips.

"Get her the hell around and out of here, coxswain!" Andy called. "Get her out of here!"

As we swung round on our stern in a pivot and pulled out, the machine-gun fire stopped.

But individual sniping shots kept cracking over or spitting into the water around us. I'd got my head up again with some difficulty and was watching the shore.

"It wasn't cleared, either," Andy said. "You could see the mines on all those stakes."

"Let's coast along and find a good place to put them ashore," I said. "If we stay outside of the machine-gun fire, I don't think they'll shoot at us with anything big because we're just as LCV(P), and they've got better targets than us."

"We'll look for a place," Andy said.

"What's he want now?" I said to Andy.

The lieutenant's lips were moving again. They moved very slowly and as though they had no connection with him or with his face.

Andy got down to listen to him. He came back into the stern. "He wants to go out to an LCI we passed that has his commanding officer on it."

"We can get him ashore farther up toward Easy Red," I said.

"He wants to see his commanding officer," Andy said. "Those people in that black boat were from his outfit."

Advice from a Wounded Ship

Out a way, rolling in the sea, was a Landing Craft Infantry, and as we came alongside of her I saw a ragged shellhole through the steel plates forward of her pilothouse where an 88-mm. German shell had punched through. Blood was dripping from the shiny edges of the hole into the sea with each roll of the LCI. Her rails and hull had been befouled by seasick men, and her dead were laid forward of her pilothouse. Our lieutenant had some conversation with another officer while we rose and fell in the surge alongside the black iron hull, and then we pulled away.

Andy went forward and talked to him, then came aft again, and we sat up on the stern and watched two destroyers coming along toward us from the eastern beaches, their guns pounding away at targets on the headlands and sloping fields behind the beaches.

"He says they don't want him to go in yet; to wait," Andy said. "Let's get out of the way of this destroyer."

"How long is he going to wait?"

"He says they have no business in there now. People that should have been ahead of them haven't gone in yet. They told him to wait."

"Let's get in where we can keep track of it," I said. "Take the glasses and look at that beach, but don't tell them forward what you see."

Andy looked. He handed the glasses back to me and shook his head.

"Let's cruise along it to the right and see how it is up at that end," I said. "I'm pretty sure we can get in there when he wants to get in. You're sure they told him he shouldn't go in?"

"That's what he says."

"Talk to him again and get it straight."

Andy came back. "He says they shouldn't go in now. They're supposed to clear the mines away, so the tanks can go, and he says nothing is in there to go yet. He says they told him it is all fouled up and to stay out yet a while."

The destroyer was firing point blank at the concrete pillbox that had fired at us on the first trip into the beach, and as the guns fired you heard the bursts and saw the earth jump almost at the same time as the empty brass cases clanged back onto the steel deck. The five-inch guns of the destroyer were smashing at the ruined house at the edge of the little valley where the other machine gun had fired from.

"Let's move in now that the can has gone by and see if we can't find a good place," Andy said.

"That can punched out what was holding them up there, and you can see some infantry working up that draw now," I said to Andy. "Here, take the glasses."

Slowly, laboriously, as though they were Atlas carrying the world on their shoulders, men were working up the valley on our right. They were not firing. They were just moving slowly up the valley like a tired pack train at the end of the day, going the other way from home.

"The infantry has pushed up to the top of the ridge at the end of that valley," I shouted to the lieutenant.

"They don't want us yet," he said. "They told me clear they didn't want us yet."

"Let me take the glasses—or Hemingway," Andy said. Then he handed them back. "In there, there's somebody signaling with a yellow flag, and there's a boat in there in trouble, it looks like. Coxswain, take her straight in."

We moved in toward the beach at full speed, and Ed Banker looked around and said, "Mr. Anderson, the other boats are coming, too."

"Get them back!" Andy said. "Get them back!"

Banker turned around and waved the boats away. He had difficulty making them understand, but finally the wide waves they were throwing subsided and they dropped astern.

"Did you get them back?" Andy asked, without looking away from the beach where we could see a half-sunken LCV(P) foundered in the mined stakes.

"Yes, sir," Ed Banker said.

An LCI was headed straight toward us, pulling away from the beach after having circled to go in. As it passed, a man shouted

might well have wanted to see them work. We were in the range of the antitank gun that had fired on us before, and all the time we were maneuvering and working in the stakes I was waiting for it to fire.

As we lowered the ramp the first time, while we were crowded in against the other LCV(P), but before she sank, I saw three tanks coming along the beach, barely moving, they were advancing so slowly. The Germans let them cross the open space where the valley opened onto the beach, and it was absolutely flat with a perfect field of fire. Then I saw a little fountain of water jut up, just over and beyond the lead tank. Then smoke broke out of the leading tank on the side away from us, and I saw two men dive out of the turret and land on their hands and knees on the stones of the beach. They were close enough so that I could see their faces, but no more men came out as the tank started to blaze up and burn fiercely.

By then, we had the wounded man and the survivors on board, the ramp back up, and were feeling our way out through the stakes. As we cleared the last of the stakes, and Currier opened up the engine wide as we pulled out to sea, another tank was beginning to burn.

We took the wounded boy out to the destroyer. They hoisted him aboard it in one of those metal baskets and took on the survivors. Meantime, the destroyers had run in almost to the beach and were blowing every pillbox out of the ground with their five-inch guns. I saw a piece of German about three feet long with an arm on it sail high up into the air in the fountaining of one shellburst. It reminded me of a scene in *Petroushka*.

Landing on the Beach

The infantry had now worked up the valley on our left and had gone on over that ridge. There was no reason for anyone to stay out now. We ran in to a good spot we had picked on the beach and put our troops and their TNT and their bazookas and their lieutenant ashore, and that was that.

The Germans were still shooting with their antitank guns, shifting them around in the valley, holding their fire until they had a target they wanted. Their mortars were still laying a plunging fire along the beaches. They had left people behind to snipe at the beaches, and when we left, finally, all these people who were firing were evidently going to stay until dark at least.

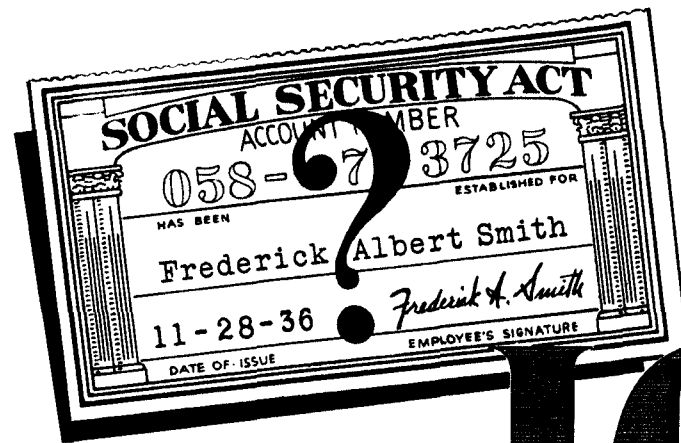
The heavily loaded ducks that had formerly sunk in the waves on their way in were now making the beach steadily. The famous thirty-minute clearing of the channels through the mined obstacles was still a myth, and now, with the high tide, it was a tough trip in with the stakes submerged.

We had six craft missing, finally, out of the twenty-four LCV(P)s that went in from the Dix, but many of the crews could have been picked up and might be on other vessels. It had been a frontal assault in broad daylight, against a mined beach defended by all the obstacles military ingenuity could devise. The beach had been defended as stubbornly and as intelligently as any troops could defend it. But every boat from the Dix had landed her troops and cargo. No boat was lost through bad seamanship. All that were lost were lost by enemy action. And we had taken the beach.

There is much that I have not written. You could write for a week and not give everyone credit for what he did on a front of 1,135 yards. Real war is never like paper war, nor do accounts of it read much the way it looks. But if you want to know how it was in an LCV(P) on D-Day when we took Fox Green beach and Easy Red beach on the sixth of June, 1944, then this is as near as I can come to it.

THE END

While Mr. Hemingway was cabling this article, General Montgomery revealed in an interview that a German division was sent up to thicken the coastal defenses at the spot where Collier's correspondent landed. "We hit it right on the nose," Mr. Hemingway cabled.



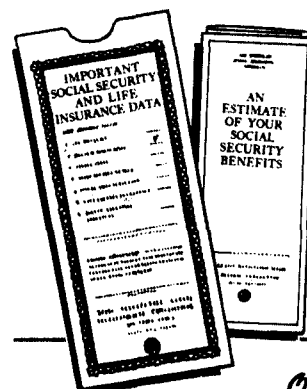
What's your Social Security I.Q.

75,000,000 Americans own Social Security cards . . . have money recorded in their accounts on the government's books. Yet many lack a clear understanding of how Social Security works. Here are five simple questions about Social Security. If you can answer *all* correctly, your knowledge of this important subject is probably "above average".

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CORRECT ANSWERS: 1. Employers and employees contribute equally through a special Federal tax. 2. Possession of income, such as from investments or life insurance, does *not* affect Social Security payments. But, as a rule, no one regularly engaged in commercial employment can receive a Social Security check. 3. Yes, until age 16 (18 if in school.) The widow also receives benefits so long as such children are in her care. 4. Social Security checks for an over-65 couple will not usually exceed \$40 to \$60 a month. To live comfortably, most couples require more. 5. More desirable. Without extra income, such as life insurance provides, you or your widow may not be in a position to accept Social Security when due.

B-29—Rush!

Continued from page 20

"The deaths of these men," he recalled recently, "broke the continuity of thought and effort that had been given the program up to that time. Only a small group of AAF personnel had an intimate knowledge of the airplane and its equipment. Our operational people had only limited knowledge of the undertaking and naturally were pessimistic about the original design and the new engines. In the industry and in the AAF, the feeling became general that a new design could not be brought out during the war and under existing conditions."

For about five months, the B-29 project slumbered. But General Wolfe had an idea. Why not get the big airplane into production, and then train men and learn to fight with B-29s by simulating their operation in B-17s and B-24s (Flying Fortresses and Liberators)? If there were not enough jigs, dies and machine tools to produce B-29s in quantity, start getting them.

And what about factories? Build them. A Boeing plant larger than Henry Ford's Willow Run was coming into being at Renton, Washington. Get going in new plants operated by Martin at Omaha, by Boeing at Wichita, and by Bell at Marietta, Georgia. What if the B-29 was the most complicated piece of flying machinery in the world? What if the plane's design, engines and fuselage construction with pressure cabin for high-altitude flying, its wing and electric mechanism, were new and untested? Test them while you have the plane in production. What are we waiting for?

Getting the Bases Built

When you have selected key men, pilots, bombardiers, navigators and technicians, and everything seems to be getting under way, why not then build bases for the B-29 while you have officers working on problems of getting men, airplanes, spare parts, bombs, ammunition, food, gasoline and oil to places where the ship is to fight? What if you should have to fight from India and China? What if that should create a huge problem in logistics? What the hell do you care?

General Wolfe's idea was to undertake four or five jobs at once. He thought the idea sound. So did General Arnold. He made Wolfe chief of the B-29 Special Projects Organization. That was in May, 1943. A month later, when Wolfe took over the first unit of what was to become his Twentieth Bomber Command, only one B-29 was in condition for flight. A year afterward, mass formations of Superfortresses were hitting the Japs.

General Wolfe came to the Army as a private in the last war. He was assigned to the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps (that's what our Air Force was called then) and given flight training. He wanted to fly in combat, but the Army kept him in this country as instructor. He stayed in the Army after the war, learned to fly all combat airplanes and drilled in the technical phases of military aviation and plane production.

In March, 1939, he was made assistant chief of the Production Engineering Section at Wright Field. He subsequently became section chief and, shortly afterward, headed the Production Division and began to exercise his egregious talent for "exuding pressure." Europe was at war, and then the United States. Production schedules for everything were doubled, tripled, quadrupled—and then some. Wolfe ate and slept in his office at Wright Field—when he was there, but more likely he was somewhere else, seeing to aluminum for air frames, castings for engines. He carried his office in his hat. He worked from 7 A. M. to midnight, seven days a week, and made others do the same thing.

He had this recipe for getting a job done: "Surround yourself with competent, enthusiastic people. Tell them the objective. Tell them what you want done. Pat them on the back when they do it. Have a follow-up system. Work as many hours a day as you can, paying particular attention to the morale of the men doing the work for you."



The Army awarded Wolfe the Distinguished Service Medal for his work at Wright Field. There was a little presentation ceremony. Wolfe turned to his men and said, "It was you who got me this medal."

These were the "boys" (as the general called them) whom he found it necessary to chase away from the plant at night, "otherwise they would have worked endlessly."

When the Army sent Wolfe an electric refrigerator at one of his stations, he declined to accept it and had it turned over to the mess. He refused to have his quarters screened when he knew that screening could not be obtained for his whole command.

Wolfe was born in Denver, Colorado, on August 12, 1896. He grew up in San Diego, California, where he met Miss Edwina French.

"I contend that I carried her books home from school," the general recalled. "She claims that she wouldn't let me carry her books. I tried to talk her into marrying me during the last war. She decided to wait and see how much the war improved me."

They were married and have a daughter, Beverly, who is a student at Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio.

Members of the family have told the general that they are descended from General James Wolfe, conqueror of the French colony of Quebec, but he doubts it. His brother, Colonel Franklin C. Wolfe, was in a large measure responsible for the leakproof gasoline tank.

Wolfe is a short man. He weighs about 160 pounds. His skull is hairless except for a fringe around his ears and at the back. He

is meticulous about having the fringe trimmed.

He likes to hunt. He is fond of gardening, but largely for the strenuous activity that digging and weeding provide. What comes up in his garden is a matter of secondary importance. His love of golf lies in the vigor he is able to put into the game.

At work or play, Wolfe always is in a hurry. His movements are quick, his speech, sharp, staccato. He uses simple words and as few of them as possible, and he seldom gives instructions more than once.

"If you didn't get him on the first go-around, you were out of luck," said one of his officers.

Whenever assembly lines at the B-29 plants failed to move as Wolfe thought they should, "K. B." (that's his nickname) sent for his "production doctor," Walter Clark, a civilian. Clark would go out to the troubled plant and write a report. By studying Clark's report, K. B. was able to remedy production failures without inspecting the plants.

On January 13, 1944, Wolfe arrived in the theater from which the first B-29s were to operate. Here he built up a skeleton organization, inspired it with his own fanaticism for work. Together they secured landing-field sites from the British and the Chinese, supervised runway construction, the laying of pipe lines, erection of hospital, sanitary and messing facilities.

Five days before K. B. reached the theater, his advance detachment of engineers had discovered that runways which easily supported B-17s and B-24s would quickly be hammered to pieces by B-29s with twice the weight of the light-heavies.

Chiang Kai-shek Keeps His Word

At Cairo, Chiang Kai-shek had promised to provide all the labor necessary to build one of the greatest concentrations of airfields in the world, for the B-29s. He kept his word. No motorized equipment was available. No imported materials were to be had. Enlargement of existing fields and construction of new ones had to be by hand. With picks, shovels, baskets and wheelbarrows, hundreds of thousands of Chinese leveled off runways and surfaced them with mud and stone. By March 11th, 265,000 Chinese farmers had left their rich rice lands near by and were working on the airfields. When construction was at its peak, 430,000 of them were on the job. The airfields were built in three months.

At one stage, a problem in supplying Wolfe with spare engines threatened to throw the entire undertaking off schedule. There was a necessary lag in the production of spares because manufacturers had first to make power plants for the planes themselves. That meant that spares could not go all of the way by water, as that would have been too slow. Yet the giant Wright Cyclones were so heavy that the Army's Air Transport Command could move no more than one engine at a time in its big transports. A system of fast water-air transport was set up. It worked; Wolfe got his spares.

Wolfe's "boys" in Washington grabbed transport facilities when and as they could. Once the Navy let them use one of its carriers which happened to be going in the right direction. They worked without highest transport priorities, yet despite incredible tonnage and the large numbers of personnel that had to be moved, they solved their logistics as well as necessarily roundabout communications would let them.

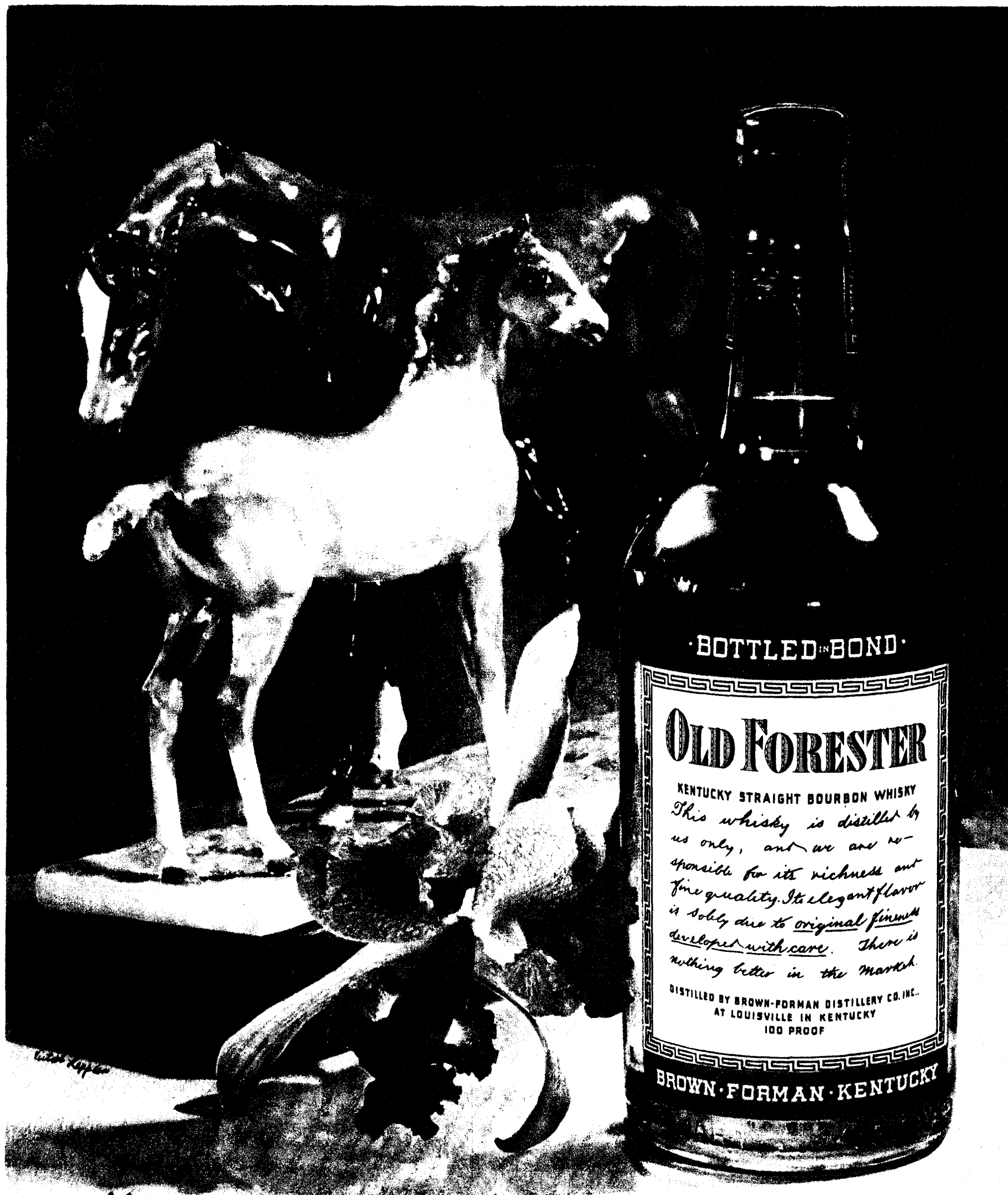
The first B-29 moved into the theater at the end of March. Wolfe met the plane and greeted each member of its crew by his first name. By April 25th, all supplies, spare parts, equipment and signal, weather and maintenance units were on the ground, airfields were serviceable, and Wolfe and his bombers were ready.

In the last war, Wolfe missed getting into action. This time, he was determined to be on hand when the new air battle began. He reserved for himself a place on the first raid. The War Department heard about his plans and ordered him grounded.

You can get a B-29 for about \$1,500,000. But where do you buy a guy like K. B.?

THE END





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Guilty

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EVEN in the deadliest of wars, fighting men have never failed to pay tribute to the bravery of a gallant foe. At Waterloo, where the fate of Europe hung in the balance, the British withheld their fire and begged the surrender of Cambronne and the shattered remnant of the Old Guard. It has remained for the Japanese to violate this honorable tradition. Heroic resistances seem to madden them, and in every instance, their victories have been followed by abominable cruelties.

On April 9, 1942, after five months of desperate battle that had been hopeless from the first, Major General E. P. King, Jr., flew the white flag over Bataan. On May 6th, Lieutenant General Jonathan Wainwright, his small force blown to pieces by days of unceasing bombardment, surrendered Corregidor and its satellite forts.

Instead of the admiration that might well have been stirred by these defenses, unparalleled for sheer courage, Lieutenant General Masaharu Homma gave himself over to wild-beast rages that violated every rule of civilized warfare. Almost within the hour, he threatened to massacre the 10,000 prisoners unless General Wainwright ordered the capitulation of American commanders in the southern islands. Even when armed resistance ended throughout the Philippines, his savagery knew no abatement, and thousands of helpless men died as the result of organized and systematic barbarities.

It cannot be pleaded that Homma was a provincial officer, one untraveled and therefore unacquainted with the customs of civilized peoples. As a young soldier, during the first World War, he was with the British forces in France as an observer. At a later date he was with the Japanese embassy in London as a military attaché, then served for a while in Geneva at meetings of the League of Nations, and, in 1937, toured Europe with Prince Chichibu, the heir apparent. In the entire Japanese army, no man was more cognizant of warfare's rules than Masaharu Homma, and that he failed to respect a single one forever damns both him and the system that produced him.

Not in all history is there anything that approaches in horror the "March of Death," that awful journey of Bataan's prisoners to camps in the interior. For a stretch from six to twelve days, Americans and Filipinos were driven like cattle under the burning sun, and treated even worse than cattle, for they were neither fed nor watered. Men, mad from thirst, were shot as they tried to snatch a drink from filthy wayside pools, and as the doomed cavalcade passed through

towns, civilians were butchered for daring to throw fruit to the staggering line. Stragglers were bayoneted, and gutted bodies were strung along the barbed-wire fences to serve as warnings.

The prisoners taken at Corregidor, more than 10,000 in number, were herded in an unroofed square of concrete and kept without food for a full week. There was only one water spigot, and a twelve-hour wait to fill a canteen was the usual rule. Only after seven days in that hell did the Japanese issue rations—one mess kit of rice and a can of sardines to each man. Medical attendance was refused, and even wounds were not dressed.

There was no lessening of this savagery when the prison camps were reached, for General Homma, in utter disregard of civilized procedure, ruled that the Americans were captives without rights of any kind. Despite an abundance of food and water, the Japanese took actual delight in denying both to their wretched victims. Even more terrible than thirst and hunger was the filth that bred disease. There were no latrines, and dysentery, malaria and beriberi ravaged the camps. At Camp O'Donnell alone, 2,200 Americans died in April and May, and 3,000 was the toll at Cabanatuan. In many cases, the Japanese did not even wait for the death rattle, the late Lieutenant Colonel William E. Dyess reporting that he saw six prisoners buried while still alive.

The so-called hospitals were sheds without flooring, where the sick and delirious lay in rows on the bare ground. There were no medicines of any sort, for under Homma's orders, the Red Cross in Manila was not permitted to furnish supplies. The sick, however, were better off than the well, for "labor details," as the Japanese called them, literally worked men to death. Tottering men, unable to wield a spade with the vigor demanded by their guards, were beaten into insensibility or else killed outright.

Where General Homma is today cannot be learned. In August, 1942, a Japanese broadcast announced that he had been assigned to "new duties elsewhere," and succeeded by Lieutenant General Tanaka. A later broadcast gave the information that Homma had reached Tokyo, where he was received by the Emperor, in the presence of Premier Tojo, and congratulated upon the masterly manner in which he had freed the Philippines from the "cruel rule of the white barbarians." But if Masaharu Homma is alive at the war's end, he will be found. The dead of Bataan and Corregidor will not rest in their graves if the fiend goes unpunished. . . . G. C.

The Price of Fish

Continued from page 50

those lanes, flowed sinuous little streams, some of them three or four feet deep, choked with vegetation. The fish were there. When men came around it was to work, they were too busy to look down and their trappings and loud talk drove the fish away. For those fish were a queer and despairing lot. Somehow, they had become lost from the river, could not find the way back in the maze of miniature canals, inlets and pools. They had suicidal tendencies, a defeatist attitude. They could be caught with a worm slid over a bent pin. Very soon, Dodu had supplied me with real hooks and a line, and I had the proverbial boy's luck with fishing. Or perhaps the fish were hungry, cut off from their normal sources of food. In any case they were biting fools.

I SAW the pike for the first time on a Thursday afternoon. He was lurking in some underwater grasses, looking very sour—a pike has a protruding lower jaw that makes him look pugnacious and mean at best. He hung in the clear fluid above his shadow on the gravel and sand of the bottom. He seemed to consider me with scorn. I knew one fish from another in those days, and knew this was a pike, what the Larousse Dictionary termed "the shark of the fresh water." I was a bit impressed and I wanted to catch him.

I lowered a worm until it tickled his nose, and he did not stir. He was so still that I grabbed for him with my hand, and he vanished. I did not grieve for long: He was only one fish, I was paid for fish by the fish, and then I knew he would be around a while. It was a tough job for a fish to get back to the main stream.

In fact, during the next few days, I saw him in those shallow ditches from time to time. He was a lost pike. But he did not want a worm, and I soon ceased offering him a worm. I tried him with a live fly, and he did not bite. I tempted him with a bit of red flannel, such as frogs—French frogs, anyway—will go for, and he turned that down. He was an elongated, mottled spear of discontent.

I don't know whether anything that follows is in accord with the habitual behavior of pike. Aside from a few very small ones, whose characters could not have been formed, I knew only that pike. This one turned out to have a weakness; he could be reached.

On a chance, or through inspiration, I took a piece of cooked bacon with me one afternoon and baited my hook with it. I then dangled the lure close to his nose.

That made a placid, intimate little scene—a small boy by a shallow ditch, between high walls of pine planks, offering cooked bacon to a sulky fish. I was losing hope when he made up his mind and he struck so fast that I didn't realize that it had happened for two or three seconds, until I felt the jerk on my fingers. I had no net, I knew nothing of the fine points of landing a fish, and my ignorance helped. It seems to me that I just lifted my arm and he popped out. For a space he just hung there, looking fierce.

I noticed at once that he was longer than any other fish I had caught, for if I allowed my arm to sag to my side, he touched the ground. I had to hold him up, and he was heavy.

Suddenly he came to life. He twisted and snapped his body and he was strong. I know as well as anyone that fish are mute, but this pike seemed to growl, curse and threaten.

I would have been willing, for some seconds, to call the whole thing off and let him go. I had the line wrapped around my hand and it hurt. But he grew discouraged and hung straight, so I took him away. He was awkward to carry—I had to hold him high and away from my body. Fortunately, as I then thought, I had not gone a hundred yards from the sawmill when Dodu appeared, coming up the trail from the river bank.

"That's a big one," he said at once.

"Yes."

"I'll pay you five sous for this one." This unasked for increase made me wary. "I'm not selling," I declared.

Dodu took the pike from me, lifted him a couple of times. "Give you ten sous."

This was tempting. It represented not only "Croatian Cavalry—1800," but "Chasseurs d'Aumale," "Pontifical Zouaves," and seven other sheets of soldiers. Nevertheless, I shook my head and we walked toward the house side by side. Dodu subtly complimented me by asking me professional questions, what I had used for bait, for instance. I thought he might see the piece of bacon, so I told him. He repeated "cooked bacon" three or four times and he laughed louder each time. But he was impressed with my pike, I could see that.

No one was around when we reached the house and we went into the room with the cement floor. Dodu put the pike on his scales, nodded and whistled. He filled a large wooden tub with water, unhooked the pike, which was pretty quiet by that time. He threw him in, and the fish floated sideways for a while. I looked down at him, compared him with other fish I had seen in that tub. This one was big! Big!

Dodu sat down on a stool, took out a coin which he wiped a while on his corduroy pants. Then he contemplated it, laid on his horny palm. It was a two-franc coin, silver, new and very shiny—forty sous. He flipped it a few times. I understand now that he was luring me, fascinating me, that he was using that glittering coin as he did a torch for fish and a mirror for larks.

"Let's be reasonable, kid," he said at last.

"Yes," I agreed. I was not sure that he would offer me the coin for the fish, which left me time to think and desire. My mouth was dry and my stomach was quivering.

"Fishing is my trade. I must have caught him," he resumed.

"But you didn't," I remarked. "I caught him."

"I know, and I don't want to steal him from you. I want to buy him. I'll give you one franc for the fish"—he allowed that to sink in, my disappointment to shape, before adding—"and I'll give you one franc to let me say I caught him. Is that fair or isn't it?"

"Yes, it's fair. But maybe if I give it to my father he can sell him for even more," I said.

Dodu shook his head.

"When your father comes home from work, he won't want to go peddling fish. And the good places won't buy from anyone but me. All I have to say is that if they buy from your father this once, they can whistle for fresh fish from me." He put his hand on my shoulder. "You know what will happen, kid? I'll tell you. You'll take this fish upstairs and your mother will take it from you. She'll want dinner ready when your father gets back, so she'll scale and cook that fish. Women don't understand about fish except for cooking. My woman and I have been together fifteen years, but if I gave her that fish and didn't explain, she'd clean and cook it without blinking an eye. Now, will your mother give you two francs for that pike?"

"I don't think so."

"You know she won't."

A STRANGE sound startled us. It was the pike moving in the tub, right side up, completely recovered. He looked as lively as ever. Dodu looked down at him, nodded his head.

"I must have caught him. It's business." He offered me the coin. I didn't reach for it. "Come on, what's a fish to you? You'll be something bigger than a poor fisherman when you're a man, and you'll be glad you helped me. Me, I'm just a fisherman. So I have to catch the big fish. Did I ever tell you how I got that carp in the pond near Valdahon?" He could talk about fishing. Without stopping his anecdote, he placed the coin in my hand, folded my fingers over it, offered his own hand: "Shake on that, kid. Not a word? It's promised? It's sworn?"

"Yes," I agreed, shaking hands.

"Tell you the rest some other time," Dodu concluded. I had taken the bait, I was

IT'S HERE, TOJO... MIGHTIEST BOMBER OF THEM ALL!



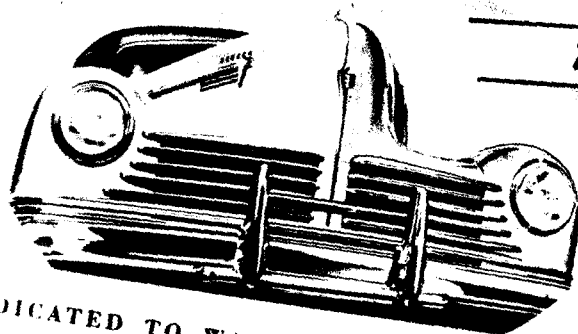
MANY FACTS about America's new B-29 super-bomber are still military secrets, and will remain so. But the whole world knows that this mightiest warplane in history has struck, and will strike again and again on far-flung battle fronts.

May it do its work well! May it blast the very heart of the enemy—saving thousands of Allied lives and speeding the end of the war.

As another major assignment, Hudson is in volume production of outer wings, and three large fuselage sections constituting nearly half

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MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN
35 Years of Precision Manufacture

Hudson owners everywhere have learned, under difficult wartime driving conditions, that extra accuracy and care in motor car manufacture pays them dividends of extra low-cost mileage and uninterrupted service. Speedometer and upkeep figures are proving that the hundreds of thousands of Hudsons now on the road were "built to serve better, last longer, cost less to run."



OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION...OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!

the 98-foot length of the giant Super-Fortress. We have brought to this job more than a third of a century of high-precision experience. We are building not only with speed, but with expertness and care—for the safety of B-29 crews and the success of their long-range missions.

These same exacting standards were applied, before Pearl Harbor, to the building of Hudson motor cars which today are winning a spectacular reputation for endurance and economy. They will be applied again, after the war, in the finer-than-ever Hudsons to come.

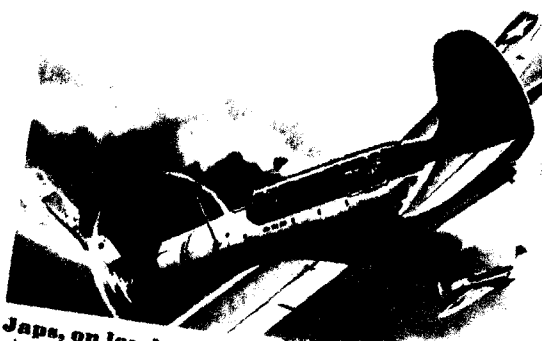
Until then, see your Hudson dealer for a new or used car, or service on your present car.



Hudson workers, who have twice won the Army-Navy Production Award, and who fly the Bull's-eye Flag for bond purchases, urge you to Buy War Bonds to the Limit

In its first mission over Japan, the Super-Fortress served notice on our enemies of what is to come. This giant B-29 has a wing span of 141 ft., is 98 ft. from nose to tail, with a height of 27 ft. Powered by four 2200-h.p. engines, it flies at altitudes over 30,000 feet, at speeds over 300 m.p.h. Its range and bomb load are tremendous... its armament the heaviest in the air today.

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Japs, on land and sea, have felt the sting of the Curtiss Helldivers, which are taking heavy toll of enemy ships, planes and men. To the daring crews that fly these horns of the air, Hudson pledges continued large-scale production of wings they can trust.

THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT RIGHT

Landing craft rank high on America's 1944 production schedule... and to help power this vast invasion fleet, Hudson has long been in mass production of husky Hudson Invader engines. Our veteran motor experts never forget that "they have to be built right."





Spearhead

ON THE TRANSPORTATION FRONT

Go Wisely . . . Go Lightly!

As the war goes into its most intense phase of operations, this nation also enters a critical stage in the Battle of Transportation on the homefront.

This summer, travel is reaching an all-time peak which existing facilities may not be able to accommodate.

In these circumstances, available transportation must be spread among the greatest possible number of essential travelers.

And you can help accomplish this by planning trips wisely.

Consult your bus agent before you go. Leave at an hour and on a day when travel is lightest. Be at the bus station well before departure time. Take only one bag or suitcase. Be prepared to accept unavoidable inconvenience with good-natured understanding.

Buy Another Share in Victory!
Back the Attack with War Bonds

Forging ahead . . . Opening the way . . . Spearheading the movement of essential manpower on the great homefront...that's the wartime job of intercity buses.

And today these highway manpower-carriers are in the forefront of action all over the nation—setting a record-breaking high in the number of intercity

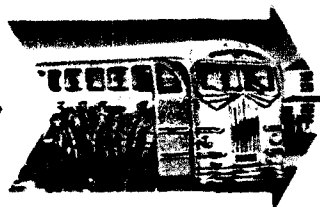
passengers carried...963 million in 1943!

At this crucial stage of the war, the efficient movement of manpower becomes more and more urgent each day. And the bus lines are putting every effort in the job . . . spearheading the mobilization of manpower everywhere . . . *keeping the highways at work for victory!*

BUSES SPEARHEAD THE MOVEMENT OF MANPOWER IN ALL THESE WAYS



BUSES DELIVER thousands of workers to their jobs in shipyards and war industries every day.



BUSES REACH our military bases and camps to carry men on special missions and on leave.



BUSES PROVIDE convenient, comfortable transportation for the great majority of inductees.



BUSES BRING HELP to the fields of hard-pressed farmers all along the highways of the nation.

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

landed, and he did not even bother to finish the carp story.

I took a last look at the pike, no longer mine, and went upstairs.

I had no qualms until my father came in for supper. On the contrary, I felt immensely wealthy, tasted in advance the deliberate purchase of forty sheets of soldiers before admiring companions. My father dispelled all of this. He hung up his derby on one of the hooks in the hall, and spoke all in one breath: "Come down and see the pike that Dodu caught this afternoon! You never saw anything like it. He scares you."

That was nonsense. That pike in a tub should not frighten a grown man. I almost blurted out that I had not been frightened even when alone with the giant. Then I remembered that I was under a pact of silence. I had made a bargain and shaken hands on it. In that region, that was binding. I might have spoken under threat of death, but I honestly doubt it.

I went down with my parents.

There were a dozen persons around the tub. Dodu would reach into it, holding a long steel screw in his hand, tease the pike into biting. Then the pike would hold on so hard he could be lifted out his full length.

"Vicious, isn't he?" Dodu pointed out. "Tough fish, the pike."

The pike somehow appeared longer, larger, more sinister and formidable than I remembered. Because Dodu had the gift for showmanship common in simple men about their specialty. The length and weight were repeated in awed tones. The measurements would be meaningless. Much larger pike are caught in the Loire River, I've since learned. But the Doubs is a mountain stream, that fish was large locally—and that is greatness anywhere.

THE spectators, including my parents, exclaimed with admiration. I stood by, struggling with a sensation new to me. It was undefinable, but extremely unpleasant. It made me feel hot and cold at the same time, and the words of praise showered on Dodu seared into me like red-hot nails. Then the sly fellow smiled at me, pointed to the pike: "Any time you bring me one like that, kid, you get five francs."

"He's lost interest in fishing," my mother declared. "Can't keep his mind on one thing two days. When we first came here it was fish, fish, every day. Now—"

But nobody was interested in my mother's peculiar little boy who no longer cared for fishing. They gaped like fools at Dodu and his pike, and the man narrated excitedly how he had felt when he had realized that "something very big" was on the end of his line. I listened with a sneer, wondering what farm lad he had tricked out of his big carp. But he knew boys, that Dodu, and he knew that something paid for was settled that I would not talk.

"Where you selling him?" someone asked.

"People will want to see that pike," Dodu answered. He wiped his hands on his pants and lit a cigarette. "The owner of the Auberge de la Cloche was here fifteen minutes ago, and he said for me to bring the tub to the inn. Wants to exhibit him before cooking him."

I tried to catch Dodu's eye. He could at least ask me to walk with him to the inn and see "my" fish settled in all his glory. But he did not react. The thought that he would bear him away and tell no one who had really caught him gave me a strong feeling nausea. Forty sous—for forty sous he was getting all this. The sum was still enormous to me, but it was trifling to him. He had said himself that he would pay me five francs for another pike the same size.

My supper did not go down very well, every morsel was eaten under direct orders. Absent-mindedly, I rolled the pulp of my bread into pellets, a habit that infuriated my father. Between admiring remarks concerning Dodu's ability as a fisherman, he sandwiched comments about me, my habits, my probable future: "One starts with wasting bread, one ends wasting one's life." But he was shooting at a numb target. On this occasion, the paternal opinion completely matched my own estimate of myself. I was a boob, a dreamer, and sure to "have the

wool shorn off my back" as long as I lived. I was the fool who had sold a record pike for forty sous.

It would have been better to see that fish swallowed, unsung, unappreciated, by my family than to have this happen. Anything would have been better. It was nothing I could grasp, reason about. I had two francs and yet I suffered. What was it that Dodu had taken from me that hurt so sharply? Presented by me, by anyone save Dodu, that pike would have attracted little notice. Dodu had paid me a good price for my time, my labor, yet I felt that he was cheating me. Why was he cheating me, of what was I cheated?

"I saw one as big the other day," I proclaimed. That was not breaking the pact, and it gave me a voice in the conversation.

"He always has seen bigger and better," my father grumbled. "I suppose you saw a crocodile. Why don't you say you saw a crocodile in the Doubs, and be done with it?"

"If there was one and I saw it and told

"Well, I could catch a pike that big myself," I said.

"You could? My old man's been fishing all his life and never did." The boy gestured. "It's this big. Dodu has all his time to look around, my father says, so it's natural he knows where to find him. My father says a doctor at Montbeliard got a bigger one, even, in 1901. He made it into a statue for his office."

THE talk veered on the possibility of turning a fish into a statue, but it still revolved around the pike. And I, who had seen that pike first, who would have known his first name if he had had one, who had lured him after several trials, I was an obscure participant on the outskirts of the discussion! I was in such a blind rage that when the teacher asked me how Henri III had died, I told him Henri III had died of the plague. I got a zero, a short lecture on the difference between Louis IX and Henri III, neither of whom had ever caught a sizable pike that I knew of.



"He made me make up the half hour he spent waiting for me earlier tonight!"

you," I pointed out, "you'd only laugh and say I was inventing things."

"One doesn't argue with the father," my mother chided me.

"Oh, one thing my children all get from your side," Father announced, "is a tongue hinged in the middle and going both ways. Your father argued with the doctor and the curate the afternoon before he died."

I was forgotten from then on. I moodily devoted myself to the fruit tart, hoping it would give me indigestion and cause my death. I longed for a world without record pike, without Dodu and mainly without that smoldering sense of injustice.

AT THE ten-o'clock recess the next morning, Dodu's pike was the sole topic of conversation. Several of my friends had been taken to the inn to behold him. I had one shred of prestige. I could shrug and announce that I had seen him first, when he was fresh caught, hence bigger and fiercer than afterward.

"A pike sort of shrinks after it's caught," I suggested.

"What do you know about pike?" a comrade asked me scornfully.

That night, my father went out after supper, to have another look at the pike. All through the evening I was aware that many people were admiring my capture, and I wanted to stamp my feet and scream. Father woke me up when he returned, very late. Whatever he had been drinking had not been the water in the tub.

"When are they going to eat him?" I asked him at breakfast. The sooner that was done, the creature consumed by the gourmets in one of their fabulous dinners, the sooner everyone could forget.

"Eat who? Eat what?" my father wondered.

"The big pike, Papa."

"The pike," he repeated. He quivered slightly, poured himself black coffee, drank. "They won't eat him. They'll mount him." He explained what mounting was—making a statue of the fish from the fish itself. He went into details, and my sister haughtily left the table. I was upset, too, for a different reason. The pike was to be preserved as a lasting, eternal monument to my foolishness.

For several days, I heard about the pike at home, at school, while playing in the

streets and fields. Norteau was a peaceful small town, not interested in the wide world outside, which was more quiet than now, and local topics lingered. The fish was mentioned by a newspaper in the Department capital, with Dodu's name. Meanwhile, the pike was still alive, presumably healthy, exchanging glares with straggling spectators. I passed the inn many times, always thought of him, but never had the nerve to visit my former adversary.

At last, I approached Dodu with a business proposition. He was plucking little song birds to be served *en brochette* at the inn. Dressed and ready, the poor things brought a couple of sous more a dozen. They were not larger than a man's thumb joint when stripped, and the feathers made a bright, pathetic litter on the cement.

"Say, Dodu," I suggested casually, "if I give you back one franc, can I tell people I caught that pike?"

Dodu stopped working, considered me with a calm, thoughtful stare. "Feels bad, doesn't it, kid?"

"Yes," I nodded and choked. I detested him, yet I was grateful to him, suddenly, for being aware that I felt sad, because I became sure for the first time that I was not abnormal, that there was something to feel sad about.

"I know. It happened to me, too." His fingers flew, birds' heads the size of a cherry dangled from bodies the size of a small plum. "I saved a calf from drowning when I was a kid, and a farmhand took the credit. He only gave me one sou. Would have been the same, though, if he had given me a hundred francs in gold. There are some things you just shouldn't sell for money. You're a smart kid, and it's good for you to learn it." He plucked another bird, then admitted: "Just the same I had to be the one who had caught it. I couldn't have people saying that a kid had caught a bigger pike than I had. Business, you understand?"

"Oh, sure, Dodu."

HE DROPPED the bird, wiped his hands on his pants, and lit a cigarette, to devote all his attention to me. "Look, you think I am a crook and a bad guy, don't you? All right. If I was a crook and mean, I'd take that franc back and tell you to go ahead and tell everybody you'd caught that pike. I won't. Know why?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I'd be cheating you this time. It would be no use. Nobody would believe you now. Even if I went and told them myself. Try telling your own mother!" He shrugged. "That's the way people are; once you get them to believe a thing, they won't change. I could give you some more money. Ten sous, a franc. But that wouldn't make you feel any better. You've got to learn that when a thing is done you have to take it and make the best of it. Now it's a pike, in a few years it will be a woman—all your life it'll be something. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," I told him. And I did understand that no matter what I said that pike had been caught by Dodu.

"You still have that forty sous, kid?"

"Yes."

"Don't go crazy and throw it in the river." He looked at me; I looked at him. I was stunned. The thought had occurred to me a dozen times to throw away that silver coin, symbol of my stupidity. But how did he know it? "I threw my sou away," he went on. "So I was twice a fool. Spend the forty sous for what you wanted them for."

"Sheets of soldiers," I told him.

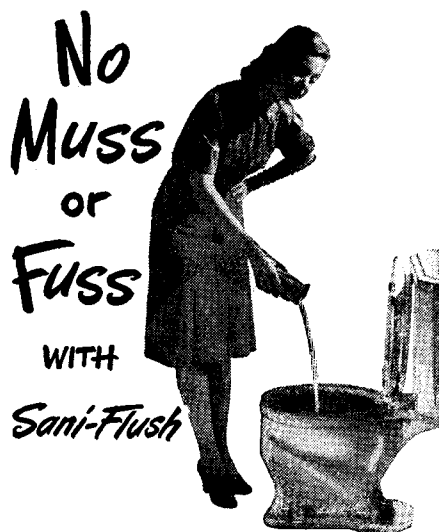
"Or candy, or anything. But spend it, get something for it. You'll feel better inside." He hesitated. "And—and I'll give you something extra for your next fish."

I was astonished to hear myself speak: "I'm not fishing any more, Dodu."

But he did not show astonishment. He held out his hand and we shook. "I was afraid you wouldn't. You're a smart kid, but you'd never make a poacher." He crushed the cigarette butt under his foot, picked up another tiny bird. "Too soft."

I never fished again. But it was I who caught that pike.

THE END



Sani-Flush does so much more than make a toilet bowl look clean! Used at least twice a week, it keeps bowls fresh and sanitary—without scrubbing. Each application cleans away the ever-forming, invisible film in which toilet germs lurk and a cause of toilet odors. No special disinfectants are needed.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works *chemically*—even cleans the hidden trap. Removes stains and discolorations quickly and easily. Doesn't injure septic tanks or their action nor harm toilet connections. (See directions on the can.) Sold everywhere in two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.



Sani-Flush



REMOVES
A CAUSE
OF TOILET ODORS

Don't You Cry for Me

Continued from page 15

Billy was sprawled in his crib with his fanny up in the air and his panda tucked, as always, under his stomach. Pete lay on his back with his mouth wide open and his arms folded on his chest. His open mouth always distressed her, and this morning she tried not to see it. Adenoids, she was sure, but she wouldn't think about it today. There would be time for doctors. Oh, how there would be time!

She closed the door softly and went downstairs to the kitchen. Deftly, with the speed born of six years of marriage, she squeezed orange juice and perked coffee. Then she set the table out under the trees. It looked cool and inviting when she'd finished: the plates like shining green pools on the frosty white cloth, yellow tulips in a great low bowl. Back in the kitchen she drank a cup of coffee and tried not to think past the neat margins of today.

There was a step in the pantry, and it was Jeff, his brown hair standing on end like a brush. "I reached out for you, and you weren't there," he said from the doorway. "I got worried."

She jumped up from the table and hugged him. "Darling, where would I go?"

He held her close. "I don't know," he said. "I had a dream." He kissed her hair and clung to her the way Billy sometimes did. "Jeff, darling," she said against his chest, and she patted his wide back tenderly, ever so tenderly. Jeff, darling, she thought, I know those dreams. But we can't talk about them today. This is the perfect day, my love. The happy day. This is the beautiful memory.

She stood away from him at last and gave him a brilliant smile. "You run upstairs and shower, now. Breakfast is nearly ready. Wear something nice and old and picnicy." She gave him a small push and turned back to her chores. Bacon to broil, eggs to scramble, coffee cake to cut. And don't think of Jeff's face. Don't think of it.

THE ring of the doorbell cut sharply across her thoughts. It was Mrs. Larsen, huge and brisk. She was taking her hat off when Peg opened the door, and halfway across the kitchen she had removed her coat and was fighting her way into her apron. "Good morning," she said eventually, and Peg felt better. There was something therapeutic about Mrs. Larsen. She was sanity and kindness and all the good, solid, prewar things.

"Children asleep?"

"You might look at them, Mrs. Larsen. I'm not sure."

And so the day began, and things went as Peg had planned. Breakfast was leisurely and pleasant, with Jeff browsing through the paper as if this were just an ordinary day, and the children—faces scrubbed till they seemed to reflect the sun—at their most adorable. It was a lovely scene, Peg thought, watching them. Billy in his yellow sun suit waddling from flower to flower like a fat, unwieldy butterfly. Pete sitting at his father's elbow, bombarding him with talk.

"Look, Pop," he said, making piano-playing motions on the table. "Pop, lookit. See, here's how I play for the Americans, all nice and smooth." His hands moved on the imaginary keyboard slowly and gracefully. Jeff nodded interestedly, not with that blank, bewildered look most parents give their children. "That's not all. Pop, watch. Here's how I play all lousy for the Germans." He banged the table wildly, and then he and his father began to laugh, deeply, intimately.

"That's a good one," Jeff said. "Come here to me." Pete climbed up on his father's lap, and Peg wanted to look away it hurt so to see them that way, and tomorrow— But she grinned instead, a wide jolly grin. "You two!" she said. Then Billy came over and wanted to sit on Jeff's other knee. He gathered him up and hugged them both so tight she could see his muscles quivering.

"Pop," Pete said in his sweet, five-year-old voice, "I don't want you to go away. Who'll put me to bed at night now? Who'll feed the squirrels?" And Billy said, "No go by-by, Daddio, huh?"

Oh, dearest Lord, Peg thought, they're too young to know. Everyone said they were too young to know. Everyone lied about everything. You do not get courage from some hidden source. It is not easier than you think.

She sprang lightly from her chair and stood in front of them. "All this smooching, and me on the outside? Fine thing. Scram, kiddies, it's Mom's turn." They went reluctantly into the house, and that crisis was passed. Everything was still gay and bubbly. No tears had been shed.

And presently it was lunch time. They carried the picnic basket between them and their hands touched on the wide wicker handle. Peg slanted a look over at Jeff. "Not trying to flirt with me, are you, Ryan?"

"What makes you think I'm not?" he said, and they looked at each other for a second. A clear warm look. A dangerous look. Peg looked away first, and began to talk quickly of the merits of chicken legs versus wings.

It was a delicious picnic, and the combination of champagne and sunshine made Peg a little giddy. She kicked off her moccasins and waded in the brook. She ran after squirrels and did bird calls. And all the time Jeff was watching her with a funny look on his face. She sat down beside him at last, flushed and out of breath.

"Hi," she said.

And he said, "Hi, Peg." He put his arm around her and held her for a long while. It was good to relax against him. To feel his warmth and strength. She closed her eyes a minute and listened to the talk of the birds and the talk of the brook. Their Scotch-and-soda brook, so christened by Jeff because it was so clear and cold and golden. It was a nice soft tapestry of sound. Not so loud that you couldn't think against it; not so soft that you could hear each other's heartbeats above it. The telltale heartbeats. After a long time, Jeff said, "There are no words, are there, Peg?" She was caught off guard. In his arms, there, she was soft and vulnerable.

"No words at all, Jeff," she said, and then she felt the pinprick of tears again. She sat up straight, every nerve fighting them back. He mustn't know. Jeff who despised tears so.

She scrambled down at him. "Chase me, Geoffrey," she said. "Beat you down to the apple tree." But he didn't move. "What's the matter, dopey?" she asked him.

"Nothing," he said. "Only that spoils it. Everything's spoiled now." Unreasoning pride was big and tall in her heart, and she didn't say anything. "This is one hell of a picnic," he went on, his voice harsh against her raw nerves. "One hell of a last day."

Blindly, furiously, she began to pick up the paper plates, the pieces of wax paper. She got everything together. Chicken bones, napkins, the champagne bottle, and put them in the wicker basket. Jeff sat where he was, not watching her, and finally she had picked up everything and was carrying the basket up the hill. Our beautiful day, she thought, over and over again. Our beautiful day. And she hated Jeff so much she didn't feel big enough to hold so much hate. She had tried so hard. She had carried the whole thing alone. He had been dull and inarticulate. Granted he was under a strain, but what about her? And to have him turn on her like that, when she was only being brave. Only being the way he'd asked her to be. . . . Damn Geoffrey, she thought. Oh, damn him.

GEOFFREY came home in time to shower and change to his fresh blues. Mrs. Larsen was demoted to the kitchen, and he put the children to bed.

"Any drinks of water tonight?" Peg heard him asking them.

"No, Daddio."

"No, Pop."

"Any more trips to the bathroom?"

"No-ooo."

"Okay, all set then. Good night, Pete, old man. Take care of things." She could see them in her mind, Pete's arms around Jeff's neck and their cheeks together. It should have been a knife turning in her heart, but it wasn't. Not after this afternoon.

"Good night, Billy boy. Panda all right for the night?"

"Fix panna's necktie, please."

"There, necktie's shipshape. Be a good Billy boy. Write me every day." Then she heard the door close and, after a minute, Pete's quiet sobbing. All very touching, she thought, but I can't seem to feel a thing.

They were extremely polite to each other at dinner, and when it was over they went into the living room and read the evening paper. About 8:30, Mrs. Larsen came in and said, "Dishes all finished. You want I should stay longer?"

"Just until I put Mr. Ryan on the train, please, Mrs. Larsen," Peg told her. "Another hour or so."

"Okay, I wait." Another hour or so. Just one more hour. And all of a sudden she couldn't bear it any more. Oh, pride, what was pride?

"Jeff—"

"Yes. I know. Time to go." He was out in the hall before she could say anything else, tugging on the white sailor hat that made him look about Pete's age. He picked up his bag and looked all around him. At his chair



and radio, at the pictures of the kids. "Well," he said, "time to go."

Peg slipped on a blue cardigan and went out with him.

"Have we time to walk?"

"Yes, Jeff, but that heavy bag—"

"I'd like to walk." She knew it was because he loved this street so well. Their street lighted still by old-fashioned lamplight. He loved the old well-cared-for houses and the evening noises; the crickets and the frogs. It was a warm and beautiful night filled with the small lights of fireflies. It smelled of sunshine and lilacs and a million nostalgic things, and the loveliness of it caught at Peg's throat like an old beloved song. She looked up at Jeff, but he was there first, leaning down a little to her.

"Jeff, oh, Jeff." He set down his bag and took her in his arms.

"My beautiful," he said, and his big voice was very soft.

"I was such a dope, Jeff."

"I thought you didn't care," he whispered.

"Care, Jeff! There's no way to tell you how I care."

"We have a little while," he said. "Let's go down by the brook."

On the way she tried to tell him. About wanting to be brave for him. About the promise made so long ago that she wouldn't cry. "You specifically said no tears," she told him, and it was such a businesslike thing to say into the warm, unbusinesslike dark that she had to laugh at herself. They sat down on the grass, and Jeff held her against him.

"Sometimes a man talks big," he said humbly. "Sometimes a man doesn't know what he wants."

"Maybe," Peg said, after a minute. "It's all right to turn the pockets of your soul inside out in front of some people."

"In front of one person," he corrected her gently.

"Yes."

"I think that's the answer, Peg. If you hold it all back it's false and awful, like today."

"But I wanted to give you one perfect memory, Jeff."

He measured his words slowly: "All the ingredients were there, but I guess you can't make memories the way you make a cake. I guess it takes something else."

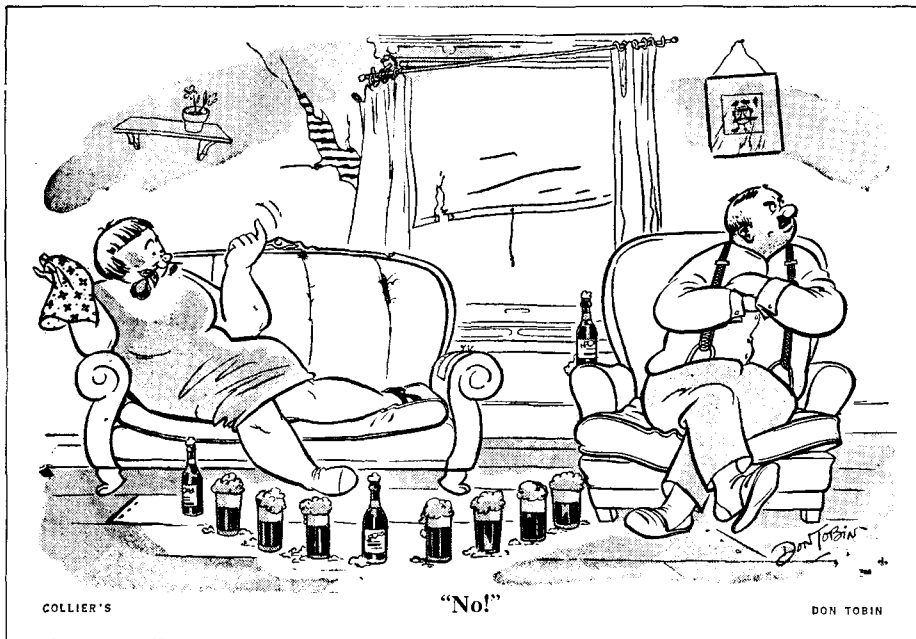
"Like moonlight?" Peg looked up at him. "Yes—for want of a word that doesn't exist." He kissed her then, a long hard kiss, and her arms went around his neck. When she took her mouth away at last, his tears were on her cheek, and hers were on his.

"Goodby, Peg," he whispered. "Stay there, right where you are. Let me remember you here." He started to get up, but then he came back and knelt down beside her. "You'll have the trees I've planted, and the flowers, and the kids. And I'll have nothing of you." He looked old for a minute, and afraid.

SHE drew him close to her, and the words came from deep inside of her. "Listen to me, Jeff, darling," she said. "Wherever you are, I'll be there. I'll be the song of the rails all the way to Norfolk. I'll be the voice of the wind when you're standing watch under the stars. And, Geoffrey," she took his face between her hands, "when you're drinking beer with a Red Cross girl on the other side of the world, I'll be the face on the barroom floor."

He grinned at her then and kissed the top of her head. And he was gone through the shadows and the summer mist. She felt strangely happy sitting there looking after him. Singingly happy, and at last she knew why. He was on his way home now.

THE END



Any Week

Continued from page 4

drink at the next stop raise their hands. Chairman Henry! Chairman Sitting Bull! Chairman Spotted Tail! Chairman Rain in the Face! What's this country coming to?

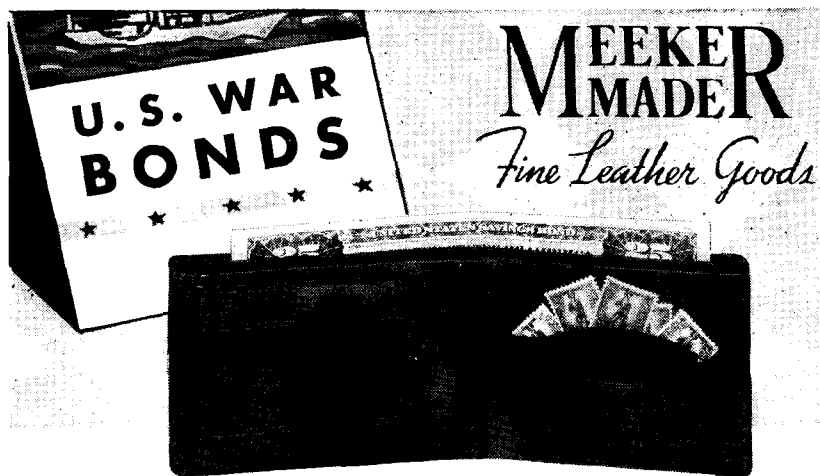
BUT one of our most active political correspondents asks us to help him put over a plan to broadcast campaign speeches to our Armed Forces in the field—the lads who are actually fighting. We have declined. It is our opinion that no good military purpose would be served if the men have to stop and cheer office-seeking orators just as they are about to erase a Nazi gun position.

FURTHERMORE, we're not enthusiastic about Mr. James T. Padden's idea. From Tucson, Arizona, he suggests that "any men who have any good Paris telephone numbers ought to send them to any friends they have there." We've written to Mr. Padden to say that even the Nazis can't have changed Paris

so much that a guy needs telephone numbers in that town.

MOREOVER, it wasn't very long ago that Miss Doris Stark of Georgetown, Indiana, called upon a lady and, after a few preliminaries, asked about the lady's son. You know: "And how is little Leander doing in school?" Whereupon Leander's mother shook her head doubtfully. "Not so well, I'm afraid," said she. "Leander didn't pass his examinations. But I think I know why. You see Leander's in the fifth grade, but he can't read and write much, and maybe that's what's holding him back."

THERE is no use asking us how Leander got away up to the fifth grade. Once we asked the governor of one of our states how he got elected. "I am the idol of the ignorant vote," he replied. "Bright people were against me, but in this state, the vast majority of the voters are very suspicious of higher education like reading and writing. My opponent defeated himself by being grammatical, logical and having an intelligent grasp on the fundamentals of government." . . . W. D.



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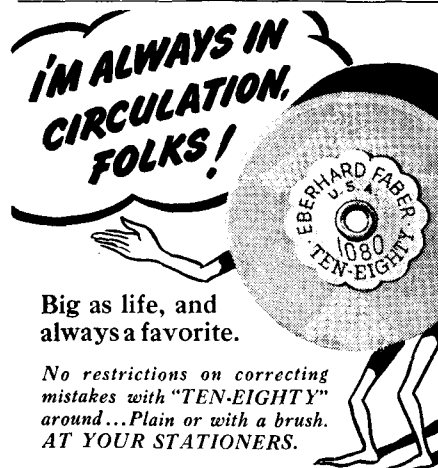
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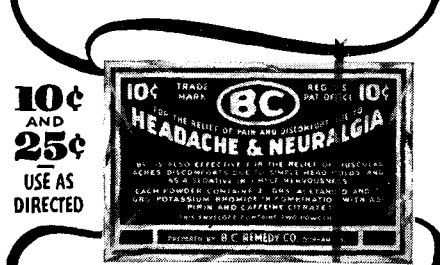
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MANY businesses that are vital to our American way of living will have to shut down unless 900,000 more girls and women go to work at once.

Women are needed to hold jobs open till the boys come back.

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There is a crying need for women workers in offices, factories, and in good outdoor work. The pay is now high and there are so many jobs available, you are certain to find one that fits your capabilities. No experience necessary!

Don't worry what the neighbors or family will think if you go to work—tell them they should work too—it's a patriotic duty of every woman who can possibly arrange to do so.

Forget the excuses—get a job! See your local U. S. Employment office, where you will be treated as a person responding to her country's call. Or answer the want ads in your local paper or apply at your Army or Navy Recruiting Office.

This advertisement contributed in the interest of the nation's welfare by the Makers of **ARRID**, America's Largest Selling Deodorant Cream.

Hi, Cousin

Continued from page 17

like to hear about it. Jan, mebbe you'd best . . .

"No, I'll stay!" Jan said quickly. "Go ahead, please."

"Well, Bill was a great flier, you know. One of the best! He had six planes to his credit—"

"Yes, I know," Jan interrupted him. "I remember the citation. Very well!"

Brad Jordan stopped then and looked at Jan for a long time, and I looked at her, too. And both of us fellows knew from the tone of her voice that there was a powerful bitterness in her that just wouldn't allow that Bill was dead. She had been hoping all along that maybe the War Department had made a mistake. Now, along come a fellow who knew there hadn't been no mistake because he'd been right there.

Brad Jordan turned his head away from her and spoke directly to Uncle Er like Uncle Er was the only one in the world worth hearing what he had to say.

"It was pretty hot going that day. We tangled with a bunch of 109s at fifteen thousand. Bill spotted a lone Machi down below us. 'There's my number seven!' he hollered in the intercom. He pulled out of formation and went after him. Three of the 109s pulled out and got on his tail. He didn't have a chance." Then, as an afterthought, Brad said, "He got the Machi."

It was so quiet in the room you could hear the clock ticking on the kitchen shelf. Jan was sitting at the edge of her seat, and her hands were tight in her lap like she was getting ready to hit out at something.

"May I ask a question?" she asked, all cold and stiff.

"Of course."

"You were Bill's pal, weren't you?"

"That's right."

"Well, where were you when Bill was shot down?"

He lifted his eyes and looked at her for a long, slow moment, and I ain't even seen a look like that on anybody's face. If it was me, I'd have run, but Jan just sat there and stared back at him, and both of them were sick white mad.

"I wouldn't even attempt to answer a question like that," he said softly. Then, his eyes turned slowly to Uncle Er and then to me, to see if we were expecting him to answer it. Jan stuffed her hand to her mouth but it didn't keep the sob from coming out, and she jumped up and ran out of the parlor. Uncle Er took a long time to talk.

"Bill was my son," he said so low I could hardly hear him. "Ain't nobody feels the hurt no more than me. Jan had no call to say that. That's a woman, callin' down God for makin' the devil. Time she got a bit of sense."

He got up, rubbing his back.

"You're Bill's friend, and Bill's friends have always been welcome here. You been hurt and, if I'm any judge, you been layin' in a hospital for quite a spell. I'd like to see you stay on with us a while, son, and put some color back in your face."

Brad Jordan shook his head. "Thank you, sir, but I think I'd better move on."

"I'd feel right bad if you did, son," Uncle Er said, and I'm danged if he didn't look like he was going to bust into tears. "There's a heap of other things I'd like to hear about Bill."

I HELD my breath while Brad Jordan hesitated. He looked down at his hands. Then he looked toward the parlor door a second. Then he looked up at the old man and gave him a big grin.

"Thanks," he said. "Of course, I'll stay. That's what I came up here for"—he hesitated just a wink before finishing—"to talk to you about Bill."

Right then and there, I made up my mind it was about time I paid my Uncle Er a visit, too. . . .

Jan was right polite to Brad Jordan. The kind of polite that makes you feel like a big old spruce bough has just unloaded a ton of snow down the back of your neck. Brad didn't seem to take notice of how polite Jan

was because he didn't seem to take notice of Jan at all. Days he'd fish, and nights he'd sit in the parlor with Uncle Er and talk about the war and about Bill and about planes and fellows he'd known and some of the scraps he'd been in.

I stuck with Brad day and night, and he didn't seem to object. He had a powerful lot on his mind that he didn't talk about, and half the time I don't think he knew I was around. But when we was fishing, he knew I was around, on account of I showed him the spots. We fished up the brook a couple of days, then one morning he asked me to go out on the lake in the boat with him. I turned him down. I'm leery of city slickers that sidewind a casting rod like it was a scythe, ever since the time one hooked me in the ear. I'd rather get a line on a fellow from shore before I sit in a boat with him, and if you've ever been hooked through the ear you'll understand that it ain't that I'm yaller but just cautious.

"Tomorrow, maybe," I told him. "And say, I ain't checked up on your license yet. Better do that before you shove off."

"What's it to you, squirt?" he asked surprised.

"It's on account of I'm a honorary special deputy warden, and if you meet Clarence Coe out on the lake, you can tell him I checked your license. He'd think I wasn't doin' my job if I hadn't."

"Okay, Bunyan," he grinned, and I realized that grinning does a lot of things to make a fellow downright handsome. "Here's the license."

He took out his wallet and handed me the license, and it was all proper. I gave it back to him and, as he started to slip it in, he dropped the wallet. A few papers spilled out of it, and being as he was gimpy, I beat him down to the ground to pick them up. Among those papers was a snapshot of Jan.

"Jingo Nannies!" I said like a dope. He took the papers and the picture out of my hands and stuffed them in the wallet and gimped away with his rod down to the boat. I watched him from shore for a long time. He didn't sidewind. He had the snappiest overhead cast I'd ever seen since—since Bill went away.

I went back to the house to find Jan. She was sitting on the back porch reading a book. The back porch looks half toward Bald Mountain and half toward the lake. She had read the book before. It was the Farmer's Almanac for 1940. I sat down on the swing and watched how pretty she looked with her head half turned toward the lake, pretending to read. I sure did wish she was fifteen!

"The woods are getting real dry, Bunyan," she said to me.

"Yep."

"If we don't get a rain soon, I guess I'll be going up to the lookout."

"Yep. That's yer job."

She fidgeted around, wanting to say something, then, finally, she got it out: "That was a terrible thing I said to Brad Jordan, wasn't it, Bunyan?"

"Yep!"

She looked at me like she was getting ready to smack me. "Can't you say anything but yep, yep, yep?"

"Sure. I can tell you that Brad is a real good fisherman. He's got a whole bunch of bass-chewed plugs, and the sweetest one-piece, six-foot, flame bamboo rod, homemade and smooth-wound and balanced like—"

"Oh, stop it!" she cried. "Bunyan, I don't know whatever made me say that."

"On account of you wanted to blame somebody for Bill's gettin' shot down," I told her.

She looked off toward the lake, shaking her head a little. "It gives you a funny feeling, Bunyan, to see him come back instead of Bill. Bill is gone—and here is this fellow from the same squadron on the same flight—"

"Sure! Rompin' around like a fawn!" I was sore for a minute, and I didn't care what I said. "All's happened to him on the flight was gettin' messed up in a hail of machine-gun bullets. All's happened to him was gettin' shot through both legs, and gettin' a shell splinter in one arm that's still there. He had it easy!"

She looked back at me and her eyes filled up with tears and I was almost ashamed to hand it to her like that.

"Pa didn't tell me," she whispered.

"You didn't ask!" I reminded her.

I GOT off the swing and went around the house and borrowed Uncle Er's fly rod off the deer-foot rack, and went off up Squaw Brook to try out the fly Ted Bullard had tied for me. I guess I did a lot more thinking than fishing and that's how come by dark I didn't have but one little trout that wasn't a keeper. Brad did better out on the lake, having caught a couple of two-pounders, and we had them for supper.

When supper was over, we went out and sat on the porch chairs and listened to the dry leaves rustling and watched the stars on the lake and said nothing. Brad smoked a cigarette; when he puffed on it, it made so much light that I could see his face and Jan's. Brad was looking out at the lake. Jan was looking at Brad. When he finished the cigarette, he flipped it out over the porch railing and it went corkscrewing out into the night, and Jan got up and went down and stepped on it.

"I'm sorry," Brad said. "I didn't realize—"

"Woods are dry," Jan said.

"Too damn dry!" Uncle Er cut in. "Appears to me you'd ought to be gettin' up to the lookout, Jan."

"Yes, I—I guess I should. I'll pack out tomorrow morning first thing, Pa."

"Yep! I think I'd do that!" Uncle Er got



"It started with their sharing the same car"

up rubbing his back. "Well, hard day today. Think I'll say good night to you folks."

Jan got up quickly like she was scared to be left alone with us and said, "I think I'll say good night, too."

When they had gone, Brad lit another cigarette and blew out the match real careful.

"Know much about stars, Bunyan?" he asked.

"Big Dipper. North Star. A body ain't got a right to go into the woods 'less he knows those two."

"The stars up here in the mountains look pretty clear, but you should see them on the desert. They just hang in the sky right over your head, and they're round. They don't twinkle like chips. They're round."

I thought about what a nice voice he had, sort of soft and lazy and tired.

"We used to sit out on the desert sometimes and look at the stars and talk about fishing and things, and Bill would tell me how the stars looked from up on Bald Face Mountain on a fall night with frost in the air and no moon. You like to talk about Bill, too, Bunyan?"

"Shucks, yes! Seein' we're both sort of pals of his."

"He told me about you, squirt. And he told me about drawing wood, and about the square dances down at the Bucket, and about Weldon Ferris and his rheumatism. I guess guys talk a lot about home when they're out on the desert like that waiting for the dawn and the signal to take off. He used to read me his pa's letters—and Jan's—"

He kept still a minute, then he said:

"Bill gave me that picture of Jan. It was sort of a joke at first. I had a couple of girls back home, but I guess I was too busy trying to get my engineering degree to have a steady. So Bill gave me Jan's picture for luck. I stuck it up in the cockpit, and I—well, I got sort of used to having it there. It brought me luck, all right. I'd thought of telling her—but—"

"Ummm," I agreed.

"It's strange how you get an idea about a person you've never met, and sometimes the idea sticks like glue, and it's always right there when you need it most. And then you meet that person, and they're not at all like your idea."

"Jan's a right nice girl," I told him quickly.

"Did I say she wasn't?" he demanded.

"No."

He got up and shoved his hands in his trousers pockets and looked down at me real serious.

"Bunyan," he said, "I'll be out of here in a couple of days, and—well—I don't want you to tell Jan about that snapshot."

"Okay," I agreed.

"No, not just okay. I want your word of honor."

I gave him my word of honor but it sure enough stuck in my throat. I knew how danged sorry Jan felt for what she'd said, but things done don't get themselves undone, and I knew that, too. Also I'd seen enough of human critters to know that when a fellow like Brad Jordan gets down on a person they ain't no words of tongue or pen going to change his mind. Besides which, it wasn't none of my business. But I don't mind saying that I nearly choked to death that night lying in bed with my word of honor stuck in my throat and Jan going away the next morning and nothing to hold Brad Jordan there until she got back.

JAN was already dressed in her trail clothes and boots when we came down to breakfast the next morning. Uncle Er had gone into town to the mill, so Brad and I sat down at the table together. Jan was busy stuffing grub in her pack basket, giving me three thousand instructions. It was natural that I'd stay on with Uncle Er until she came back. Brad was real quiet. He just ate his eggs and toast and drank his coffee and watched Jan packing up. And I watched the two of them, wondering if they wasn't something I could do, which I knew danged well they wasn't. Finally, Jan was ready and saying goodbye.

Brad Jordan got to his feet then and said, "I guess this is a real goodbye, Jan. I expect to start home tomorrow. I guess I won't see you again."

Jan didn't say anything for a second. She stood still and looked at him like her face was frozen, like they was so many things she wanted to say that she didn't know where to start. Then, she turned away and looked down at her pack basket.

"Pa will be disappointed," she said low. "He'd been counting on having you with us a while."

"Well, he certainly has made me feel very welcome, but I—" he stopped.

I got the feeling again that neither two of them was saying what they had in mind. Jan swung her hand back and forth a bit like she couldn't make up her mind if she should shake hands goodby or just say it. She just said it—"Well, goodbye, then"—like she didn't give a hang whether he stayed or he didn't. And Brad said, "Goodby, Jan," in a low, funny voice that made me think about the snapshot and how he'd kept it up in the cockpit of the plane, and how it had been there the time those machine-gun bullets were chewing through him.

JAN slipped her arms through the pack straps and walked out without saying another thing. Brad just stood there and watched her go and his mouth was shut tight. Real tight. She shut the door behind her with a right smart crack. We went out on the porch and watched her cross the fields and head into the old tote road into the woods.

Brad didn't say nothing to me. He didn't go fishing. He just sat around the porch and moped. Uncle Er didn't say much neither when he got home. All's he said was:

"Jan called me up at the mill from the lookout. Says the woods is real dry all the way up. Says there's plenty sign of deer up in the beechnuts. Come another week, a man ought to be able to get himself some venison. How about that, Brad? You hunt?"

"A bit," said Brad. "But I'm starting home tomorrow. You've been swell to me, but—"

"Be glad to lend you a gun," Uncle Er said. "A man ought to be able to get himself a buck pretty quick up in them beeches."

But Brad Jordan was going home tomorrow, and no nonsense about it. . . .

It was hardly no more than sunup the next morning when the phone started ringing like mad. I woke up and heard Uncle Er's bare feet flat-footing it toward the kitchen. He picked up the receiver, and in the silence I could hear the church bell clanging up in town. This was no Sunday meeting! This meant fire! I was half into my boots when Uncle Er roared up the stairs:

"It's Jan! She says there's a fire over on Little Cat Mountain! Everybody up! Let him help who can!"

In the room next to mine, I heard Brad getting dressed. The phone rang again, and I called out that I was getting it. It was Uncle Mel Dunton, the ranger.

"Tell yer Uncle Er I want the folks in Squaw Valley to hang back and wait in case she breaks out over this way. The folks over there can handle their own for a bit."

Uncle Er came down with Brad and when I gave him the ranger's orders, he nodded. "Mel's right. The sparks sure fly. Let's have some coffee while we can."

Brad filled the coffeepot while Uncle brought out the bacon and eggs and I set the table. Brad looked bad this morning. He looked like he hadn't slept a wink. We ate breakfast in silence, then went out on the porch to watch the sky. The sun was high. There were no clouds. The only haze was a dirty gray cloud over north hanging above Little Cat.

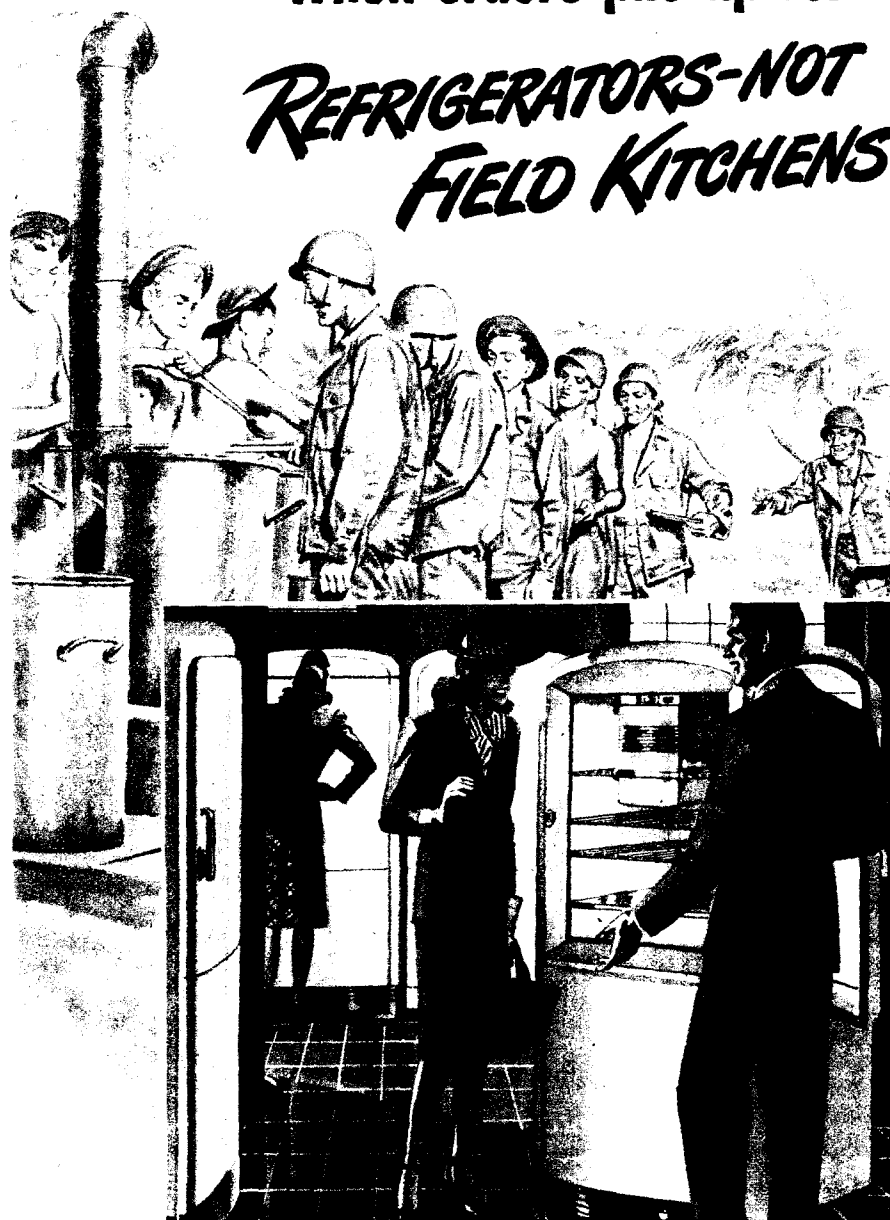
"Isn't Jan coming back?" Brad asked.

Uncle Er looked at him a long time. "She'll be needed up there," he said.

Uncle Byron Ott from down the lake drove into the yard, the back of his car all loaded down with axes and rakes and brooms and a scythe. Uncle Byron is a real fire-eater. It rankled him raw to get orders to set while they was a fire anywhere in the county. Uncle Er took him in the house for coffee. The sun got higher and it got hotter, but there was still no wind blowing. As long as the wind didn't kick up, it wouldn't be too bad. Over on Little Cat, the gray cloud was still staining the sky. Fires make their own wind. They're spiteful things.

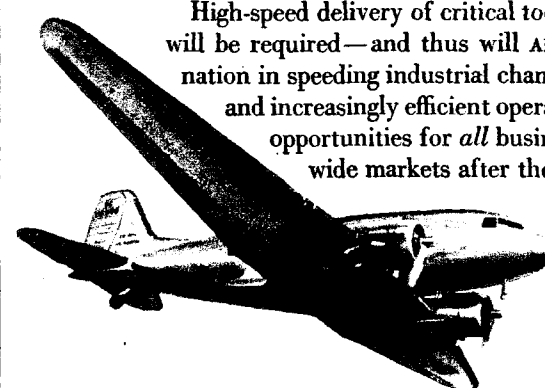
The next fire broke out over on Sugarbush

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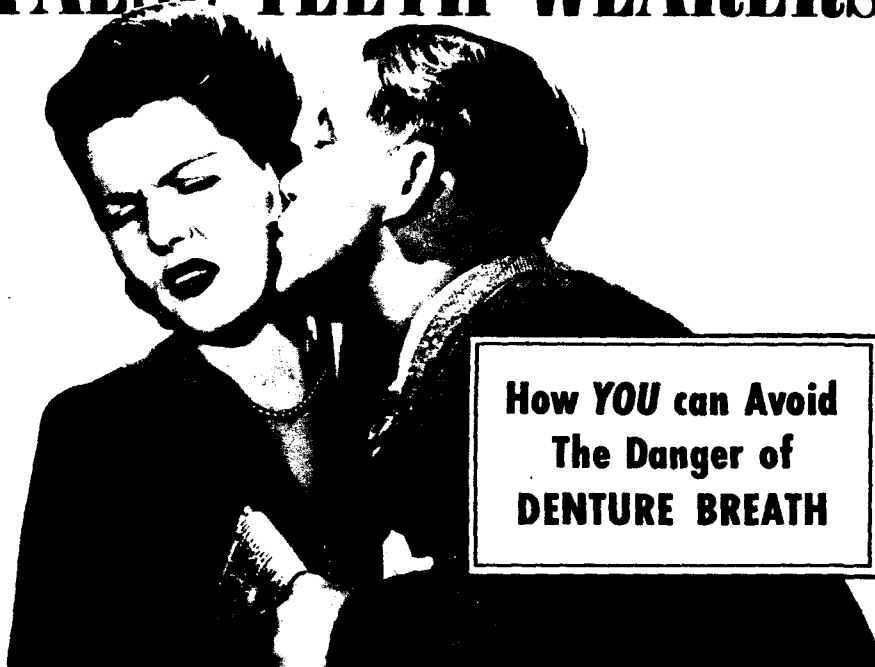
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Fights for
FREEDOM
produce and
conserve—
share and
play square!**

Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES
CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

Hill, just south of Bald Face. We saw the thin column of smoke start up, hazy as a ghost, then puff out at the bottom all dirty and black and mean-looking. Jan, up on lookout, must have seen it long before we did, because I had hardly spied it and called Uncle Er and Uncle Byron when two cars went roaring by loaded with men.

"Mel says you should wait!" someone called from the cars, and Uncle Byron took off his cap and threw it down at his feet.

"Doggone that Mel!" he swore. "He runs them fires like he was MacArthur or Montgomery, or something." He picked up his hat and jammed it onto his head. "But he runs them good," he admitted grudgingly.

Porter Mountain started next. Then Painter. It was like somebody that was nuts was running through the dry woods tossing matches.

The call came through for Uncle Er and Uncle Byron to get to the Painter fire. Uncle Byron yipped like he had just shot himself a buck and bee-lined for his car with Uncle Er following him lugging a gallon jug of coffee.

"You two stay here!" he ordered us, squinting up toward Bald Face. "Might be a real bad need somewheres else."

BRAD and I went back to the porch and sat down on the steps. You could hardly see the lookout now with the clouds of smoke curling along the mountainsides and down the draws and the ravines. Brad was all right as long as you could see the lookout, but when it got so's you couldn't see it, he began to pace up and down the porch.

"She ought to come down!" he told me.

"She'll come down when she gets her orders and not before," I said. And then I said, sort of indifferent, "Ain't you'd better be packin', long as you're set on leavin' today?" He didn't seem to hear me. "What happens if she gets trapped up that tower?" he asked me.

"It's the ranger's job to see that she doesn't. He tells her when to come down."

"Well, damn his hide, why doesn't he tell her!" he hollered at me. "I'm going to call her myself!"

"You can't call the lookout except on official business," I told him. "I can call her because I'm a honorary deputy fire warden. What'll I tell her for you?"

I got Jan on the phone, but Brad did his own telling.

"Jan, it looks pretty bad from here. You ought to come down."

I could hear Jan's voice clear as a bell.

"Get off that line, Brad Jordan! I've got work to do!"

"Jan—"

I heard the receiver click. Brad just stood there and stared at the dead phone, his face gray. Then he went out on the porch and

started his pacing again. A car came ripping down the road and I recognized it and hailed it. It was Uncle Mel Dunton, and he put on the brakes and skid to a stop.

"How're they goin'?" I shouted, running over to the car.

"Little Cat's runnin' away from us. She crowned for a while and beat our line. I'm goin' back to check on Painter and see if she can spare some men."

"Are they holdin' Bald Face?" I asked him.

"Can't tell. Smoke's blanked the lookout." He started to shift gears, but Brad jumped on the running board.

"Then what's Jan doing up there?" he asked angrily.

"She ain't. Told her to come down more'n a hour ago."

He started the car and roared off down the road trying to make up the time he had wasted talking to us. Brad looked after him a minute, then made for the house as fast as his gimpy legs would take him. He called the lookout number and danged if he didn't get it.

"Jan, you got orders to come down an hour ago! Are you coming down or am I coming up after you?"

"You'd better keep out of these woods, Brad Jordan. And get off the line!"

"Are you coming down?"

"No! Get off the line!"

He slammed down the receiver and grabbed up a couple of kitchen towels to soak and tie across his face. When he saw me stuffing a couple inside of my shirt, he stopped and looked at me.

"Where do you think you're going?" he asked.

"With you!" I told him.

"Oh, no! I'm not taking you, squirt."

"You'd better," I told him. "I know a short cut. Either you're going my way or I'm goin' myself."

He didn't have time to argue. We took the old tote road as far as the log bridge over the brook, then cut along the old foot trail that followed the brook instead of taking the marked trail to the lookout. Even down at the brook, the smoke was heavy. Brad kept choking and coughing and his gimp was pretty bad.

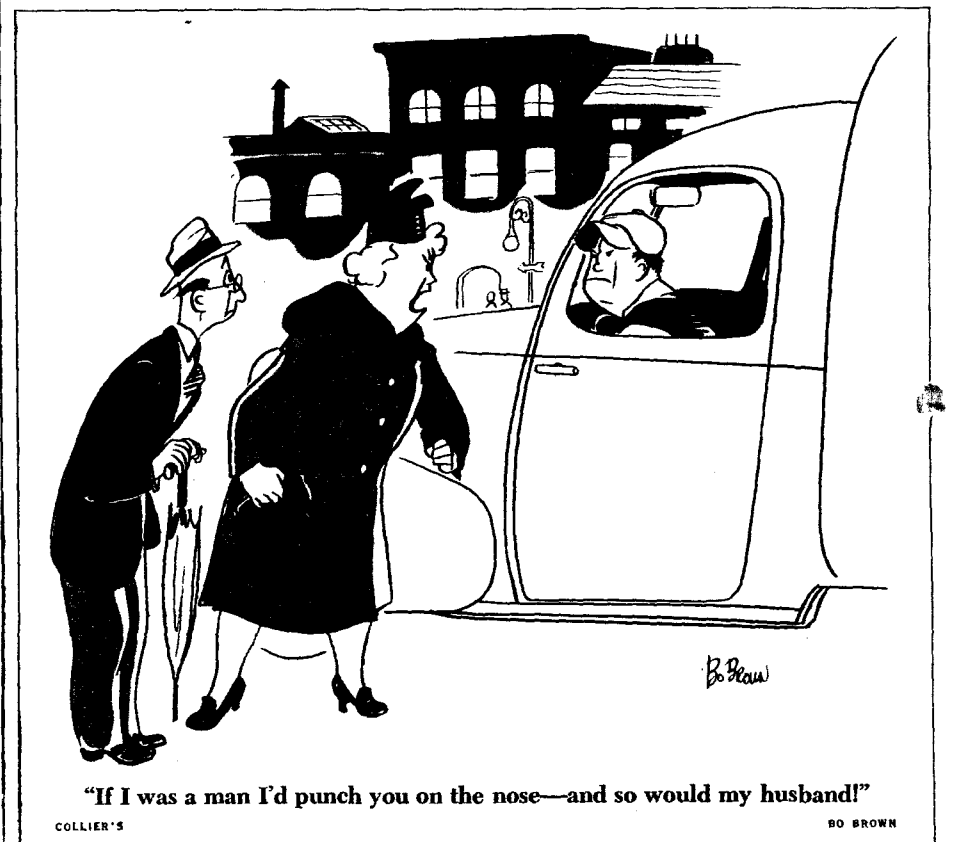
"I got to rest," I said, and flopped down beside a rock. Brad stopped and shook his head and prodded his knee gently between my shoulders.

"Don't pull that stuff on me, kid," he said.

"You're not tired."

They was no arguing with him, so we started climbing again. The heat got terrible and the smoke and the cinders.

The steps up the lookout were the worst. It was like climbing a stairway into the sky, with the earth below lost in fog and clouds.



"If I was a man I'd punch you on the nose—and so would my husband!"

COLLIER'S

BO BROWN

"Jan!" Brad called all the way up the steps. She met us at the door of the tower and there were tears washing clean streaks down her smoke-dirty face. "You doggone idiot!" she said to Brad. "Suppose they hadn't stopped Bald Face!"

"Then I'd never have had the chance to tell you what a thick, stubborn kind of guy I am, Jan."

"Oh, Brad! I—I thought you'd never come!" she said. "I thought you had gone, and that I'd never have a chance again to apologize for that—that rotten thing I said!"

Their arms just sort of got tangled up around each other and neither seemed to notice, being so danged busy blaming themselves for everything. People sure have got the dog-blasted way of straightening things out! Me, I buried my head in the water bucket and drank until I was near bust. When I lifted my head, Brad had started to tell her about the snapshot, and Jan was angling onto his shoulders for dear life.

I took the water bucket out on the crow's-nest. I'd heard the story of the snapshot before. Besides, out on the crow's-nest I could drink all the water I wanted in short, comfortin' gulps, and I could watch Porter Mountain burning out, and Painter and Bald Face holding, and the cloud over Little Cat getting thinner.

I set the bucket down on the floor of the nest, and set myself down on the top of the steps. Below the lookout, the smoke was thinning out, and now and again I caught a glimpse of the lake. I set there figgerin' what a danged blasted good thing it was that it was me give my word of honor to Brad, and not t'other way around. And I set there figgerin' that so long as I was going to get me another cousin anyways, it was a right fine thing that he was a fellow with a bunch of bass-chewed plugs, and the sweetest one-piece, six-foot, flame bamboo rod, home-made and smooth-wound.

THE END

Everybody's Dancing

Continued from page 54

quarte, the Italian danza, or the English quadrille, can outpull a boatload of shiny-pants diplomats in building good will for the U.S.A.

Folk-dance sessions, whether in languid New Orleans or bustling Detroit, look alike. So do most of the dances. As though some gay insanity had descended on them, everyone is wheeling, promenading, stomping, twisting, skipping, and clapping, while the girls' skirts periodically swirl about their knees.

While there are slow, stately promenades, most of the time everyone is as energetic as a man fighting for his life.

The dancers, swinging through an Italian tarantella, are apt to be any age, pretty, long-legged, bald, skinny, short, fat, spectacled, or perfect specimens. In the crowd at the Community Folk Dance Center at St. Mark's Place, New York City, one night, we watched a gruff New York Times man, a Columbia University dean, and a foot-loose Army major work themselves into a lather doing the Ukrainian hopak. Nearly every group teaches several new dances at each meeting so that beginners can catch up. Wallflower tendencies are wiped out like the scourge, by the general hilarity.

The revival of all this sashaying is due to small groups throughout the country which pulled folk dancing away from the physical-education programs, where it had languished since the fox trot became respectable, and sold it solid, to lift a phrase from 52d Street. If you were in school in the twenties, you can probably remember the dull way in which folk dances were taught as physical education.

These were not dances, but drills. In most cases, since boys and girls took their physical separately, whatever social spark the dances had was lost. It was the old one-two-three-four, certain of extinction.

A handful of teachers and enthusiasts rescued the dances from this muscle attitude, among them Mary Wood Hinman of California, Doctor Lloyd Shaw of Denver, May Gadd of the Country Dance Society, Michael and Mary Ann Herman of the Community Folk Dance Center, Gertrude Knott who founded the National Folk Festival, and Elizabeth Burchenal of the American Folk Dance Society. They taught the dances as a means of recreation, but the primary idea was to give them their authentic flavor and meaning: Fun, Flirtation, Celebration and Hooray.

The most popular of the dances is our native American square dance. You can turn up a square dance in nearly every town in the country at least once a week. This is one reason why folk dancing has become popular with servicemen. They have learned by experience that if you go to a folk dance in a strange city, you don't come out a stranger. You meet a lot of gay, convivial people, promenade with every pretty girl, and end up on do-si-do terms with everyone. Mary Herman showed us a letter from a folk-dancing

lieutenant of Greek descent who had found a girl in Rome who could do the Swedish hambo. It sounded as though the war had ended.

Second in popularity, and easily three times as difficult, is the Swedish hambo, just mentioned. It is danced to either a hambo or fast polka rhythm. It looks simple. The boy clasps his hands around his girl's waist while she holds onto his shoulders, and they whirl about the room. The trick lies in the fact that the boy does one set of steps while the girl does another. It looks like something designed to prove centrifugal force is here to stay. For the girl is constantly flying through the air while the boy strains to hold her within the walls of the room.

The only dances which aren't popular are those of the American Indian and of Spain. The Indian dances aren't in demand because the redskins seldom got around to inventing dances that included parts for women, which may be the reason the tribes diminished. The Spanish dances, however, are not performed often, because they are so intricate and require such precision that only very accomplished dancers can do them without feeling and looking silly.

On the other hand, the majority of folk dances are loose and awkward enough in their figures to be easily learned and to make the beginner look almost professional after once around the floor.

Beat of Democratic Feet

Aside from the fun, the most obvious thing about the dances is that they are constructively destroying racial and nationalist prejudices and replacing them with knowledge and respect for the cultures of all peoples. A Chinese boy, a Polish girl, a German lad and an Irish colleen dancing the Jewish Baroiges Tanz is solid American.

Folk dancers are not merely nuts about the subject. They are fired with a missionary zeal to enlarge and increase its following. Some wear little dancing-figure buttons, and if your curiosity is aroused enough to ask about them, they'll drag you off to do the Shoo Fly. Short of winning the war, they will claim anything for folk dancing.

They say it is the United Nations in action and that it will decrease juvenile delinquency. They argue that the polka step is the most beneficial to a woman's figure. They wear peasant outfits, point out that George Washington liked folk dancing, and that in modern ballroom dancing you are likely to get stuck with a lemon (male or female) while in folk dancing you get to dance with everyone.

They also argue it is the best way to pick a wife, declaring that after a lively evening of folk dancing, you will not only know what your girl really looks like, but what her true temperament is.

Maybe they're right, but don't say we didn't tell you.

THE END



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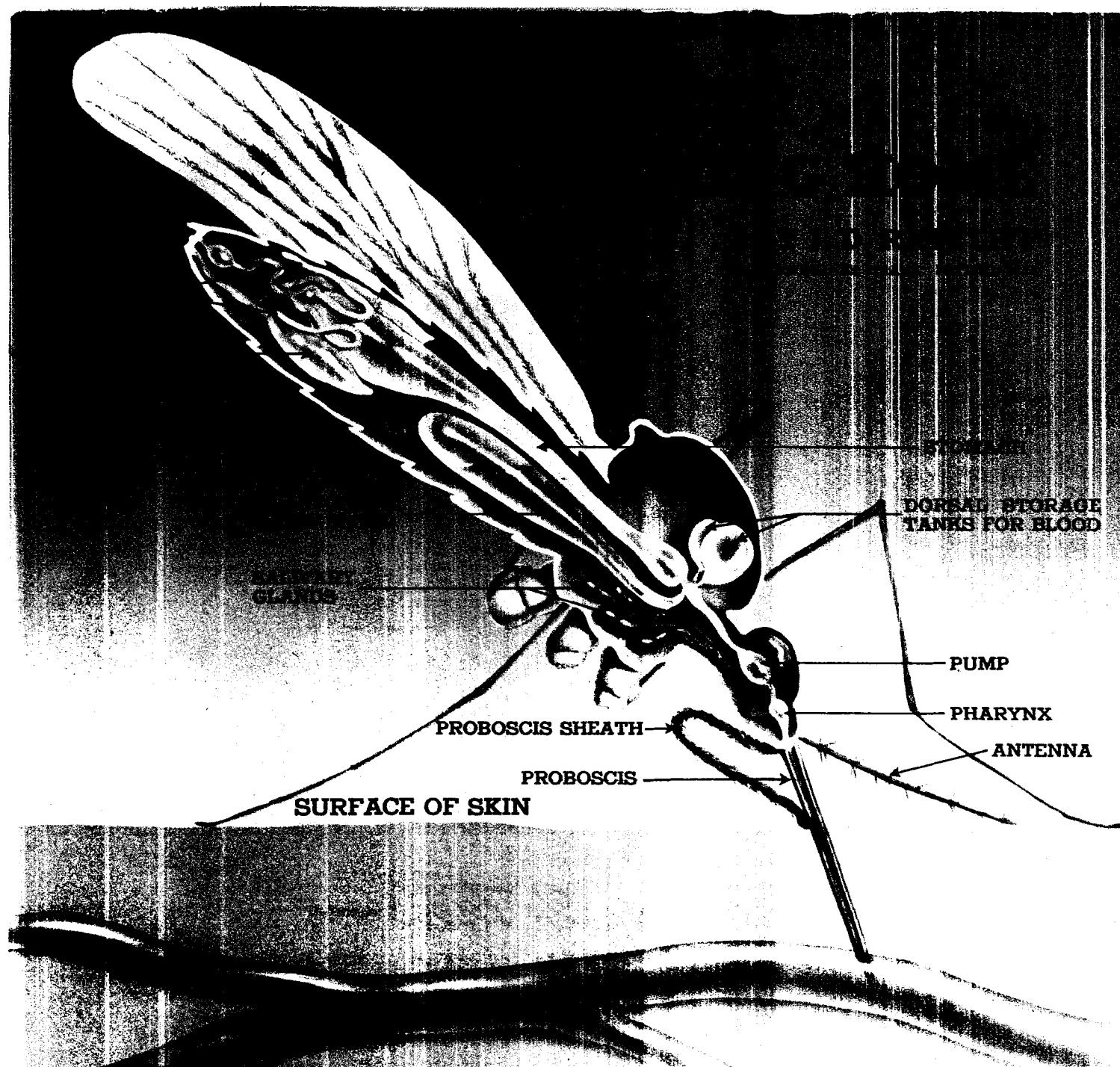
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The germ-carrying mosquito operates in much the same manner as a hypodermic needle. As the insect's proboscis enters the human skin, its springlike sheath remains at the skin surface, while the proboscis goes on through to a blood vessel. To thin the blood, which is too thick to be drawn through the narrow channel of the proboscis, the mosquito uses its own saliva. The thinned mixture is then pumped into the insect's stomach, the excess blood being stored in the ventral and dorsal storage tanks. The malaria germ lives in the mosquito's salivary glands, and enters the human blood stream with the saliva used as a thinner

the Japs took the Dutch cinchona plantations in Java. Synthetic atabrine and Plasmochin are still available. Recently synthetic quinine was perfected and will soon be produced in large quantities.

Each of these drugs plays a specific role. Plasmochin preys on the sexual forms of some malaria parasites. These sexual parasites reproduce in the mosquito's body, have thousands of sexless progeny. The mosquito acts as a flying hypodermic syringe—spitting these sexless microbes into a man. These are the ones that split red cells.

Prevents the Spread

Plasmochin's value rests on one point: By destroying the sexual parasites, it prevents mosquitoes from spreading the disease. While a man is on the drug he can't pass his disease along to mosquitoes, no matter how much he is bitten. Plasmochin has a number of drawbacks. For one thing, it is quite toxic. The second point against it is that it doesn't cure the disease in man; it merely breaks the chain of spread.

The job of curing the disease falls on quinine and atabrine. They work directly on the sexless parasites. About half the time they do a thorough job, killing off all the invaders. The rest of the time they only suppress the infection. They eliminate symptoms, and the victim thinks he is cured. Then, months or years later, the disease comes back. Where it has hidden meanwhile, no one is quite sure—possibly in the spleen, liver or bone marrow.

In an attempt to protect troops, the Army and Navy give men atabrine daily. This medicine won't prevent malaria, but it suppresses symptoms and keeps men in action. But once they stop taking atabrine, they come down with the disease. Atabrine is toxic and it accumulates in the body, thereby requiring more careful medical supervision. It gives skin a yellowish cast. When German troops smashed into the highly malarious Russian Ukraine, they had been so heavily dosed with atabrine that they were all saffron colored.

The Army and Navy have clamped tight censorship on the number of American troops that have contracted malaria, but it is probably safe to guess that it is high in the hundreds of thousands. What will happen when they come home?

There are numberless examples to show what the violent strains of malaria can do when they are introduced into a new area. One of them slipped into Upper Egypt, probably on a British army plane from West Africa. The disease spread like wildfire. In the past two years, it has killed a fifth of the population in some areas. Refugees from Republican Spain took malaria with them when they fled to France, introducing the disease to a region that hadn't seen malaria for decades.

It is pretty safe to assume that whenever there is a mass migration of people from a malarial to a nonmalarial district, the disease will tag along. This was demonstrated after the Civil War when returning soldiers carried malaria as far north as the Canadian border. Spanish-American War veterans brought the disease home with them, causing dozens of outbreaks. Greenwich, Connecticut, was so severely struck that all the sick were evacuated from the town to mosquito-free Montauk Point, on Long Island.

In the last war, malaria took vicious swipes
(Continued on page 73)

In foreign war areas, malaria is the outstanding disease problem among our Armed Forces. This age-old disease encircles the globe. To prevent the reintroduction of malaria by returning troops and prisoners of war, it will be necessary to hold, ready for emergencies, mobile malaria-control units, capable of moving into any community where an outbreak occurs. I believe that such measures, integrated with the splendid and thorough programs of the Army and Navy, will afford the nation the best protection we can devise against further invasion of malaria.

—THOMAS PARRAN
Surgeon General
U. S. Public Health Service

THE first World War was fought in malaria-free France. This one is being fought in India, Burma, China, Italy, Africa—places where malaria takes three million lives a year. Estimates indicate that a million soldiers will return home with malaria parasites in their blood. All that is needed for the spread of the disease is anopheline mosquitoes. They are found in every state in the Union.

To get some idea of the potentialities, look at a malaria map of fifty years ago. It shows the disease prevalent everywhere except along the backbone of the Appalachians, in the arid regions of the West, and in a few mountainous sections of New England. Better housing, better screening, increased use of insecticides and better medical care chased the disease south of Mason and Dixon's line, where a million or so cases of mild malaria persist; however, it can come back with terrible fury.

Ever since war started, both the Army and

Navy have insisted on treating malaria as a secret disease. To a certain extent, this attitude is justifiable. All evidence indicates that malaria is an even greater problem for the Japs than it is for us. In all jungle fighting, American soldiers find bodies of Japs which bear no wounds. They are dead of malaria.

Another point in this connection: Japanese Intelligence has a rough idea of the number of troops that we have on any Pacific island. If strength has been whittled down by malaria—if half our troops are sick with the disease—and the Japs know it, they may decide to come back.

Hence, the prevalence of malaria among troops can be a prime war secret. Furthermore, if we have new mosquito repellents, sprays or antimalarial drugs, we don't want to give the enemy a new lease on life by telling him about them. Malaria puts more men in hospital beds than bullets or battle wounds.

Thus, treating malaria as a secret disease may be sound policy on war fronts. Treating it as a secret at home may be suicidal. When troops begin to come home in large numbers, we are going to face one of the gravest public-health problems that ever faced the nation. If we are wise, we will learn all we can about this blood-rotting sickness right now. Everyone should be as familiar with malaria as he is with chicken pox and influenza.

There are three major types of the disease: Estivo-autumnal (summer-fall), which is the type most widely encountered in the Southwest Pacific. Tertian malaria, which gets its name from the fact that it causes chills every third day, is the commonest form in our own South. Quartan fever—chills every fourth day—causes a scattering of cases throughout the world.

Each of these malarias is caused by a specific parasite, a microscopic animal. The parasites go through part of their life cycles in the bodies of mosquitoes. They undergo still further development once a mosquito spits

them into the body of a man. They burrow their way into red blood cells and reproduce by fission, or spontaneous division into two or more parts, each of which grows into a complete organism. The cell becomes overcrowded and bursts. As many as 150 million red cells may burst at the same time, producing malaria's characteristic chill.

For one who has never seen malaria, the chill is a striking sight. Teeth chatter, and the patient shivers violently. Although the sufferer feels cold, he is actually feverish.

Extremes of Heat and Cold

After an hour or so in this initial stage, the patient goes into the hot phase of the disease. In this stage, his face flushes, and his skin is hot and dry. Fever often rises as high as 106° Fahrenheit and there is raging headache. After about three hours, this gives way to the sweating stage, when the patient is drenched in his own perspiration. The headache disappears and the patient is left miserably exhausted. This set of symptoms recurs regularly, the time intervals depending on the type of malaria.

In its most dramatic form, malaria destroys red cells in such numbers that an overwhelming anemia develops. The dissolved red cells are passed off in a blackish urine. Patients with this type of malaria account for a large part of the deaths credited to the disease.

It is the female mosquito that causes this havoc. The male lives on plant juices, but the female needs albumen from blood for her eggs. The anopheline mosquitoes, as a class, have no especial preference for human blood; they are just as content with blood from dogs, cats, cows, goats.

Physicians have three weapons against the disease: quinine, atabrine, Plasmochin. The world supply of quinine, extracted from the bark of the cinchona tree, was cut off when



"The storekeeper might get mad"

You're wrong there, lady. Good merchants appreciate customers who keep an eye on ceiling prices, who don't ask them to buy on the black market, who never ask for rationed goods without points, who share and play square with scarce goods.

*We asked
5 foolish women
why they don't
check
ceiling prices*



... "It's too much trouble"

It isn't a lot of trouble to do the little the Government asks—just remember to say every time you make a purchase, "Is this the ceiling price?" And it's well worth the trouble—if it holds prices down, cuts your bills today, lessens the danger of inflation tomorrow.



"We can afford to pay more"

Maybe *you* can, but how about the millions of soldiers' families who must live on Army allotments? Every time you pay black market prices or buy rationed goods without points, you're helping to send prices up—that's the way inflation comes. And *nobody* can afford inflation.



"My store doesn't display ceiling prices"

All retailers will if you keep asking them, "Is this the ceiling price?" It's the law. Ceiling prices must be displayed wherever goods under ceilings are sold. That's the system which has helped to keep prices so much lower in this war than they were in the last.



"I just don't want to do it"

No—and our boys don't want to fight! But they're doing it—magnificently! It's up to you on the home front to do your part to head off rising prices and inflation, help prevent producing a depression for our boys to come home to. Don't be a SABOTEUR on the home front!

Check and be proud! You should be proud if you're the kind of loyal, patriotic American citizen who never pays more than ceiling prices, who pays her ration points in full, who shares and plays square with scarce goods!

It is because of you and millions of women like you—cooperating with American merchants—that the cost of living has gone up only 7 per cent since your Government's price control started.

But the end is not yet. So keep up the good work. Ask *every time*—"Is this the ceiling price?" Never buy a single thing that you can do without. Save your money—in the bank, in life insurance, in War Bonds. When you use things up, wear 'em out, make 'em do, or do without . . . you're helping to HOLD PRICES DOWN!

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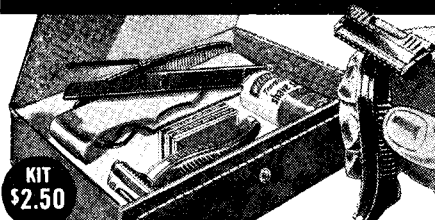
- | | YES | NO |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Do you have poor digestion? | ☐ | ☐ |
| Do you feel headachy after eating? | ☐ | ☐ |
| Do you get sour or upset easily? | ☐ | ☐ |
| Do you feel tired—listless? | ☐ | ☐ |

Now everyone knows that to get the good out of the food you eat—you must digest it properly. But what most people don't know is that Nature must produce about two pints of the digestive juice—liver bile—each day to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested, lie sour and heavy within you.

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The Terrible Woman of Ilsk

Continued from page 23

province of Tambov. And, if it happened like that, she could turn out piroshki that melted like snowflakes in your mouth, along with a special soup and a succulent stew... and finish with a sweet. It might be...

A FEW weeks later the city of Ilsk, and Serafina, made the front page of the Pravda, mouthpiece and organ of the All-Union Communist Party which rules Russia, by the grace of Stalin. Serafina had a plan for postwar reconstruction, what to do with the boys when they came back home from the war.

She wrote in the local paper, the "Voice of Ilsk," the article which Pravda reprinted: "Comrades, we have to consider the return of our men from war. We know, this I am sure, they will find Ilsk a better city than they left it. That is due to our women, and to the Communist Youth League, and to our Young Pioneers who have co-operated so splendidly with the men whose advanced years prevented them from serving our country on the battlefield. To all of them Ilsk is grateful, and in the name of Ilsk, I, as president of its City Soviet, wish to express full thanks. But when our men return, what will happen then? Will they find that our womanhood has usurped their places in factories and farms? Will they think that their women have become too self-sufficing and efficient, that we have learned to do without them?"

"Comrades, this must not be. When our gallant soldiers come home we must welcome them with warm hearts and tender arms, and say to them: 'While you were absent our hearts were dear and true, dear and true to you, and most of all, life was incomplete. But, thinking of you, we, too, have the privilege of building a happy Socialist state in this our country, under the guidance of Stalin, our beloved leader. We women are helping to build; and now that you have come back to us, we will recognize our place by the hearth, the cookstove and the cradle. Together we will build, of that we are assured.'"

The whole township was astonished at the humble attitude of the greatest efficiency expert they knew, the immortal beauty, the proud, unexcelled woman. But it somehow seemed to fit and tally with her new enthusiasm for gravies, pastry crusts, and the importance of flavors in soup.

One of Serafina's myriad suitors was a young flying officer named Sergey Sergeyich Petrov. He had brought down forty German planes, wore the Order of Kutusov, and was officially listed as a "Hero of the Soviet Union." A tall and splendid man, he was, like many aviators, more valiant than intelligent.

He said to Serafina, "Those words of yours are immortal. I am not at all surprised that Pravda reprinted them. In fact, they ought to be written in letters of gold upon an ivory wall. Serafina, you are wonderful. Of all the people in the world, you are the most majestic and the most wise."

Serafina looked at him coolly and thought, "The poor dumb baby. What woman writes human words like that and then wants a man to tell her they ought to be written in letters of gold upon an ivory wall? I'm getting tired of this adulation."

She immediately called her secretary to check on the food situation for the thousand new women workers.

IT WAS a month later that Ivan Alexandrovich sat at her table. A red cloth was on it, and a candle, and the piroshki melted in his mouth, and the soup floated with delicious vegetables. The stew was superbly seasoned, with herbs which had been carried with great foresight from foreign places. It was fortunate indeed that a young admiral had been in the Caucasus, and an old general had passed the dairy belt on his way to Ilsk by special order. For there were apricots and sour cream, and a sweet dumpling to go with them, and a month's supply of Serafina's butter, melted to blend the whole.

Ivan Alexandrovich wiped the last memories from his mustache and asked Serafina to bring him the statistics...

He had to go away almost immediately, and Serafina began writing letters to Moscow in her broad script. Occasionally a post card drifted back, until one happy day when Serafina faced her council.

"I want twenty-four hours' leave," she told them. "I realize this is a liberty in this time of war, but I have not had a day off for three years. I am working two extra hours each night to prepare for it. Of course, it may not be possible. After all, Ivan Alexandrovich is a very busy and important person. I am not quite certain that he will be able to make it. But if he can... we shall be married."

This thunderbolt struck the city councilors of Ilsk. The terrible, unapproachable woman turned her straight eyelashes and heavy-lidded eyes toward the floor, and her ivory skin flushed. She was in love, and overwhelmed.

It was the first sign the men had had since the war that there was a chink in the impenetrable and beautiful armor. At first the women refused to believe it; and, finally, the night before she was to be married, the male members of the council came to call on her.

"Serafina Petrovna," they said, "it has long been our fear, in spite of your brave words in Pravda, that we are in great danger. The women are so important that we do not know what is going to happen to our future. Perhaps because they are following your great example, and have made themselves vital in industry and government, we wonder how they are going to fit into life again, after the war is over. How will our hearth fires burn, how will our pots boil, and how will our cradles rock?"

Serafina, who was sitting at her desk, working out the blueprint for the running of a new machine, and planning the housing situation for her thousand new women workers, looked up.

"Comrades," she said, "I can hardly work tonight. I do not know whether Ivan Alexandrovich will be able to come tomorrow. I am almost distraught. Were there not a war, I might contemplate self-destruction. It is

only hope which sustains me. After all, he is so busy and important. At present he is counting all the sardine tins in the town of Pilsk. But there is one thing I can tell you which my every heartthrob repeats. Come close..."

The men gathered and listened. And as she finished her words they gaped and were indeed more astonished and perplexed than ever in their lives.

Their womenfolk knew they had visited the terrible, unapproachable beauty of Ilsk, and begged them to tell what she had said. But that secret was never revealed to any wife, sweetheart, or daughter.

The next day, Ivan Alexandrovich came into town, rather late, on the slow train. He was unshaven and untidy and was reading a Moscow newspaper as the train pulled in.

Serafina had been at the station most of the day, and when the citizens last saw her she was dragging him down the street, talking very fast, toward the civic marriage bureau, where the ceremony was short, not sweet but very legal.

AFTERWARD, at the Soviet House, they had biscuits and wine, and the council quickly gathered, with the musicians from the Kaffay of Stalin and Tomorrow. Everyone agreed that Serafina was the most beautiful and blushing bride that had ever left Ilsk on her short country honeymoon of twenty-four hours. Afterward, the groom had to go back to Moscow to make his important report, and she continued, of course, with her township government.

But one thing remained as legend, and that was the town council's visit to the fabulous woman. The question they had asked was passed on by the menfolk to all the young men, as they came of age in Ilsk, in the Russian province of Tambov.

She had said, "The day men stop worrying about women being men, and start worrying about men being men, their problem will be solved."

Who could question her wisdom? She was the living example.

THE END



"Like it? It's a native American dish called Boogie-Woogie"

COLLIER'S

F. WILKINSON

Killer Coming Home

Continued from page 70

at British troops in Salonika, East Africa and Mesopotamia. They carried the disease home with them, caused a number of severe outbreaks in England and Scotland.

The safest approach is to assume that we are going to have malaria. What are we going to do about it? Let's see. Malaria cannot be detected with one microscopic examination of blood. A single examination will detect parasites only 20 to 50 per cent of the time. To sort all malaria carriers from non-malarious troops would require five to eight weeks in quarantine, during which time soldiers would have weekly blood examinations.

Those who gave a positive reaction would have to be held for treatment from six to nine months. It isn't difficult to imagine the howls that would go up if such a procedure were followed. Men home from fighting fronts might rebel at having to spend weeks or months in isolation hospitals in arid Arizona or New Mexico. Relatives would raise a justifiable storm of protest, and political action would shake the Capitol dome.

So cross this idea out. Accept the fact that malaria is coming to Oshkosh, Red Bank and Mobile. Accept the fact that violent new strains of the disease are going to be introduced, totally unlike the docile malaria we have in the South. What then?

The only workable approach to the malaria problem is the one we adopted to make the Panama Canal Zone habitable. There is one weak link in the malaria cycle. That is the mosquito. Kill mosquitoes—either the adults or the baby wrigglers in ponds and other impounded water—and you break the chain.

Can we exterminate all the mosquitoes in the country? Almost anyone would say no to this one. But Brazil did such a job several years ago. Ships or planes introduced the Gambia mosquito from Africa. The killing malaria it spread was threatening the very existence of some towns. Brazil undertook the staggering job of exterminating this mosquito—and succeeded.

Doctor L. L. Williams, Jr., of the United States Public Health Service, one of the world's top malariologists, proposes that we undertake a comparable task. He doesn't want us to try to kill all the mosquitoes in the Maine swamps or in creek eddies in the upper Mississippi. But he does propose that we kill enough mosquitoes to stop the spread of malaria in the worst malaria districts in the South.

Cold Controls Parasites

Williams contends that malaria will never be a great problem in the North. There may be explosive outbreaks that will make scare headlines and panic the citizenry. But within a season or so the disease will die out of its own accord. The reason is this: For greatest development of the parasite in the body of the mosquito, there must be a mean temperature of at least 70 degrees Fahrenheit. When it is colder—as it is in most regions of the North during the summer—the life cycle of the parasite is slowed down. And if it is too cold, they fail to develop at all, no matter how much infected blood they feed on.

In the South, the situation is different. Temperature conditions are right for the rapid spread of the disease. In many areas, screening is poor, and mosquitoes are plentiful. Under such circumstances, new malaria strains might cause a widespread epidemic. The nation might find itself with dozens of plague centers which would endanger all surrounding territory.

Doctor Williams proposes strict mosquito control in these sore spots. Experienced crews would dust swamps with Paris green. Mosquito larvae, which feed on the surface of ponds and swamps, eat this poison and die. Other men, equipped with hand and power sprays, would squirt oil on ditches, dumps, ponds.

Meanwhile, permanent control procedures would get under way. Swamp drainage is one of the most important of these measures. A

swift new technique for digging ditches with dynamite has been worked out. Dynamite is planted along the proposed ditchway, then fired all at once. In this way, a skilled crew can dig as much as four miles of drainage ditch a day.

The Tennessee Valley Authority has worked out another method of mosquito control. Knowing that mosquitoes breed along the grassy banks of the lakes made by TVA dams, engineers vary the water level. Since mosquitoes spend at least eight days in the aquatic stage, the water level is dropped a few inches every seven days. This leaves the larvae high and dry.

All these techniques would be used to fight mosquitoes in the worst danger spots. Doctor Williams proposes that flying squads be organized to control explosive outbreaks in other regions. These squads would consist of an engineer, who would undertake drainage projects; an entomologist, who would locate mosquito-breeding centers; and a physician, who would see that people sick with the disease were isolated in screened places where no mosquitoes could get at them.

Mobile Exterminator Squads

These squads would have trucks equipped with pressure sprayers. They would go from house to house, putting up temporary screening, then sealing the house and killing all mosquitoes inside. Then they would go to work eradicating mosquitoes in the neighboring countryside.

Past experience in the tropics proves that such a plan will work. Williams pointed the way along the Burma Road—where malaria was threatening to stop construction. When imported workers started perishing by the thousands, others abandoned their work and fled to the hills. Williams surveyed the situation and mapped plans for mosquito eradication. This work was under way when the Japs arrived.

The present war has provided invaluable malaria experience to thousands of Army and Navy doctors. They have done outstanding jobs in cleaning up such pest holes as Guadalcanal. By whipping the malaria problem, they have made it possible to build airports in Africa where the job couldn't have been done otherwise. In some instances, it was impossible to destroy all the mosquitoes. So Army men got rid of the source of infected blood on which mosquitoes were feeding. They uprooted whole native villages and moved them—far enough away so that mosquitoes couldn't carry the disease back to the airfield.

Through its program of Malaria Control in War Areas, the United States Public Health Service has kept a tight grip on the malaria problem in 1,600 regions around Army camps, war plants, hospitals and prisoner-of-war camps.

In handling this job, the Public Health Service works with state and local agencies. It places a mile-wide barrier—which is the flight range of malaria mosquitoes—around these areas. An aggressive campaign of mosquito extermination is carried on in this protective belt of land.

As a result of all this effort, the malaria problem has been held in tight check. How big a problem it will be in the postwar period depends on what steps we take now. There seems no doubt that malaria control is going to be the No. 1 job at war's end. It is a job that can't be delayed for weeks or months but must start the instant that troops start coming home in considerable numbers.

Some qualified malariologists suggest that local American Legion posts, Rotary Clubs or other civic bodies launch antimosquito programs of their own this summer. Others feel that this is a job for the expert and that most of such effort would be wasted.

But certain things can be done now. Congress can appropriate money for an integrated malaria-control program on a nationwide scale. These funds would be used to exterminate all the mosquitoes in the 120 counties which are hotbeds of the disease, and they would provide money for the mobile units which would control explosive outbreaks that occurred elsewhere. This is a job that can't wait. It had better not wait.

THE END

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AS SIGRID SCHULTZ WAS SAYING

Whatever line the German propaganda may take, whatever Hitler and Goebbels may do, their sole aims are these: to slow up the invasion, to infect us with a bad case of "invasion jitters" calculated to weaken us in the crucial weeks which will decide the fate of the world, and to induce us to make a compromise peace before our armies can wipe out the Nazi menace for all time.

COLLIER'S in its March 25, 1944, issue more than two months before Allied D-Day in Western Europe, published a striking article (from which the above is quoted) by Sigrid Schultz, ace American correspondent in Berlin between the two world wars.

Entitled Invasion Lies, the Schultz article blueprinted the propaganda which the Germans could be expected to shower down on Allied minds, nerves and hearts once the invasion should get under way. The Schultz predictions began to come true almost as soon

as that issue of Collier's made its appearance on the newsstands.

There were the pre-invasion Goebbels stories of frightful new weapons which were going to mow our men down by battalions; of an invention which was to create icebergs in the English Channel; of horrendous rocket guns which would destroy London; of a giant Luftwaffe reserve that would knock our planes out of the skies, or cover a counterinvasion of England, or both.

Well, D-Day came and went. Our casualties were serious, some of our landings extremely difficult and bloody. But the magic weapons did not materialize—as Miss Schultz likewise predicted they would not.

Now seems an opportune time to recall the Schultz document to the American public, and to summarize from that document the trends we can expect Goebbels' propaganda to take now that the Battle of Western Europe is joined.

We can look for Goebbels' propaganda to be aimed at two main objectives: the destruction of inter-Allied trust by stories of how the British failed the Americans here, and the Americans failed the British there, and so on; and the building up of the idea that there are "right" people in Germany with whom the Allies can safely negotiate a peace before the German armies are thoroughly defeated.

Doctor Goebbels at this writing is industriously at work on the first of those two main lines of propaganda. He can be expected to get busy on the second—and most assiduously—when it becomes plain to the German High Command that the Allies are closing in for the cleanup. Goebbels is shrewd. But he cannot shatter Allied morale and will to win so long as the soldiers and peoples of the Allied nations keep their common sense about them, and so long as their leaders tell the truth about the progress of the war as fast as they safely can.

WE NEED TO TALK TAXES

THE movement for a constitutional convention aimed at putting a 25% limit on federal income taxes is making considerable headway. Sixteen state legislatures have now called for such a convention, and if a total of thirty-two do so, it will have to be held.

As we've remarked before, we wish the movement success—though we're by no means wedded to the figure of 25%, or even to the proposition that income taxes should be limited by constitutional amendment. We are convinced, though, that this country needs an all-out and all-angle debate on income-tax reform and related topics, and that a constitutional convention

would provide a loud and attention-compelling forum for such a debate.

Our income-tax "system" is not a system. It is a hodgepodge built up through the years, with political considerations almost always ruling out scientific principles of taxation.

One feature of the income-tax law—the taxing of dividends going and coming—bids fair to keep a lot of capital out of postwar enterprises which would make jobs and create real wealth. The excess profits tax is now backfiring grotesquely, by, for example, impelling various producers of war goods to sink a lot

of their profits in such things as wildcat oil prospects.

This racketeering spirit of many of our tax provisions has bred a racketeer spirit in many of our tax collectors. Too many of these agencies and agents, state as well as federal, act more and more like blackmailers and extortionists eager to get the dough.

What we need is a national taxation powwow at which tax problems can be freely and furiously discussed, so that public opinion can be lined up behind needed reform. We don't know of a better means to this end than this proposed constitutional convention, focused on taxes.

MEMO ON ANTI-SEMITISM

THE Most Reverend Edward Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit, said in a recent speech:

We should not fail to note the fact that the Nazi perpetrators of the colossal crime of the Warsaw ghetto are professedly and rabidly anti-Christian as well as anti-Jewish. In Germany itself, throughout occupied Europe, and particularly in Poland, they have persecuted Christians with a ferocity that is exceeded only by their unparalleled cruelty to the Jews.

That is the truth; and the reason why it is true be-

comes clear when you consider the nature of totalitarianism (of which Nazism is one form) as contrasted with the nature of religion.

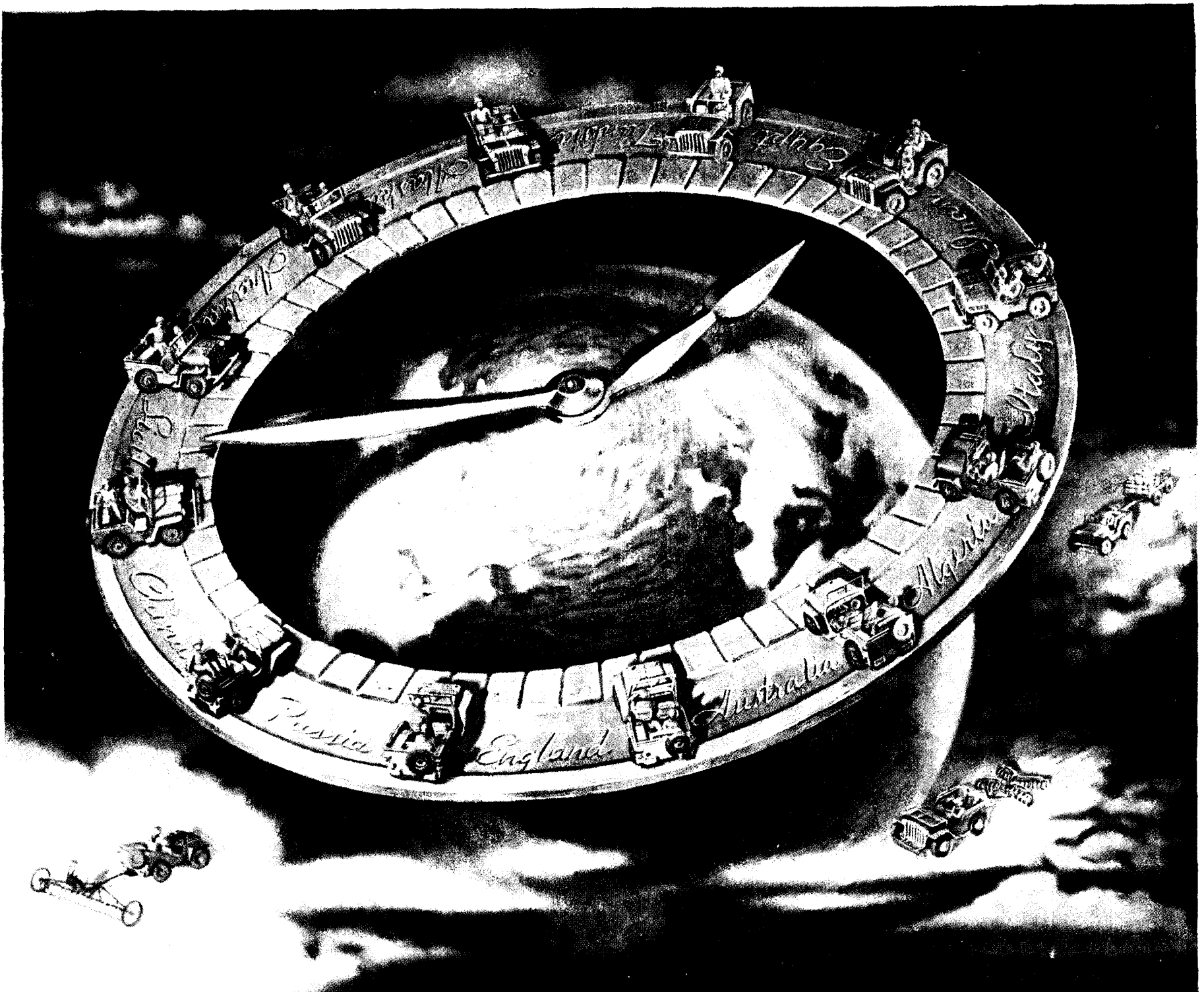
Totalitarianism is based on the belief that the individual should be the slave of the state. Religion starts with the dignity and worth of the individual, and with his spiritual access to a higher power than any state.

The two things are as incompatible as ice and fire, and, up to now, at least, the conflict between them is irreconcilable.

Totalitarianism in various forms is the strongest

single force fighting religion in the world today. Any Christian who exhibits intolerance toward members of any other religious sect—toward the Jews, for instance—thereby helps the totalitarian war on all religion, and so asks for the eventual persecution of his own religion and of himself.

That's the mathematics of it, as we work it out on our slide rule. It looks like the merest cold common sense for members of every religious group to be persistently tolerant and kindly toward members of every other religious sect.



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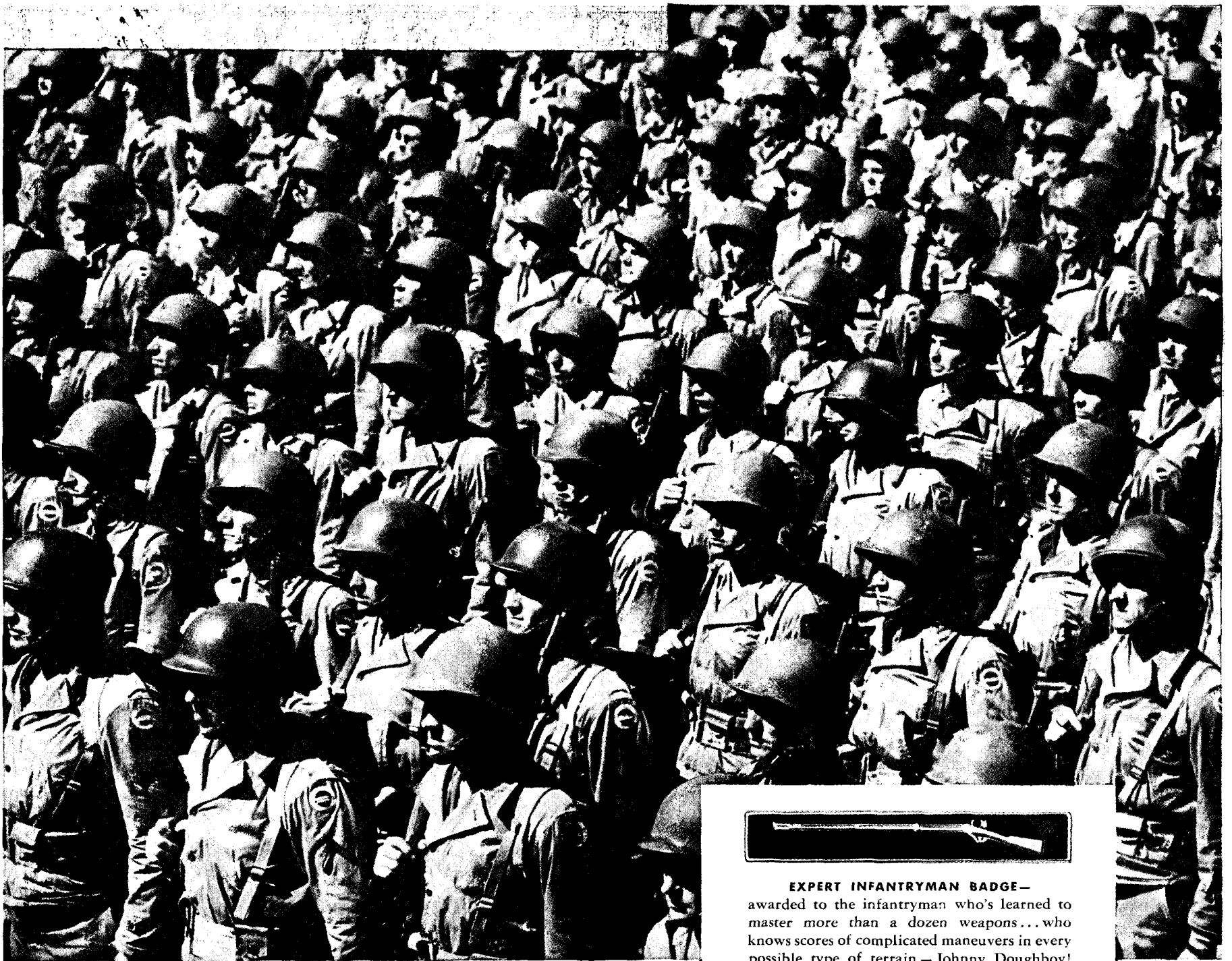
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